

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. XI.

JULY, 1891.

No. 3.

LONDON CHARITIES.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.



AN EAST END BEAUTY.

THE most profound, the most comprehensive and the briefest of all essays upon charity declares with emphasis that "though I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity it profiteth me nothing;" and this inspired and concentrated wisdom might be pondered with good effect in a city that gives each year £5,000,000—\$25,000,000—in alms to the unfortunate, and yet is declared by one of its own citizens to be the scandal of the age by reason of its pauperized and demoralized condition. He says:

"It is a gigantic laboratory of corruption and crime; and while it aspires to christianize the heathen, it exercises a far more direct and effectual influence in heathenizing Christians, and in dragging the rest of England down to its own low level."

And he goes on to declare that,

"The enormous facts of London charity are to a lamentable extent responsible for this state of things."

How enormous these facts are may be gathered from the calculation that if one-eighth of the whole metropolitan pop-

ulation were entirely dependent upon the other seven-eighths, the sum annually expended in London in legal and voluntary charity would supply £17 a head for every man, woman and child, or to every family of five persons £85 a year, and leave £50,000 to pay the expenses of collection and distribution.

The vastness of the whole problem can only be understood after some study of the size and character of London itself, which covers a space of 75,000 acres, and has a population roughly estimated at 5,000,000—as large as the aggregate population of Paris, Vienna and Berlin, nearly as many inhabitants as all of Scotland or Holland, and quite as many as in the whole of Ireland. This population is made up of every nationality under the sun, but for the most part the foreigners do not tend to segregate as in New York, and with the exception—and that but a partial one—of the Jewish and Italian, there is no distinct quarter given up to one race, each nationality being well kneaded into the whole. Neither are the rich and the poor



set very distinctly apart, though the east and west ends of the town are supposed to be their respective dwelling places. A few minutes' walk in any of the wealthy and fashionable districts will lead to quarters as poor and squalid as Saint-George's-in-the-East; and in Whitechapel and Mile End road is to be found a large and wealthy population of shopkeepers, brewers and generally well-to-do tradespeople.

The state of mind of the prosperous portion of the city toward their less fortunate neighbors is a remarkable one. Their sense of duty to them is

almost morbid in its intensity, charity has become a passion as well as a fashion, and it is not too much to say that the preachings of the modern and socialistic Peter Hermits have revived the enthusiasm of the old crusades, each one outvying his neighbor in his haste to assume the cross and undertake the rescue, not of the city of the Holy Sepulchre, but of the city of London. As in the older crusades the enthusiasm is confined to no one class, age or sex. Peers, cabinet ministers, members of Parliament, clerks, lawyers, doctors, the clergy, fashionable young beauties, princesses, duchesses, men of fashion, retired army men, elderly single women with no home duties, busy mothers, girls just out of school, and even children at school—all take part in this holy war against suffering and poverty. So universal has the passion become among women that one might paraphrase the epigram on the Russian and say,

"scratch an Englishwoman and you find a mission in East London." Not only do they give money, but time, labor and earnest thought and devotion—in many cases their entire life and energies—to the work.

It is well known in England that the surest road to favor with the women of the royal family is paved with liberal subscriptions to their charity list, and nine women out of ten among the leisure classes regularly set aside at least one day of the week to work for those less fortunate.

The national conscience is sore on the subject, and anyone who appears with a plausible scheme of salvation finds eager credulity and elastic pursestrings.

These two factors—a prodigious population, with all the inevitable evils resultant from the crowding of humanity into close quarters, and the inexhaustible flood of unregulated almsgiving—make the problem of London vice and pauperism difficult to deal with. Not only is the recognized centripetal power of a great city a magnet that draws within the metropolitan radius all the loose and wavering atoms of the nation, but this reputation for magnificent giving is an irresistible loadstone to the pauper element of the rest of Europe. The curious sentimentality that informs British politics in unexpected directions forbids the passing of immigration laws such as the United States have found essential to their welfare



and as a consequence London is an undefended pool into which all the human cesspipes of the continent drain their most degraded refuse. Every twelve-month 37,000 Jews arrive in the English ports. A certain number pass on to the United States and Canada, but the great majority settle in the English capital. These Hebrews are for the most part of the lowest class of their race—from Hungary, Russia and Poland, where they have been brutalized by centuries of repression and unrelenting civil isolation. The Jewish Board of Guardians makes every effort to cope with the pauperism and distress among its own people, spending over £50,000 yearly to

this end; but while the Hebrew rarely comes upon the rates, he produces in London much the same effect in the lowering of wages and the superseding of the native workman that rendered the Chinese unpopular on the Pacific coast. The alleged Christian immigrant from the same quarter is no better in type and has a similar ability to live where an Anglo-Saxon would starve. These people pour into London in a continuous stream, creep into the cheap manufacturing industries—in which they work at sweater's wages—and drive the native Londoner to the merely manual trades, such, for example, as that of the dock laborers, where brawn and muscle are the principal requirements and where the demand is ever uncertain and fluctuating. Whenever this demand fails, charity steps in to relieve the resultant want, and the workmen are rarely provident in times of plenty, knowing well that in the days



A SANDWICH MAN.

of leanness "the poor man out of employment" is sure of aid. The immigrant, too, who works at starvation rates, can afford to lower wages all around while strong in the knowledge that clothing clubs will supply him with garments, soup kitchens with free dinners to eke out his meagre housekeeping, free industrial schools train and care for his children, hospitals nurse him in sickness and the state bury him after death.

For all absolutely destitute and helpless the state, of course, provides. For poor-law purposes the City of London is divided into thirty parishes or unions. In each of these is a board of guardians, elected by the owners and rate payers, and intrusted with the legal relief of the poor; and these boards are, in turn, under the direction and control of the local government board, which settles with precision the duties of all officers employed by the



A COSTERMONGER AND HIS CART.

guardians, how their establishments are to be managed, accounts kept, and relief given. In the thirty unions there are yearly received and cared for something like 47,000 paupers, some 43,000 more being in receipt of outdoor relief. This does not include the inmates of the many "foundations" and almshouses built by private benevolence, and the recipients of the numerous doles and bequests which in some cases have continued to be distributed for two or three hundred years, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or so far back as Henry VII. There is, then, no reason that anyone in London should die of hunger, cold or neglect, or even suffer unbearable want, since necessity and not merit is the only qualification demanded. Very properly, of course, the form of this relief is not rendered so agreeable that it should be sought except when the necessity is absolute; yet even with these checks nearly 100,000 persons yearly either live in London at the public expense or are assisted from the public purse. In all these unions there is a casual ward for wayfarers and vagrants; generally built on the separate system, in which each inmate has a separate cell. On entering he has to take a bath and be-

fore leaving do a task of work; and rather than submit to the first of these cruel exactions many prefer to sleep in the streets and thus escape the dreaded cleansing.

The administration of the Poor law in England has become much stricter than of old. In 1857 the number of paupers in London to every 1000 inhabitants was 46.8. In 1867 it had risen to 55.5. And then the necessity of adopting some new principle in the administration of relief became patent; relief was abundant, but misery and destitution seemed to increase in spite of it—almost to feed and multiply upon it. It was felt that poor-law aid must be considered rather in the light of municipal relief of the destitute than municipal charity to the poor. At that time Mr. Goschen—now Chancellor of the Exchequer—was president of the local government board, and under his supervision the assistance given in the form of outdoor relief was greatly curtailed, the result being that in ten years the proportion per thousand of pauperism in the metropolis fell from 55.5 to 24.7. It is interesting to know that, owing to the efforts of Mr. Seth Low, a similar experiment was tried in Brooklyn, New York, at

about the same time with exactly similar results. How harmful indiscriminate aid may become, even when weighted with the exactions and restrictions attending municipal alms, is shown in the contrasted cases of the Whitechapel and City of London unions. The former is the poorest and one of the most densely crowded parishes of London, the population being 71,000. The City, on the other hand, is, for its size, much more sparsely inhabited, 51,000 being the figures, and is the richest parish of the whole metropolis. Yet in Whitechapel, where the administration of relief is very strict, the number of paupers in the union during the year was only 1303, and those in receipt of outdoor aid but 305; while in the City, where the system is lax, there passed through the workhouse in one year 1681 paupers, and those receiving outdoor relief numbered 2138!

At this period—1867-9—the Charity Organization was founded, and its benefits to the whole system of public and private charity have been incalculable. The very first principle of its existence was insistence upon the theory that one might give all one's goods to feed the poor and yet lack the true charity, which is not content with the dispensing of doles—a sort of payment of tolls on the highway of life—but believes that, loving one's neighbor as one's self, it is necessary to aid him to lift himself above the need of charity; to become a competent, self-dependent citizen. To this end it undertook, as its first duty, the weeding out of the hopeless from

the possible. It bravely and wisely recognized that there were many whom it was, from various causes, useless to expend further effort upon—as, for example, the imbecile, the confirmed inebriates and those who were incurably pauperized. For these the asylum and the almshouse are provided, and having made certain that they will suffer no bodily ill, it directs its energies towards those who may yet be



A CHIMNEY SWEEP.

redeemed, or be encouraged to steadfastness in moments of temptation. How great is the temptation assailing the hard-working poor, to relax their efforts and trust to the charity of others, when they see their indolent and improvident fellows rescued from all the consequences of ill doing, the indiscriminate sentimentalist perhaps never guesses. And even greater is the demoralization when

they see—as they too often do—the results of successful fraud. To detect and expose frauds, to force the shirkers to perform their duties, to confirm the wavering in the right path, to aid the unfortunate to rise again to the level of self support, and to urge upon all classes the duty of providing for the future and the value of coöperation in all such matters, is the work of the organization.



STREET "ARTIST."

There are forty branches of the society in London—one in each union, and in the crowded parishes two—and these are managed by committees. There are paid officers, whose duty is the investigation of appeals, and as the organization has extended its work it has added many trained volunteers to its force. Its duty is for the most part to ascertain whether the applicants for aid are worthy, and in what

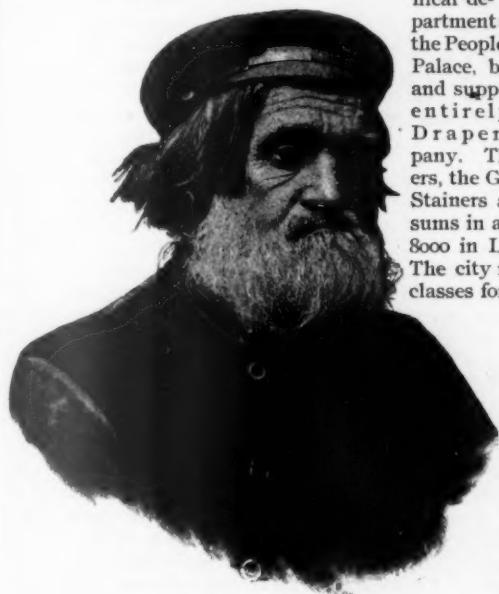
manner they can best be relieved; but it also spends yearly in alms something like £20,000. It is in close coöperation with the boards of guardians, who are annually disbursing over £2,000,000, and both give to the organization and receive from it much assistance in the matter of information. Most of the Church of England charities and many of the Jewish and Roman Catholic societies work in harmony with this nonsectarian body, but so far the nonconformists have been slow to give or take help, and there are thousands of private charities that refuse to coöperate and prefer to follow their own unorganized methods. The Charity Organization deals annually with about 25,000 cases, each case representing a family, and makes full reports upon these. It has in some branches established savings banks, and has also established a Metropolitan Provident Medical association, with 30,000 subscribing members, by which the poor coöperate to obtain the best medical treatment at small individual cost. Its influence is constantly used to encourage the poor to join the Friendly societies and to make savings either in the penny banks or in the post-office savings banks. The membership of the Friendly societies in England has increased in ten years from 7,000,000 to 14,000,000; there are 70,000 depositors in the penny banks; and the poor of the country have put into the care of the post-office some £7,000,000.

In the whole city of London there are voluntary hospitals and dispensaries to the number of 160, with an expenditure estimated at £725,000. They yearly treat about 77,000 in-patients, and some 1,500,000 out-patients, and have special hospitals for almost every class of disease. Some of the older institutions, such as Saint Bartholomew's and Saint Thomas's, have been in existence for centuries—the former since the twelfth century and the latter since 1553. Saint Thomas's consists of six fine buildings on the embankment, has an income of £50,000, relieves some 100,000 people yearly, and has also a special endowment for sending a certain number of its poorer patients to convalescent homes in the country. Saint Bartholomew's is even richer and does a wider work. In the lapse of ten centuries constantly accruing legacies and endowments have rendered these hospitals great, independent and

wealthy, and the centre of an unreckonable outflow of mercy and help. They stand always well to the front in the progress of medical science, and their charity patients command all that medical skill can provide. There are several maternity hospitals that date from the early part of the eighteenth century, where the poor women have every possible comfort and advantage in the hour of their trial, but for the most part the London hospitals are not more than fifty years old. All have provision for charity patients, and nearly all have a training school for nurses and prepare many who afterwards devote their lives exclusively to the work of caring for the sick poor.

A large and potent source of charity in London are the great city companies, survivals of the mediæval guilds, who now devote the major portion of their wealth to the relief and education of the poor. Most of them maintain almshouses in which are received their own superannuated servants and certain selected classes of the indigent and incompetent; they make stated annual contributions to an infinite number of charities of every sort, and technical and industrial schools have been founded in many parts of the city by their generosity, as in the case of the fine tech-

nical department of the People's Palace, built and supported entirely by the Drapers' Company. The Honorable Company of Cloth Workers, the Goldsmiths, Girdlers, Cordwainers, Paper Stainers and Licensed Victuallers all give large sums in aid of the blind, of which there are some 8000 in London in need of assistance or support. The city maintains in the board schools special classes for the instruction of blind, and for deaf and dumb, children. The companies give pensions to adults; there are many homes for the reception of children and aged blind; societies for furnishing them employment and training them to trades in order that they may be self-maintaining; and in view of the report of the physicians that about 7000 persons annually in the United Kingdom become blind from neglect of the eyes at birth, an association has been formed in London for the purpose of dealing with this neglect among the poorer classes. Over £100,000 a year



FOREIGN PAUPERS.



FLOWER SELLER.

is spent in London in the care and training of those without sight, and nearly 7000 of the afflicted are directly supported in asylums or are in receipt of pensions. Equal care is given to the cripples, and a large and wealthy society devotes itself to providing the deformed with the best medical treatment, and supplying them with bandages, instruments and wheeled chairs.

Of private almshouses, in which the old, the feeble and the indigent may find a home without the social degradation of coming upon the rates, there are some seventy in London, offering a refuge for all classes, from "decayed gentlewomen" to "indigent pawnbrokers." Many of these almshouses are very old foundations, as in the case of Saint Katherine's hospital, founded originally in 1148, and grown so

antiquated in all its appointments and methods in the course of centuries that it was necessary to rebuild and reorganize it in 1828. With the usual conservatism of the English in all matters touching the picturesqueness of their old institutions, only the absolutely indispensable changes were made, and Saint Katherine's retains a pleasantly old-world flavor. The business is managed by a chapter, and the "bedesmen" and "bedeswomen" are appointed directly by the Queen. Its income is £7500, and part of this is employed in the education of orphan children. The Trinity almshouse is another picturesque old institution, its charter having been granted by Henry VIII. as a refuge "for master

mariners and widows of master mariners."

Entering a door in a high wall facing upon Mile End road, is found within a green and peaceful pleasance, on which give a double row of pretty, tidy cottages, models of old-fashioned comfort. A tiny church sits in the centre of the green, with a flag-staff before it; to the rear is a fine life-size statue of a certain master mariner of King Charles's day, who left a heavy endowment to Trinity. In this haven of rest are 110 elderly captains of the merchant marine and their wives or widows, who keep the place as clean and orderly as a ship's deck, and have decorated their homes with a thousand souvenirs of their long years of voyaging. These houses are under the management of the "elder brethren of Trinity House," the ancient organization for the management

of all matters touching the merchant marine.

There are in addition to the almshouses some seventy-five societies and special funds for the granting of pensions to the needy of all classes and professions. These dispense £230,000 every twelve-month, with 87,000 pensioners on their list. This, it must be remembered, is exclusive of the local charities, funds and doles in each parish of the city—of which there are in every parish a large number. Some of them are three centuries old and are dispensed by the Boards of Guardians, sometimes according to the terms of bequest, sometimes, when these terms apply to things obsolete, according to the board's discretion and more modern requirements—as in the case of the fund left long ago to ransom prisoners taken by Barbary pirates.

Very recently Parliament has largely extended the power of the Charity Commissioners to deal with this matter of obsolete bequests, and there has fallen into their hands since the passing of the act something like £80,000, much of which has been devoted to the technical and industrial education of the poor. The People's Palace has had a large grant from the fund for this purpose—those who have made a study of the science of charity becoming always more and more convinced that true charity consists in the creation of industrious and self-supporting citizens, and in the prevention of want, rather than the relief of it.

Two hundred and seventy "homes" in London furnish a refuge for orphans and friendless children, for boys, and very young men and young women who are working for their living. They are maintained by the different churches,

the various professions and private charity. They care for the children of soldiers, sailors, policemen, freemasons, foreigners, and even the commercial travellers maintain a home for the orphans of those of their profession. The shoeblacks, newsboys and chimney sweeps have many of these homes and refuges provided for their benefit, as have the apprentices, the young servants, young workpeople out of a place, and young people just from the country. In each of these homes mind and body are cared for, the children and young people kept out of temptation, and in almost all cases a library is at hand. Lessons are given not only from books but in useful and industrial occupations, and every effort is made to watch over and properly develop the youthful and impressionable character. Nor are opportunities for education lacking. Some ninety societies and endowment funds provide for the impecunious and mentally ambitious. The city



NEAR THE TRINITY ALMSHOUSE.



STREET ARABS.

companies have founded a goodly number of scholarships through whose means a poor man may be enabled to pursue a course at the universities; the Church of England and the nonconformists all sustain large educational institutes; and there are many old and famous schools such as Saint Paul's school, the Westminster school, Christ's Hospital and the Blue-coat and Gray-coat schools, founded in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which give gratuitous educational facilities to the poor.

At every age does the charitable feel that he is his brother's keeper. The infant comes under his care in the crèche, by whose aid not only is the working mother relieved of anxiety concerning her

children, but the infants absorb many good impressions at a most impressionable age, and the parent has daily presented to her an object lesson in the comfort and beauty of cleanliness that is not without its gradual effect. There are seventeen of these day nurseries registered and a very much larger number which are either branches of institutions more especially devoted to other matters, or else small private crèches, not listed. The nursery at George Yard mission is one of the best known, and this mission is a typical example of much of the charitable work done in London. The Reverend Mr. Holland began his labors among the poor forty years ago, and in all that time has never borrowed money, never been in debt and never begged. His method, he explains, is simply to "pray and wait"—and how successful such a plan may be the number of handsome buildings that have grown up to contain his charities attest. Besides the crèche (in which the Jewish babies are always the healthiest—attributable to the temperance of Hebrew mothers in the use of stimulants, it is said) there are ragged schools for boys and girls, a cheap lodging house, many industrial classes for both sexes, a weekly dinner to destitute children, a free library, ample religious instruction, several series of lectures, a musical union, various clubs, and regular Sunday and holiday services.

It is impossible within the allotted space to give more than a mere suggestion of the multiple forms charity takes in the city of London, or to explain its full magnitudes. There are, for example, some sixty "refuges" for all classes and ages, and over 175 reformatories, homes and missions, whose efforts are turned toward the rescue of the criminal classes. As a result of their labors the powers of magistrates in dealing with young offenders has been much enlarged. Very rarely for a first offence are young malefactors condemned to the ordinary jails and penitentiaries. The commitments are in nearly all cases to reformatories and industrial homes where youths of both sexes are trained in trades. The methods in these homes is the result of much careful study, and, in some recent testimony on the subject, the manager of a reformatory explained that he had cured a boy of the habit of rising at night and

pilfering from the pockets of his fellows, not by punishment or reproof, but by putting him every evening through such a brisk course of gymnastics, immediately before bedtime, that the boy fell asleep at once and never waked till morning.

There is an equal number of societies whose work comes under the head of "social and physical improvement," and who devote themselves to suppressing a thousand and one evils and brightening, improving and generally elevating the lives of the poor. Under this head may be reckoned the Kyrle society, with a membership of many famous artists, who undertake to aid in the decoration of all club and meeting rooms, to open museums in the poorer quarters, to institute picture shows for the poor, and every way bring beauty into dull and squalid lives. And also in this class is included Toynbee Hall, where graduates of the University of Oxford share the results of their study with the poor, in the form of lectures, classes and debating societies.

The soup kitchens, sick kitchens, cooking classes, sewing classes, coal and clothing clubs, mothers' meetings, musical unions, servants' training schools and flower missions are simply without number. Thousands of women and men visit the hospitals, almshouses and prisons, as well as chosen districts in the poorer quarters, making such attempt as is possible to deal with the misery they find; and the sum reckoned as the yearly almsgiving of the metropolis falls very far short of the total, since it takes into account only officially registered and re-

ported giving, and has no means of calculating the extent of the vast stream of personal and private benevolence always flowing into the thirsty desert of pauperized London. That London is cruelly pauperized a very casual acquaintance with it reveals, as the sprightly heroine of Mr. Kipling's savagely truthful sketch of East London remarks: "They're bloomin' well pauped a'ready"—and this, despite an ever-gushing fount of benevolence, an unexampled devotion and unceasing endeavor.

The truer charity, that gives something even more valuable than all its goods to the poor, finds more and better exponents every day; but unchecked and unregulated giving still tempts thousands from the hard path of duty, and makes the town of London at once the greatest, the richest, and the most miserable city in the world. The study of sociologic problems is one that too many still refuse to regard as a necessary scientific preliminary to the practice of charity, and thousands of ignorant and amiable quacks apply their salves and bandages to the body social in a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, but without the smallest glimmering of the true nature of the diseases with which they are dealing, or of the ultimate effect of the remedies they employ. Yet, in the face of pauper immigration, in spite of ill-regulated almsgiving, the wiser measures of recent years have succeeded in improving the condition of London very perceptibly, and it cannot be that even ill-directed benevolence should be entirely wasted.



A BACKWARD VIEW OF THE RISING GENERATION.



FRANCES WILLARD.

A MODERN CRUSADE.

BY CHARLES CAREY WADDLE.

VICTOR HUGO calls this era of ours "the woman's century." The remark is strictly apposite. From the close of the dark ages, each of the strides of civilization has been marked by some peculiar and original quality which distinguished it from its fellow. The tottering steps of culture in its infancy have grown stronger as the life blood of mental development has built up the solid bone and sinew of experience. This nineteenth century of ours differs from all of its predecessors. Society today is womanly, not effeminate. In this, her century, woman rules, a queen, not by the sufferance of a superior power to whom she must pay tribute, but as an equal sovereign, through the conquests she has gained. Her position cannot be questioned. There may yet be some few articles to be

decided before the final treaty, but the fact of her victory is unassailable.

The representative woman of today is a Portia, not a Juliet nor a Katharine. She is wise, calm, broad-minded, far-seeing, sympathetic and generous. In this Christian Temperance Union of hers she has gathered every element of progress from past centuries and moulded them into one common whole. It contains the prowess of the fourteenth, the reforming spirit of the fifteenth, the intellectuality of the sixteenth, the resistance to tyranny of the seventeenth, the camaraderie of the eighteenth, the practical business sense of our own. It is her crowning achievement; the brightest jewel in her diadem. It carries its aim in its title—a union or sisterhood of women trusting in themselves, not as a source but as a means,

and associated for the purpose of regenerating society, chiefly by the



HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION AT CHICAGO.

suppression of the liquor traffic. The original work of temperance in the matter of using intoxicants has broadened out until it now comprises forty departments, each with a different line of work, but all subservient to the common end.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the direct lineal descendant and outgrowth of the Woman's crusade, that swift, brief-lived prairie fire of the West which swept clear the ground for the planting of the seed that was to follow. It was kindled in the little hamlet of Hillsboro, Ohio, on the evening of December 23, 1873; by the next day had reached the neighboring town of Washington Court House, and in less than three weeks had spread all over the state on the wings of a whirlwind of enthusiasm. For fifty days it raged, extending into seven neighboring states and obliterating thou-

sands of barrooms and saloons. Then it died as quickly as it had been born. Its effects were only indirectly permanent. Where one drinking place had been blotted out ten sprang up to take its place. Worldly-wise men smiled knowingly and the world seemed to have slipped back into its old groove. It could not have been otherwise. The outburst was too sudden. There was too much of the "Deus vult" spirit, too little attention to methods and the ordinary, practical details of business. Men would never have embarked in such a venture. The old chivalric spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon has been ground out of us by the affairs of daily life. It clings to woman, with her silks and velvets.

The crusade was dead, irretrievably bankrupt in confidence, and the friends of the temperance cause cried in bewilderment: "What now?"

In less than six months their answer came. A number of devoted, energetic women, gathered together for a summer outing in the woods about the shores of Lake Chautauqua, resolved that the idea embodied in the movement should not

die. They held a meeting, appointed committees, decided upon a plan of organization and issued a call for a grand national convention to be held in the city of Cleveland on the 18th of November 1874. Pursuant to the invitation, delegates from almost every state in the Union gathered in a church in that city and knelt in devout and hopeful prayer for the success of their new enterprise. With wonderful precision for tyros, they followed out the ordinary rules of parliamentary usage. A temporary organization was effected, a constitution framed and a list of resolutions adopted, the gist of which was that they would labor for the success of temperance, "meeting argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciation with kindness, and difficulties and dangers with prayer." They adopted as a name that of the Woman's National



MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT, ROUND-THE-WORLD MISSIONARY OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Christian Temperance Union, and elected as their permanent officers Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer of Pennsylvania, for president, Miss Frances E. Willard of Illinois, for corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. A. Ingham of Ohio, for treasurer, and vice-presidents from twelve different states.

This congregation, progressive as it was, offered but one purpose to the women who composed it. That was the restriction of the drink habit by the only methods of which they then had knowledge. They were to use the old crusade plan of individual prayer and persuasion. But they introduced three novel features which contained the germ of gigantic strength. They invoked the power of the press by establishing a paper; that of consolidation by perfecting a plan of organization for every village and hamlet; and that of expansion by an appeal to the women of the globe. From the first has sprung their immense Chicago publishing house, turning out annually millions of pages of printed matter in books and leaf-

lets, and issuing a paper, the *Union Signal*, which has a circulation reaching far up into the hundred thousands.

Their plan of organization is simple but substantial. Each local union, however small, is a miniature of the national, thus erecting a co-ordinate and tenacious structure.

From their appeal to womankind has grown the world's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a society which comprises, besides our own order, the British Women's Temperance Association, the Canadian Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and organizations in the Sandwich islands, China, India, and Japan. Its first president was Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, a sister of John Bright, England's great com-



MOTHER THOMPSON.

moner, and one who shared with him many of those sterling mental attributes which made him famous. Among her confrères in the order have been Mrs. Sasaki of Japan, the Pundita Ramabai of India, Mrs. Letitia Youmans of Ontario, and Lady Henry Somerset. The latter, once a leader of society in the British capital, has utterly forsworn the brilliant career opening before her, and is devoting her time, wealth and talents to the advancement of the cause.

Such, in epitome, are the achievements of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, on the three lines of work mapped out in the Cleveland convention of sixteen years ago. At Cincinnati the following year they bound themselves more firmly to the religious idea by instituting their "noonday prayer," and ever since, as the sun reaches the meridian each day, these women all over the world kneel and seek help and guidance in their appointed work. But the Newark convention of 1876 marks the greatest advance in the early history of the society. For it was there that the subject of woman suffrage was first broached. In this assemblage of women, many of whom had regarded Mary Livermore's extreme views upon the subject with disfavor, Frances Willard was bold enough to declare that the despised cause should rightly be coöperated with theirs.

By this demand a distinct element of strength has been added to their cause, reminding one of the force contributed to the religion of Islam by the simple declaration: "We will fight for the faith." The sword of Mahomet cut in twain the empire of Rome and installed his followers in the gardens of Granada. Will the ballot in the hands of women accomplish for them the long-coveted results of national and state prohibition? Miss Willard was elected president of the national union upon this very platform.

Thus there came into leadership one to whom, more than any other, is due what-



LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

ever of good has been wrought by the society. Combining rare administrative ability with a tireless energy and a delicate charm of manner, Frances Willard is truly what Joseph Cook has called her, "the most widely known and best beloved of American women." Her life is that of a representative American. Born near Rochester, New York, her family removed during her infancy to Oberlin, Ohio, and afterwards farther west, to a farm on the prairies of Wisconsin. The vast, illimitable stretches of land which surrounded her home fed her imagination, and by the grandeur of their solitudes showed her the littleness of human life, the sublimity of the divine. Her New England mother, however, judiciously mingled the instruction of books with that of nature, and at eighteen she was ready to enter the Northwestern Female college at Evanston, Illinois. Leaving the institution as a graduate, she sought for and found employment as teacher in a district school, and by sheer force of merit urged her way into the foremost ranks of female instructors. She became president of the college in which she had once been a student, and finally dean of the "Woman's college" of the Northwestern university in

the same town. Here her methods of governing the young ladies intrusted to her charge was disapproved by the general faculty as being too lax, and her resignation, when offered, was promptly accepted. On her withdrawal from her position she entered into temperance work, and was elected president of the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Since then her advance has been rapid. In every situation which has fallen to her, the ranks of the opposition to her ideas have grown less and less. So much so, in fact, that in the Atlanta convention last November there were only eight votes cast against her reelection in an assemblage of more than 400 delegates.

Herein lies the key of Frances Willard's life work: she firmly believes that Eve is the mate, the equal companion, of Adam. Noting that much of the physical suffering, the cowed timidity, of women is due to the brutality of drunken husbands, fathers and brothers, she has earnestly espoused the cause of temperance. Other distresses, brought about by fashion, folly and hereditary instincts, she seeks to remedy through such branches of the order as "Dress Reform," "Social Purity," and educational movements.

Whether Miss Willard's efforts are well

directed or not, is, and will probably for some time remain, a mooted question. That woman's labors can ever be placed upon the same footing as man's is a proposition that has been denied for centuries by philosophers and statesmen, and although present events would seem to furnish proof that they were wrong, yet the world is very prone to conservatism and society is no iconoclast.

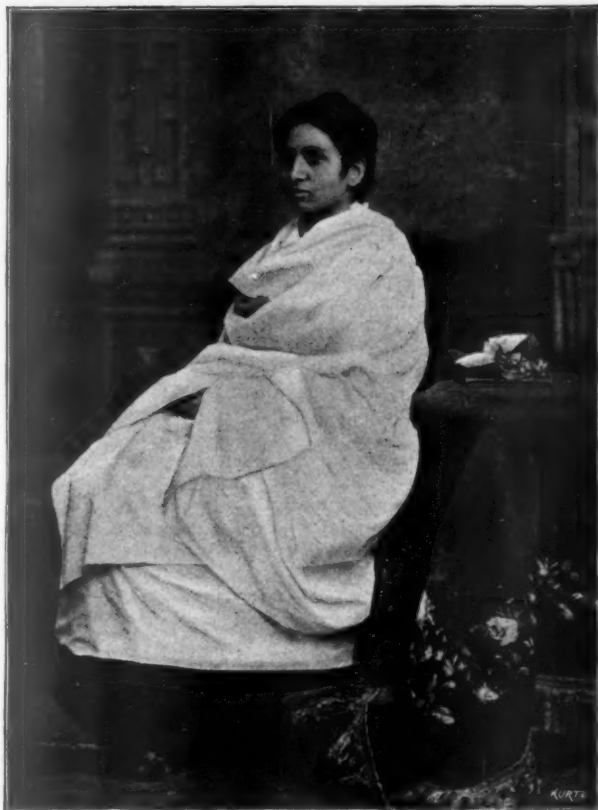
Miss Willard has acted with wonderful policy for the furtherance of her plans. She has ever bided patiently her time in demanding progressive action from her order, but, when the season seemed ripe, she has boldly and unflinchingly stood her ground. In the great St. Louis convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1884, on the eve of an exciting national election, she hurled her defiance squarely in the teeth of partisan



MRS. MARGARET BRIGHT LUCAS.

women, with her celebrated resolution: "As we now know which national party gives us the desired embodiment of principles for which our ten years' labor has been expended, we will continue to lend our influence to the national political organization which declares in its platform for national prohibition and home protection."

A long and brilliant argument followed its introduction, at the close of which the



PUNDITA RAMABAI.

ayes and noes were called for the first time in the annals of the society, resulting in a vote of 195 in favor to 48 against. A split was inevitable. In Philadelphia, the following autumn, a protest was presented by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster of Iowa, signed by herself and twenty-six others. But the resolution was again sustained by a vote of 245 to 30. For three successive conventions Mrs. Foster demanded that this action should be rescinded, but, as the majority for it grew larger and larger, she finally decided to secede from the society of which she had so long been a member. She had been an accepted leader. Her marked ability and unflagging energy had won her a high place upon their roll of honor, but she could not endure defeat. Backed by a delegation from her own

state, she again made her demand at the great New York convention of 1888. Her request was refused. At the succeeding convention she threw down her gage of defiance, and with a small body of adherents left the hall.

The elder organization proceeded unheeding on its way, and the only notice it has ever taken of the rebels was the simple request that they discontinue the use of a name to which they had neither a moral nor a legal right.

The New York convention, just now referred to, was one of the most significant in the history of the society. It was held in the Metropolitan Opera House, and the vast auditorium was packed daily with a curious and interested throng. The strength and impor-

tance of the society is aptly shown by this very circumstance. "As New York goes, so goes the Union," and when the metropolis received these women and welcomed them into its fashionable homes it was an undeniable evidence of the tenacity with which they have attached themselves to the hearts of the people.

Last fall, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its national assemblage in Atlanta, the "Gate City of the South." There were present 406 accredited delegates from all over the country, and presidents of states' unions from thirty-nine states and two territories. Miss Willard's annual address emphasized the need of powerful endeavor in the departments of evangelistic and social purity labor. Reports and résumés of the year's work



MARY A. LIVERMORE.

were read by the secretary, treasurer and the superintendents of the different departments.

Notably encouraging was the report of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, by the National Superintendent, Mrs. Barnes. This branch of the order is, in reality, a reserve corps where girls and young women are trained to take the places, in the older body, of those who must, perforce, lay them down. And yet it has a special and important work of its own. It aims, by the influence of its members, to make total abstinence a fashionable social custom, and thus build up a higher standard of personal habits; to teach young women the scientific and ethical reasons for abstinence and prohibition; and to provide a society to which may be intrusted such provinces as the supervision of children's work, flower missions and Sunday-school instruction. Its methods are by transforming such unions into social clubs in which young men may become honorary members, by private and public entertainments

and other efforts tending in the same direction.

The mother order works upon broader lines, its endeavors being comprised under the general heads of preventive, educational, evangelistic, social and legal. By means of these divisions of labor it is in constant contact with an immense variety of people. Its members stand in prisons and poorhouses and exhort the unfortunates to repentance and to new efforts. They invade the halls of Congress and demand a broader legislation. They go to the nurseries and schoolrooms and enlist the children in their cause. They search out the inebriates of every station and urge them to reform. They establish reformatories and homes for the victims of drink, besides founding hospitals. They seek to purify the atmosphere of fairs, encampments, celebrations and expositions by banishing alcoholic liquors and providing in their stead refreshments of a more wholesome nature. They have permeated public sentiment by advances upon the press, by trained lecturers and by conventions and oratorical contests.



HANNAH W. SMITH.

They have entered the brothel and reclaimed its inmates from their shame and degradation. They have despatched missionaries all over the globe and instituted similar societies in almost every civilized country. "For God, for home, for native land" is the simple doctrine of their faith and by such fruits of it as these are they known; by them has the Hillsboro Praying Band grown to a mighty organization comprising 10,000 local unions and a membership of a quarter of a million, with an equal number of adherents and honoraries; a society which owns a large amount of valuable real estate, which operates a flourishing publishing house and which is erecting in the very heart of Chicago a national temple costing \$1,100,000.

This is, in brief, the history of one of the greatest reform efforts of modern times. Its magnitude alone must command respect. The cry of "fanatic" is drowned in the onward tramp of its victorious legions. However one may disapprove, one is obliged to admire. It is another link to the chain along which humanity is feeling its way to a purer and better life; an-

other act in the drama of freedom whose prologue was the crusade.

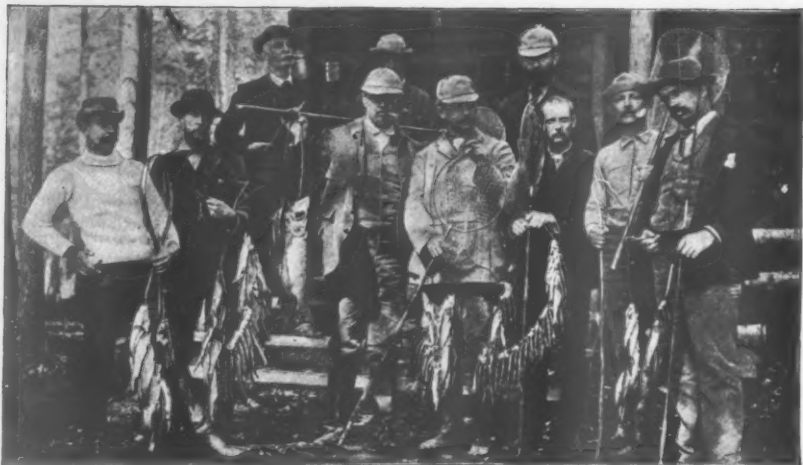
There are dangers in the path of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union which will require the greatest subtlety to surmount. Victory may engender conceit. The cause may fail through internal strife, or may die from a want of zeal. But, to all appearances, it is firmly grounded upon that eternal sequence of events whose source lies beyond the ken of our philosophy. For,

"I doubt not through the ages one unceasing purpose runs;
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

As we linger a moment on this thought, our minds instinctively turn toward the future, and seek to discern what the evolution of woman will eventually bring forth. Woman has great possibilities, she has great misfortunes, she has great faults. She may be a Medusa or an Athene, an Aphrodite or a Ceres. The victim of constancy, she is the slave of caprice. Swayed by the lightest breath of passion, she yet can die for a principle.



THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF TOKIO, JAPAN.



THE AMABELISH CLUB.

TROUT FISHING IN THE LAURENTIDES.

BY KIT CLARKE.

UPON the edge of the desert of eternal ice, where soil and flora creep into being, rests the northernmost line of the Laurentian hills. They are undulating mountains, densely covered with the soft woods of the North, spreading over 200,000 square miles of Canadian territory, and cloak an area equalling the entire province of Quebec. Stately Pilatus could find no rival here, for lofty peaks are rare, but, towering 2000 feet above the Saint Lawrence's flowing tide, the hills, in the security of their vast primeval forests, give retreat to the noblest of the tribe of cervus, and conceal scores, yea, hundreds, of the loveliest lakes and whistling waterbrooks. Great rivers, too, sweep down between the hills—rivers bordered with pictures of imposing grandeur to win a painter's praise, rarely bearing upon their surface a craft of human build, yet hiding beneath their foaming canopy the rarest and fairest of the finny fauna.

Pure, clear, cold and swift streams gallop gayly down each hillside, and every shadowy and foamy pool affords a perfect hiding place for the big and burly fontinalis. Lusty and arrogant, these spotted monarchs of the Laurentides live in peace-

ful seclusion, rarely disturbed by man's invasion, and wax fat and big and boisterous.

On an afternoon in September last an angler from the metropolis, well known in literary circles, invaded this fortress of fontinalis, and with hackles and gnats lured to destruction more than 100 trout, none weighing under one pound and several over four pounds. Less than 200 yards of water was covered, while many large fish were lost. It was a glorious experience which no other trout water in the world can surpass.

Indeed, the finer game fish, the race of salmo, are found in greater numbers in the province of Quebec than in any other portion of the continent, for not only does the stately salmon haunt its larger rivers, and "the little salmon of the fountain" parade its brooks, but the greatest warrior of the salmon race, the acrobatic, cross-bedecked, green-backed winninish leads a swaggering existence in its waters; and in none other is it known to dwell. It is the only example of the illustrious race of salmo that remains loyal to its birthplace, for, with open and easy access to the ocean, it has never been known to leave the vast

inland reservoir which it inhabits. It is born, reared, lives and reproduces its kind in pure waters, while *salmo salar*, although born under the same happy conditions, invariably makes lengthened and mysterious pilgrimages to the sea, yet never deposits its eggs in salt water, evidently knowing they would not fructify.

When the salmon, having accomplished its labor, enters the sea, it is meagre and emaciated, but when, in the springtime, it returns to its native sweet waters, it is as corpulent and sleek a fish as swims. As no salmon has ever been taken at sea the food upon which it subsists and waxes fat is unknown, although shrimps and crabs have been found in the fish captured in estuaries.

Be this as it may, the salmon is rightly classed a fresh-water fish, as is the wininish, but while the former deserts its "native heath," the latter remains faithful to the "old homestead," and ought to wear the exalted title of "head of the family." However ichthyologists may finally class this fish, it is immeasurably the most courageous, impetuous and diabolical skirmisher that ever dallied with the deceitful fly.

Its summer home is in that basin of water, thirty miles wide, lying in the midst of the Laurentian hills and named Lake St. John, and in spring and autumn it is found in all the tributaries of this strange lake. Among these are the Mistassini, Ashuapmouchouan, Metabetchouan and Peribonka, swift rivers of from 100 to 500 miles in length, while a dozen smaller streams aid in feeding the basin, the waters of which are emptied at the seething gorge called the Grand Discharge, the source of the mighty and mysterious Saguenay. Besides the wininish Lake St. John affords a home to the fiery muskallonge and countless numbers of catostomidae—the lowly and meek and tough sucker.

One of the pioneers among the settlers about Lac du Saint Jean, a Frenchman Ouillet, who still lives at the mouth of the Ouitchouan river, said he had seen a muskallonge taken that measured seven feet in length, while the remnant of Montagnais Indians living upon the lake shores, experts beyond comparison in the frail birch canoe, named scores of nobilior reaching forty and fifty pounds in weight.

Flowing northerly and emptying into Lake St. John, the Metabetchouan river, for more than 100 miles, careers madly between towering hills, sweeps wildly around abrupt curves and dashes in whitened billows over an endless chain of loose and rugged rocks. It is a veritable hive of trout along its crooked way, until, fifteen miles from its mouth, it broadens into a stretch of deep smooth water, and becomes the centre of a series of little lakes that form the preserve of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Fish and Game club. Something like thirty lakes are at the mercy of these happy anglers, if they—the lakes—could be found, for, lying deep in the unbroken wilderness, only a loosely blazed trail points the way, and this is easily lost.

Upon an island in Lake Amabelish the club has planted its settlement, and fine log houses are liberally scattered about, while creature comforts in all grades, even to the famous and favorite vintage of '48, fill every nook and corner.

An interesting trait of this angling society is found in the fact that they invariably move by battalions, visiting their woodland home in troops of twenty, each with a boatman at his side; and this assemblage, robed in every odd garment a wild fancy can devise and a plethoric purse provide, forms a vision of gorgeous grandeur that would demoralize Nero in his proudest moment—as seen in Barnum's circus.

At the instigation of the club's president, General Edward S. Brewer, it has assumed for its title the Indian name of the lake upon which the camp has been erected, and hereafter its records will read Amabelish Fish and Game club. The vice-president is Colonel Damon N. Coats, while his brother, Edward M. Coats, is secretary and treasurer. Among the members are F. D. Foot, Louis H. Orr, R. W. Day, W. H. Wesson, Charles Fuller, Colonel M. V. B. Edgerly, Henry S. Dickinson, H. M. Phillips, E. A. Alden, N. D. Bill, D. O. Gilmore, John Pettigrew, Alfred Birnie, A. B. Wallace, Charles H. McKnight, C. L. Goodhue and J. F. Barker, all of whom are residents of Springfield, Massachusetts.

On a beautiful morning in June I was standing with hands deep down in my pockets, gazing in silent admiration upon the glorious group of stately elms that

adorn the City Hall park, in Springfield, when a gentle hand tapped my shoulder. "What's the matter with the trees?" asked the owner of the hand.

"Nothing."

"Looking for trout up there?"

"No."

"Well, then, jump in and I'll show you some."

A short drive over fine roads brought us to a lovely brook, and, rigging his rod, in a moment a half-pound trout was landed. Several miles of this, as well as neighboring brooks, have been leased and stocked with trout, and thus, almost at their doors, the club can at any time enjoy a day's outing.

To the westward from Amabelish, distant some twenty miles, begins a series of lakes extending southward, and numbering nearly 100, around and between which the newly built Quebec and Lake St. John Railway winds its crooked way—carved, indeed, through a vast, trackless wilderness for more than 150 miles—and in every lake trout of monumental proportions are daily lifted from liberty into the frying pan. Yet only five years ago hardly one of these crystal ponds had ever reflected the face of a civilized being. Today they are principally controlled by angling clubs whose members are residents of the United States.

The camp of the Amabelish lies farther to the north than that of any other American angling club, the next, forty miles south, being the Metabetchouan Fish and Game club, whose log buildings have been erected upon the banks of Lake Kiskisink, and a few steps from the track of the railway. The aboriginal names of the rivers and streams are still preserved

throughout this section, although some are little short of grewsome in pronunciation, as, for instance, the lovely lake leased for the pleasure of the priest at Roberval, and spelled Quaquakamaksis.

Almost at the door of the Metabetchouan clubhouse rises the river of the same name, and the catches of trout made here are simply bewildering in their generosity. The president of the club is Honorable O. H. Platt, United States senator from Connecticut, Honorable Stephen W. Kellogg, of Waterbury, vice-



"US THREE."

president, John C. Chamberlain, of Bridgeport, secretary and treasurer, while among those whose names embellish its roll of membership are Walter Hubbard, W. R. Mackay, H. W. Sines and James P. Platt, of Meriden, Doctor George L. Porter, Major D. M. Read, Honorable M. W. Seymour and W. R. Briggs of Bridgeport, A. W. Page and Joseph W. Davis of New York, and Professor W. K. Townsend of New Haven.

Skyward among the highest hills of the Laurentides, and seventy miles westward, as the bird flies, from the Metabet-



HITCHING POSTS.

chouan's source, nestle the Mastigouche lakes, numbering not less than fifty, and scattered about in the most reckless manner, the largest—Lake Monroe—being only three miles long, and the smallest—too small to bear the dignity of a name—scarcely five acres in extent. Yet every lake, big and little, and every connecting thoroughfare, will bring valiant quarry to the adventurous angler whose pliant wand bends over them.

The whirring drum of the grouse will be heard, and footprints of big game will be seen, as one wanders through the olden forest about the camp of the Mastigouche club at Lake Seymour. Among those to be found here when trout are at their best, are L. C. Smith, L. F. Powell and O. C. Potter of Syracuse; H. Q. French, H. A. Richardson, Sanford E. Gee, Edwin Tatham, R. B. Van Vleck and Robert Patterson of New York; W. W. Byington, W. W. Hill, and Doctor S. B. Ward of Albany; W. N. Hartshorne and P. H. Powers of Boston; A. Ramsey, George T. Brush, Robert Reid, George Wait and Albert D. Nelson of Montreal. Its officers are Henry W. Atwater, president; E. H. Botterell, vice-president; George Kemp, treasurer; H. B. Ames, secretary.

The finest, the fairest, the gem of the

Laurentian lakes lies twenty miles due south from Kiskissink, and during the past three years more large trout have been inveigled from its dark waters than a person addicted to the truth would dare to name. Lac des Grandes Iles, with a length of twenty-two miles, encompasses more than 100 miles of shore, the crookedest ever seen, with beaches of golden sand or smooth rocks, backed by a wilderness that has never known the vandal's axe. To this day not a rod of ground has been cleared, save at the railway station and upon Ile du Paradis, the summer home of the Paradise Fin and Feather club of New York, of which Honorable Henry A. Gildersleeve is president, and among whose most enthusiastic angling yoke-fellows are ex-President Cleveland, Mayor Grant, Joseph Jefferson, Doctor William F. Duncan, H. C. Miner, J. K. Emmet, J. Charles Davis, W. W. Randell, Leander Richardson, Doctor E. R. Lewis, Augustus Pitou, Professor James T. Davis, H. S. Taylor, William Moser, Jr. and Charles B. Jefferson.

The club has quite an imposing array of buildings at its island, and can boast of the only house of smoothly planed and gayly painted timber belonging to any similar organization north of Quebec.

It is a permanent rule of this club that all trout taken weighing less than one pound be restored to the water. As no other fish are found in the lake, save numberless minnows, and trout weighing less than a pound are the exception, it is an easy matter to comply with the rule.

The Paradise club exhibits unmeasured wisdom in cultivating the presence of ladies at their camp, and the wives and daughters of members are frequent visitors, while not a few are adepts in the

courteous art of angling. Among them, Mrs. Richardson, whose husband is the owner of a leading dramatic newspaper, will easily hold a foremost position as an expert in handling the fly rod. Her flies never whiz through the air, but float slowly and deliberately, as if buoyed alone by the atmosphere, and drop idly and lightly upon the water, like things of life—a true lure for the lurking trout, and the very perfection of fly casting.

At Lake Edward station, distant 113 miles from Quebec, the railway company have erected a hotel, and the fishing and

while casting flies at Sandy Point, a spot familiar to all who have visited the lake, hooked three fish at one cast. He saw at once that they were very large, and, managing the fiery warriors with the acuminated skill of a master, succeeded in bringing them to boat. Their united weight was twelve and a-quarter pounds, and at present, in a handsomely preserved state, they ornament the walls of his business office—a trophy without a parallel. Beside them hangs the rod which, cleverly controlled, did the unmatched deed—a frail bamboo six ounces in weight.



CAMP OF THE PARADISE CLUB.

boats and boatmen are at the service of the public. It was on this lake, three miles from the station, that Reverend W. H. H. Murray, of Adirondack fame, pitched his tents and passed a summer with his family for companionship, and his legends of big trout hoisted from the surrounding waters are among the choicest memorials of that magnificent wilderness. But although fancy may weave a spell of brilliancy around the finny romances of this glorious lake, it needs only honest recital of the truth to place it high on the roll of fame as a trout-producing water.

On a sunny day in June 1890, Mr. H. C. Miner, the New York theatrical manager,

The rivers that turn and twist down and about the bizarre Laurentians are long and wide and boisterous, and of these the Jacques Cartier, the Ottawa, Saint Anne's, Saint Maurice, Tamachiche and Montmorency are the strongest, while the Batiscan, for beauty of scenery, ranks among the foremost. Each boasts its score of feeders—with bubbling springs high among the hills as a birthplace, trickling from the rocks, pure, clear and icy cold, then gliding gently between fissures and crevices, and finally joined by the output of rival fountains, they gather force and broaden, and bound away, giddy and reckless waterbrooks. Here the trout breed

by thousands, and here they hide until strength and maturity are reached, when new fields of food are sought, and the lakes and rivers, teeming with minnow life, become their abiding place.

For many miles the railway skirts the Batiscan river, and from the car window one looks in wonder upon the boiling rapids and waterfalls that crowd its distorted way. Its source, Great Lake Batiscan, is the property, by lease, of Mr. A. L. Light, a resident of Quebec.

Not during the months of July or August are these resorts visited, for then the nimble and diligent culex, the disreputable mosquito, and its most unprincipled associate in vicious wickedness, the scandalous black fly, saunter abroad to castigate any human specimen within their reach—and their reach in this particular wilderness is universal and aggravating beyond the power of lingual description. The untamed insect of the Laurentides is the meanest and most nefarious of all its multitudinous tribe, and in a given time can sink deeper into human flesh and bite harder, and spill more good blood than any other insect that flies. I know.

The cosy house of the Stadacona club can be seen from the train, looking across the arm of a pretty lake, and with its broad-roofed veranda and heavy limbed shade trees around it, seems an elysium of laziness and comfort. Its official roll comprises H. T. Machin, as president, F. Holloway, vice-president, W. C. Seaton, treasurer, and J. E. Livernois, secretary. Mr. Livernois, in his various angling excursions, has invariably carried and made splendid use of his camera. Many of his journeys through the woods of Quebec have been made in company with the geological survey of the Dominion, and become memorable through narrow escapes, romantic incidents, and, as he says, "crowded with many large laughs."

In this neighborhood angling coteries abound, and, without exception, have added to their title the word game. Thus they at once become fish and game clubs, while game is almost as scarce in the vicinage as it well could be. True, a grouse is found at long intervals, and occasionally, but very rarely, a moose is seen, and now and then a caribou. In the deeper forests, however, such an event occurs often.

On an evening in June, while sitting in a boat in a narrow stretch of Lac des Grandes Iles, a caribou swam across the lake not over 100 yards from me. Reaching the bank he stood idly for a moment, as if recovering breath, and then, in a listless and cavalier manner, sauntered slowly into the woods. As a matter of course, and as usually occurs under such circumstances, I had no rifle by me; and if I had the animal would have been safe from harm, for if a poorer marksman exists the fact has been carefully concealed.

The printed laws of all the clubs announce boldly their intention of protecting game, and the game, what there is of it, bears the infliction with praiseworthy fortitude; yet let it appear within the range of a rifle, regardless of season, and by some mysterious dispensation that rifle is bound to bang away.

The Little Saguenay, Talbot, Laurentides, Rivière Noire, Lac au Lard, Tourilli, Jacques Cartier, Charlesbourg, and Orleans clubs are among those possessing local habitations, and, as required by the provincial laws, under the care of a guardian. The members of each are not only enthusiastic sportsmen, but are fully convinced, and are prepared to argue and even wager any dissenter to a standstill, that their own particular locality affords the superlative of sport. Leaving the assertion open to argument, the fact cannot be denied that trout in surprising numbers, and equally so in size, are the usual reward of a day's efforts upon any of these opulent waters.

Thirteen miles below the city of Quebec the famed falls of Montmorency pour their white waters down a sheer precipice of 250 feet, and haste away over huge bowlders to join the mighty Saint Lawrence. Far above the falls the river, deep and swift, rolls majestically between lordly pines until, twenty miles away, it becomes a succession of dark pools, eddying currents and careering rapids. Here, in the midst of a stupendous forest, is the settlement of the Montmorency Fishing club, with its commodious log living house, guardian's home, ice house, stables, boat houses, and all the requirements of a comfortable outing; while four miles above, and upon the river's bank, the club have erected another house, a sort of annex, with facilities for entertaining twenty per-

sons. It is doubtful if there is another river in the world more prolific in large trout than the Montmorency, fish of less than a pound in weight being very rare, while those of three pounds are taken daily, and "whoppers" of six, seven and eight pounds occasionally, after some little disturbance, find an enduring peace in the cosey landing net.

The club's preserve covers a distance of ten miles inland from each bank of the river, with the numerous lakes and streams lying therein, and no fish save trout is known to exist within the limits. One of the imperative rules of the club is that no trout be taken save with the artificial fly, and that all fish not actually required be returned to the water. So these fortunate fishermen will assume a comfortable position on a bowlder, launch the gaudy fly, strike a great big trout, and after a stimulating battle bring the fish to net, deftly detach the hook, and bidding fontinalis "go and sin no more," turn it loose in its element. Lucky anglers! Thrice lucky fish!

The membership of the Montmorency club is limited to sixteen persons, of whom twelve must be residents of Quebec.

Charles Gaudreau, George Robert White, John Ritchie, Henry Sharpless, W. C. J. Hall and John C. Eno are among its members; while the officers are—president, J. Lacon Welch; vice-president, J. H. Henckey; secretary and treasurer, Walter J. Ray; committee, Dr. Henry Ievers and James Piddington.

Beyond the eastern limits of the Montmorency club, in the vast territory between the Saint Lawrence and Saguenay rivers, lies a wilderness scarcely known even to the venturesome hunter and trapper, and almost primal in its wild and uncivilized condition. Yet enough is known to prove that it is an absolute elysium for the lover of sport with rod or rifle. Marvellous stories float about regarding Lake Kenogami, fifty miles in length, and the rivers Ecore and Upikauba, and their wonderful trout.

However this may be, the familiar rivers and lakes of Quebec offer surpassing diversion and the real elixir of life to the seeker of recreation, the best way to imbibe it being through the medium of a brown hackle and a split bamboo rod. All the doctors in the universe cannot improve upon this prescription.



"A BIG ONE DOWN THERE."

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY E. J. LAWLER.



BACK in 1867, a Griqua serving lad, while playing in a sort of natural quarry between the Orange and Vaal rivers, found a pretty white stone. Its shimmer fascinated his little black eyes. He took it to his home in the brush and used it as a plaything. He played with the destinies of South Africa, and might have continued to throw them aloft or spin them over the ground, and the future development of the country would

have been delayed a generation, perhaps, had not a trader outspanned at the Boer's farm and noticed the stone in the hands of the lad. He had a dim suspicion that the bit of stone was valuable and he tried to purchase it. He succeeded in outwitting the cupidity of the lad's master and secured it for a trifling amount. Eventually he sold it for \$2500. It weighed twenty-two carats. He guarded his secret well, his intention being to return in a few months and look the land over for a few more stones, but an unkind fate removed him from this mundane sphere. The Boer was too phlegmatic to do any prospecting and the Griqua serving lad was too dull to recognize the limitless wealth all around him.

In 1869 a Hottentot picked up a stone on the bank of a small stream. A farmer with more intelligence than the Boer recognized its value and gave the swarthy native £500 for his find. It was disposed of in Cape Town for £10,000,

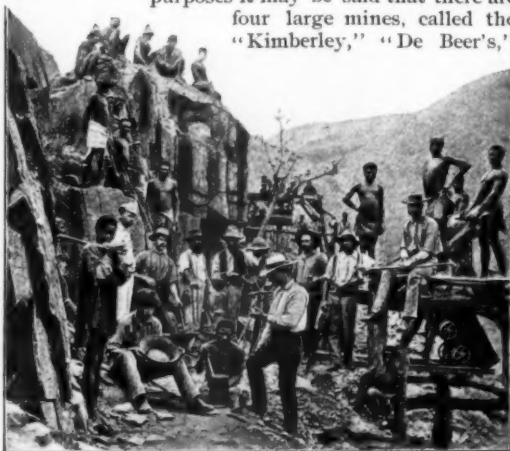
and when cut became known as the "Star of South Africa." It is owned today by the Countess of Dudley and its value is placed at £25,000.

From the moment when the "Star of South Africa" was placed on exhibition in Cape Town there was no question as to the future of South Africa. It needed only grit, enterprise and a little capital to start the ball rolling, and in 1871 there was a rush for the Transvaal which can be likened only to the days of '49 in California.

Soon the green banks of the Vaal were lined with mining camps for miles and miles, and the air resounded with the sharp note of the pick, the twang of the shovel and the splash of many tiny streams of water which fell from the pans of the industrious prospectors.

The land was at first staked out in innumerable claims. But eventually most of the workers, lacking the virtue of patience, sold out their titles, and thus, gradually, the greater portion of the claims fell into the hands of the existing companies. At present, the various claims and holdings have been so thoroughly amalgamated that there are practically only two mines, although for descriptive purposes it may be said that there are

four large mines, called the "Kimberley," "De Beer's,"



GROUP OF MINERS.

"Du Toit's Pan," and the "Bultfontein." The two first named are the largest, but a circle with a three and a half mile diameter would inclose them all.

Kimberley does not present a very attractive appearance to the eye of a New Yorker, a fact due, probably, to the large number of houses constructed of galvanized iron; but a closer inspection results in the discovery of many fine buildings. To trace the progress of Kimberley and to give even a brief account of its history would be impossible here. Previous to 1871 the site of this wonderful town, with its population of 20,000, its improved machinery, electric lighting, and all the luxuries of civilization, was but a bare and arid desert. It is now the great centre of the largest diamond-mine district in the world.

From the day in July 1871 when the first pick was struck into the hawthorn-crowned "kopje," which then marked the site of the present city, there has been dragged out of the depths of the earth, according to the estimate of the best authorities whom I asked, no less than £30,000,000 worth of diamonds.

With Mr. Kregör as my guide I visited the mines, reaching there just as an earthquake was being fashioned by artificial means. We stood on the brink of the precipice and watched the Kafirs darting hither and thither like so many black ants. While we are looking at them and marveling at the untold treasures that lie concealed beneath the immense bowl that

glares up at us we are warned by the clanging of an immense bell that a "blast" is about to occur. Its warning note has scarcely sounded when the Kafirs rush helter-skelter for a place of safety; down in the bottom of the pit you can see a puff of smoke, a flickering flash of light, all indicative of the many fuses leading to the concealed dynamite cartridges. A few white men remain behind, but only for a moment, when they too rush for the compound. Presently, with a deafening roar after roar a fusillade begins. Masses of ground heave with a burst of smoke, rise high in the air and fall back into the gap. A mass of stone is hurled almost at your feet. For ten minutes a fearful clattering and roar continues and then another bell rings. The smoke of the battle with nature has cleared away, and for twenty-four hours more the only noise to disturb the stillness is the click of the picks or the harsh, resonant grating of the shovels. Enough "blue earth" has been loosened for the next day's work. Now let us see what this ground has brought to the surface. We are at the top of De Beers—at present the best organized of all the mines. What a change is here from the early days when the "blue" was hauled up by a Kafir at a windlass or a horse at a "whim." Here is an engine of 1500 Kafir power, which has sometimes hauled out as much as 9000 tons a day, a record unequalled anywhere else on or under earth. Up and down, like a Jack-in-the-box, hops the great skip, dashing 700 feet down at every journey to return with six tons of "blue," which, at the top, with a prodigious somersault, it tips over into an attendant line of trucks. While Mr. Kregör and myself were looking down into the pit a car came up through a shaft, or rather through the skip, and from it emerged a party of sightseers. They had hardly departed when Superintendent Nicholl beckoned us to get into the coffin-like box. We quickly obeyed, and then the queerest of all sensations ensued. We leaned back in the slanting shaft, taking care to protrude no hand or foot; a caution, a pressure of the hand and then a gentle motion, and we were in darkness. Once or twice on the way down I caught a glimpse of dim-lit chambers with dark figures toiling mysteriously, and then the



NATIVE HUT.



DE BEER'S DIAMOND MINE.

next moment my ears would catch the roar of the ponderous skip as it plunged down past the lower lift at headlong speed. In less time than it takes to tell of the journey we are at the bottom of the pit, and what a remarkable scene presents itself before our gaze! The passages of the mine converge upon a sort of oblong hell-mouth, tapering funnel wise to discharge into the skip below. The jaws of this are four tracks wide, four trucks going to a load. Here stand four massively built men, and as the stream of full trucks from the various tramways reaches them, these four seize each a truck, force it against the lip of the hole, and, all together, with a shout, upset the weighty convoy. Instantly they drag back the trucks to be pushed away each by its own Kafir into the dark and sloppy labyrinths. A signal meanwhile has been sent to the engine room above, and almost before it has touched the bottom the skip with its six tons on board is on the upper race again. The dusky giants, strong, massive in every proportion, cheerful and docile in their

work, continue at what seems to a white man a most exhausting labor; yet they seem to be perfectly content and happy in their own sphere of life. They are half naked, wearing nothing but a girdle around the loins, and as they pass to and fro in the shifting flare and gloom, the scene becomes one of the most rugged magnificence, compelling even the most blasé of men to recognize it.

To select the diamonds from the "blue" is a laborious task and involves every power of endurance that can be got from the men. At the surface of the mine the precious "blue" is run in trucks by an endless rope to the drying grounds, which are some distance away and which cover a considerable area. Each truck load—sixteen cubic feet, or about a ton of "blue"—conceals on an average a carat and a quarter of diamond, ranging in value from three shillings and sixpence to twenty pounds a carat.

The difference in the value of the different stones is caused wholly by the con-



KAFIR WARRIOR.

dition of the diamond. It may have a flaw in it, so small as to be imperceptible, except under a magnifying glass, and consequently its value is impaired; or it may be a trifle off color, or be so irregular in shape as to necessitate considerable cutting by the lapidary before a good result can be obtained. No one can tell just how perfect a diamond is until it has been washed thoroughly and most carefully examined under a magnifying glass, and even then there may be a flaw which cannot be discerned until the cutter's tools have lessened the size of the stone.

On the drying grounds the "blue" is softened by the sun and air, broken with picks, and then conveyed back to begin the process of reduction, which magically transforms each ton or two of dull and heavy earth into a tiny brilliant, destined, perhaps, to flash some day from the coiffure of a Chicago pork packer's daughter. First, the earth goes into the washing machine, a primitive cradle on a large and perfected scale, the working of which depends on the fact that the high specific gravity of the diamond makes it behave dif-

ferently from other stones under the joint action of centrifugal force and gravitation. Swung around in perforated cylinders under a whirlpool of water, the bulk of the earth flows off in tailings of gray mud. The residue of divers sorts and sizes is then shaken about with more water in the pulsator, an evolution from the primitive baby. This machine is a huge framework of graduated sieves and runlets, which sorts the divers stones into several sizes, and after much percolation delivers each uniform lot at a separate receptacle. After the pulsator, there remain a number of dry sortings and loose sortings on various tables, by hands both black and white. But, mind you, all this is done under the most lynx-eyed surveillance; the pretty red garnets and other valueless pebbles being swept off by dozens, the diamond dropping into a sort of locked poorbox, until finally the coveted hoard, all scrutinized, classified and valued, lies on the office table of the company on its way to the impregnable safes. "There, sir, you have a comprehensive idea of how we find, select and sort our diamonds!"

Guided by the superintendent, whom I have just quoted, and followed by Mr. Kregör, I made my way to the office of the company. The room was lined with clean kitchen dressers, very primitive, apparently, but just suited to the needs of the company. Imagine to yourself a number of little white heaps of washing soda lying on little sheets of white paper, ready to be done up. But this was not soda. On the contrary, the little white piles were so many uncut diamonds worth many thousands of pounds; and for the first time in my life I had the extreme felicity of consorting with nature's wealth.



KIMBERLEY MARKET.

I fairly revelled in it as I shoved my hands into the pile of diamonds and lifted them up and let them fall between my fingers, much as I used to when a boy, in a grocer's shop, take handfuls of beans and toss them about. I have read of men yielding to temptation. At that moment I felt like a thief. "How easy it would be," I said to myself,

"to quietly slip one of these little tiny stones into my mouth and carry it away." But even while I was thus thinking, while almost yielding to the temptation, friend Kregör touched me on the arm, and I mentally said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." It was a close rub, and I felt better after it was all over, especially so when I learned that I would have had to run the gauntlet of the Transvaal police.

"Here," said the superintendent, as he carefully untied a parcel of the very choicest stones, "is a sort of *cuvée* reserve. Here are some stones that the dealers would give their eyes to get hold of, but we like them so well that we mean to keep them by us." A stone that seemed purity itself before looked mere glass when set beside these imperial brilliants. "The Porter Rhodes, a pure white octahedron of 150 carats, valued at £60,000, was without a doubt one of our champion diamonds. But the biggest stone of all was the one exhibited at the Paris Exposition of last year. It was uncut, and weighed 428 carats, that is, three and a half ounces."

"How many diamonds have you taken from the mines since they were opened?" I asked.

"Something like seven tons," he said. "The Turks and Asiatics buy the yellow stones; the Americans love white ones,



TREKKING IN NATAL.

and of recent years the Celestials' taste in this direction has been considerably cultivated."

From the office of the company we went into the compound. It was just at the noon hour, when the shifts were being changed, and the men from below were piling up to the surface to get a bite and to indulge in their native noonday pastimes. There were several hundred of the Kafirs, ranging in age from eighteen to forty, black as midnight, their skins shining through the perspiration as the sun beat down upon them. They were a happy lot, far happier than Americans have been led to suppose. They are naturally an intelligent class of people, and with proper advantages would become valuable citizens in the Dutch free states. But this latter will not occur for at least a generation, as the native occupies no higher place in the social scale than did the southern negro before the war. Questions of political economy never disturb them; they are content with the existing conditions of affairs. They receive fairly good wages, and their wants are few and easily supplied. And until the advent of the trader with his stock of whiskey and his glittering baubles, the Kafir was an honest man and could never be inveigled into betraying his master's trusts.

But now he is deep in the smuggling trade.

"Diamond smuggling" is a subject on which a volume might be written. Had you asked a few years ago, at a time when law and order were almost mythical quantities, how many stones disappear from the moment the blast occurs through the journey to the company's offices, you would have been told in one syllable—half. Diamond smuggling was the greatest evil the companies had to fight, and the only manner in which they were enabled to combat it was to move hand in hand with the early government of the colony in the establishment and enforcement of laws, and more especially to have recourse to a system of inquisition very distasteful to the American who has through his life enjoyed the greatest of all earthly blessings—liberty. This latter was the real solution of the problem, and Griqualand West today is existing under a sort of coercion act, involving a special tribunal, a special procedure, and an exceptionally organized department of detectives and police. And the result, after so much endured and sacrificed and spent, has only been to reduce the proportion of stolen gems to five per cent. Instead of one half, one twentieth of the output is now stolen—about \$750,000 worth of stones every year.

Today the most despicable person in the diamond district is the "I. D. B."—the Illicit Diamond Buyer. Of the "I. D. B." there are four varieties. The first is the wealthy man, who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is a Jew. He plans and schemes, advances the money and secures the other three classes to consummate his plans, while he remains securely in the background. He roams around as a respectable member of society, and frequently he is booked as a pillar of the church. When he has made his pile and retired from business he will probably enter political life and become a sturdy supporter of the very laws which he formerly transgressed.

The "I. D. B." proper is the retail receiver of stolen goods, who perhaps keeps a store or speculates. He plays the middleman to the first named, and employs in



SEARCHING A MINER IN THE
COMPOUND.

his turn number three, the native "runner," who may or may not be employed in a mine, but whose business it is to buy from those who are. The fourth variety is the Kafir who steals. As the underground work is done by Kafirs—6000 of them being employed in the mines—it is clear that they have opportunities. As I said before, they were innocent of wrongdoing until the advent of the trader, but of late years many of them have succumbed to the blandishments of the "runners" and have yielded to temptation.

The tricks of the trade have also been reduced in number, owing to the compound system, but there was a time years ago when a "kopje-walloper" could loaf about the mines and buy diamonds hand over hand from the half-drunken natives. The compound is a spacious quadrangle built round with iron sheds. When the Kafir contracts to work in the mines, he does so for a period not exceeding three months. For that time he is cut off from

the outer world, and from drink stronger than ginger beer. The company provides him with the few clothes he needs. On the way to and from the mine, and even while down in the great yawning pit, he is closely watched; and when he comes upon the surface again he has to pass through the ordeal of the searching room, where, naked as he was born, he undergoes a scrutiny of mouth, ears, nose, hair, armpits, and in fact every portion of the body where there is any conceivable hiding place for one of the precious gems. No white man would willingly consent to such an ordeal, and so it is that the actual employees in the mines are Kafirs.

When you buy a diamond in the mining country you have to pass through a system of registration similar to that of transferring stock in an incorporated company. Consequently every man who has a diamond in his possession is under suspicion until he produces his voucher of purchase. If he says he found it, he is obliged to "declare" it; when, if it is unclaimed, the office sells it and hands the finder a tithe of the proceeds. It is largely owing to this law that the "I. D. B." finds it so

difficult to carry his plans to a successful conclusion. Woe to him on whom a stolen diamond is found! He is guilty of a most heinous offence, and in the early days of the country the punishment was death.

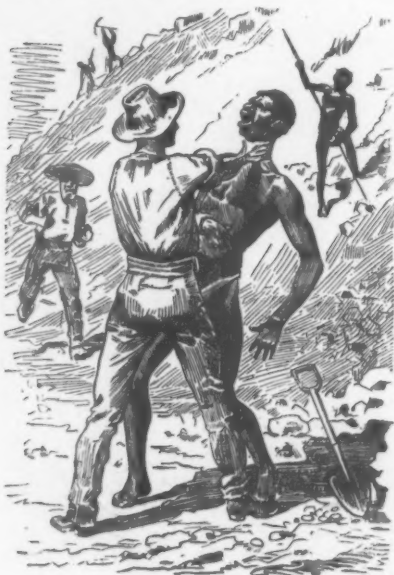
The question is often asked, "How is a diamond stolen when there is such strict surveillance?" A white man may do it at the sorting table, if he is skilful enough to elude the vigilance surrounding him, but it is the Kafir who is the greater thief. He may be loading a truck or working at the sorting grounds, when suddenly in front of him he discovers a large diamond. He watches his opportunity and at the proper moment swallows it. He has only three months' work before him, and if he is able to capture a diamond every other day and hide it in some portion of the compound to await his outgoing, he will eventually reap a rich harvest, for the Jew trader is most liberal in his purchases. Once outside the custom house of the compound, what becomes of the stolen diamond? It is disposed of to an "I. D. B.," who will give the thief about a quarter of the value of the stone. The next stage



THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINE.

is getting the diamond out of the country. Griqualand West is hard upon the borders both of the Free States and the Transvaal. Across the Vaal lies Christiana, where the "I. D. B." can cheaply register his ill-gotten gains, to be forwarded for shipment at Port Natal. "No questions asked" is the rule, and so the smuggled diamond reaches the London market.

There are times when diamonds are smuggled through the postoffice, artfully concealed by the familiar smugglers' dodges, such as cutting a hole inside a book and filling it with the precious stones. Sometimes women are utilized as smugglers, and they are, as a rule, quite successful. Detectives are employed, of course, and they are veritable sleuth-hounds, but they have to depend largely on the "trap runner," a native lad who joins a conspiracy to smuggle diamonds outside, and who, at the proper moment, discloses the plot to the home office. The "trap runner" gets three pounds sterling a month and his keep, but after one appearance in court he is practically useless, for he is "spotted." Sometimes there are informers in the ranks of the "I. D. B.," and when one of them "squeals" there is, as Charles Lever used to say, "the devil to pay."



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

A description of the Kimberley mines would not be complete without a good detective story. Years ago a man named Barker, who had the reputation of being an "I. D. B." and who had no visible means of support, seemed to be rolling in wealth. Frequently he used to go hunting over the Vaal and on such occasions he would be accompanied by his dog, who was always fat and sleek before starting on such trips, but who invariably returned thin and emaciated and covered with sores at the expiration of three weeks. When Barker was asked the cause of the dog's condition, he replied that the animal's sides were torn by the underbrush. One day, when he started on one of his hunting expeditions, he was followed by two detectives. They tracked him over the border, and came upon him secretly at a cabin, where he was busily engaged cutting gashes in the dog's sides and removing valuable diamonds from the gaping wounds. They said nothing until he was about to start on another trip, when they apprehended him. He wilted, and as Judge Lynch was a conspicuous person in the camp in those days, 140 pounds of human flesh were dangling from the limb of a tree by nightfall. This tragic episode made the smugglers wary, but it did not materially lessen their operations.

There is a good story of a midnight ride across the frontier, pursuer and pursued on horseback, when the latter was seen to put his hand up and struggle in the saddle a moment. It turned out that he swallowed not only thirty-two carats of diamonds, but also the leadfoil box which contained them.

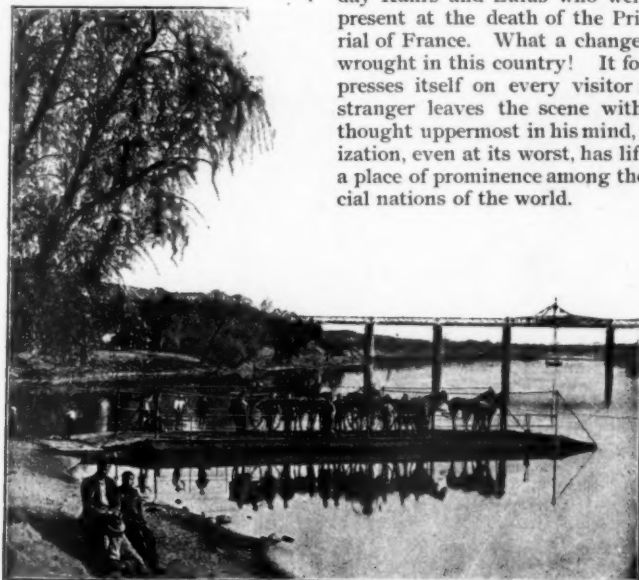
Oftentimes Kafirs have cut gashes in their legs or under their arms and filled the gaps with stones, trusting to luck and the oversight of those appointed to watch them to heal the wounds unobserved. One Kafir, who was pointed out to me as one of the most expert smugglers, had no less than thirteen scars on his body, each of which had a thrilling tale connected with it.

A story of the Kimberley and De Beer's mines would not be complete without a description of the scenes in the compound. Sunday is the best day to witness the antics of the natives. Some of them were lying around, clad in the most fantastic manner imaginable. Some were playing

cards—for they are great gamblers—while others, notably among them a number of Zulu warriors, were sunning themselves; while others still, particularly some Shangaan, were dancing to a wild, weird music

that was produced on a few reeds and several tomtoms.

It is only a few years ago that these same fellows were fighting the English troops, and there are in the compound today Kafirs and Zulus who were actually present at the death of the Prince Imperial of France. What a change has been wrought in this country! It forcibly impresses itself on every visitor; and the stranger leaves the scene with the one thought uppermost in his mind, that civilization, even at its worst, has lifted it into a place of prominence among the commercial nations of the world.



THE VAAL RIVER.

TEXAS.

BY DELL DOWLER RINGELING.

A SEA of land. There is no restful shore,
 No dear green tree to glad the straining eye;
 But, stretching till it cuts the arch of sky,
 The plain in billows rolls; and evermore,
 Like rush of mighty pinions, sweep and soar
 The winds from vast gulf fields; while, swinging high,
 The white sun pours his light till earth is dry,
 And pale wild grasses shrivel to the core.
 Far lost from cooling streams' green leas,
 Huge bleaching bones lie scattered wide about;
 Mysterious as the serpent of the seas,
 The two black rails sweep up and vanish out.
 Mirage of orchard slopes, the gnarled mesquite
 Makes mockery of homes and hopings sweet.

TWO MODERN KNIGHTS ERRANT.

BY GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON.

IT is curious how impartially the birth-places of the most illustrious actors in the late civil war, of whom there are only two survivors, were distributed throughout

shire, and Adams and Sumner in Massachusetts, while the Northwest gave us the young naval hero and le beau sabreur who are the subjects of this sketch.



WILLIAM BARKER CUSHING.

the United States. The two presidents of that period, Lincoln and Davis, were natives of Kentucky; Grant, Sherman and Stanton of Ohio; Seward and Sheridan of New York; Thomas, Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and "Stonewall" Jackson were born in Virginia; Farragut and Forrest in Tennessee; Hancock, McClellan and Admiral Porter in Pennsylvania; Andrew Johnson in North, and Fremont in South, Carolina; Longstreet in Alabama; Beauregard in Louisiana; Chase in New Hamp-

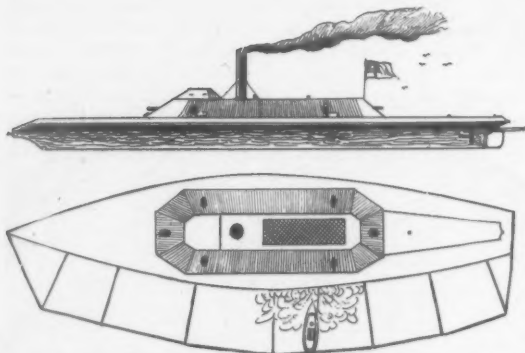
shire, and Adams and Sumner in Massachusetts, while the Northwest gave us the young naval hero and le beau sabreur who are the subjects of this sketch. "All history," remarks Emerson, "resolves itself into the biographies of a few stout and earnest persons." The first of these two stout and exceedingly earnest persons with whom we have to do in this paper, William Barker Cushing, was born in Delafield, Wisconsin, November 4, 1842. After a few years' attendance at the Fredonia academy, Chautauqua county, New York, to which state the family had removed after his father's death, young Cushing received in 1853 the position of page in the House of Representatives. Four years later he was appointed a cadet at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Cushing resigned March 21, 1861, and in May he volunteered in the navy, was made a master's mate, and the very day after his arrival at Hampton Roads captured and brought into port a tobacco schooner, the first prize of the war. He was attached to the North Atlantic blockading squadron, and repeatedly distinguished himself by successful acts of daring. Cushing was commissioned lieutenant in July 1862, and in November he was ordered to the steamer Ellis, to capture Jacksonville, Florida, intercept the Wilmington, North Carolina,

mail and destroy the salt works at New Inlet. He captured a large mail, took two Confederate prizes, and shelled a Confederate camp, but was unable to cross the bar that night, and in the morning the steamer was aground. The crew transferred everything except the pivot gun to one of the captured schooners, and sailed for a place of safety a mile and a half away, but Cushing remained with six volunteers on board the steamer until she was disabled by a cross fire from the shore, when he burned her and escaped to the schooner. In 1863 he added to his reputation for bravery and good judgment by an expedition up the Cape Fear and Little rivers, and also by successful operations on the Nansemond. His most brilliant exploit, and one destined to rank high

among the most daring of the four years' war, was the destruction, on the night of October 27, 1864, of the Confederate iron-clad Albemarle, which Farragut said to the writer he deemed the most dauntless



CUSHING BLOWING UP THE ALBEMARLE.



SECTION AND PLAN OF THE ALBEMARLE, SHOWING THE LOG BOOM AND POINT OF ATTACK.

naval deed ever performed by any young officer of the American navy. This powerful vessel had successfully encountered a strong fleet of Federal gunboats and fought them for several hours without sustaining material damage. There was nothing in the northern squadron able to cope with her, as was the case with the Merrimac, until Worden, with the Monitor, appeared in Hampton Roads. Cushing volunteered to destroy the Albemarle, and with a steam launch and a small crew he ascended the Roanoke river, towing an armed cutter. The river was lined with pickets to guard against just such an attack as this, but the lieutenant's luck did not desert him, and he was within a hundred yards of the ironclad ram before he was discovered. Casting off the cutter, he ordered her crew to attack a picket post near by, while, with a full head of steam, he drove the launch straight at the huge vessel, whose crew rushed to quarters and at once opened fire, Cushing replying effectively with his howitzer. A circle of heavy logs, boomed well out from her side, with the very purpose of preventing the action of torpedoes, was discovered by the young hero, but the boat was driven over them, as they had become slimy, and by the time the launch received her death wound from the enemy's guns, Cushing had coolly swung the torpedo boom under the Albemarle's overhang or bottom and exploded the charge. Ordering his crew to look out

for themselves he sprang into the river, swam under water as far as possible, and in the darkness escaped alone, reaching the opposite bank half a mile below. As soon as he recovered his strength he plunged into the dense swamp and, after many hours of weary wandering and wading, came out upon the shore of a creek, where with his usual good luck he found a small picket boat, and at eleven o'clock the following night, almost dead from cold, hunger and fatigue, Cushing was carried

on board the Valley City, a United States gunboat. As soon as it was known that he had returned after destroying the Albemarle, rockets were rejoicingly thrown up by every vessel of the fleet.

Deprived of the protection of the Albemarle, the squadron soon captured Plymouth and the surrounding country. Of the gallant fellows who volunteered to risk their lives with the fearless Cushing, but one escaped, all the others being either drowned, killed or captured. The lieutenant had little expectation of escaping death or imprisonment in carrying out his dangerous enterprise, in which, as he said to the writer, the chances were ten to one against him. To his brother officers he



THE ESCAPE OF CUSHING.

remarked as he was setting out to destroy the ironclad: "Another stripe or a coffin!" Five times he was officially complimented by the Secretary of the Navy, and for the affair of the Albemarle he received the thanks of Congress—the youngest Amer-



CUSTER WHEN A CADET AT WEST POINT.

ican ever so honored—and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant commander. It may be safely asserted that the naval history of the world affords no other example of such marvellous coolness and professional skill as that exhibited by the young hero of only twenty-two in the destruction of the *Albemarle*.

At Fort Fisher, under a constant and heavy fire, Cushing buoyed out the channel in a small skiff, continuing the dangerous work for six hours, until completed. At the final assault he led a force of sailors and marines from the *Monticello* in an attack on the sea front of the fort, and amid an unceasing fire at short range, which cut down many of his men, he crossed 100 yards of sand, rallied his force and afforded such efficient service to the troops that before midnight Fort Fisher was surrendered. After the close of the war Cushing served in the Pacific and Atlantic squadrons, being in command

of the steamer *Lancaster* in 1866-7 and of the *Maumee* in 1868-9. On the return of the latter vessel to the United States he was advanced to the grade of Commander in January 1872, being the youngest officer of that rank in the American navy. His health demanding rest and relief from duty he was allowed leave of absence, but his constitution was completely undermined by exposure and over-exertion, and he died of brain fever in Washington, District of Columbia, December 17, 1874, at the early age of thirty-two, leaving behind him, in the words of Lord Byron :

"Fame more than enough to track his memory."

A vessel of our new navy has properly and most appropriately been named the *Cushing* in his honor.

Our other young hero, George Armstrong Custer, the son of an Ohio farmer, was born in Harrison county, December 5, 1839.

He was graduated at the United States Military academy in June 1861, the lowest but one in his class, owing to his love of fun and mischief. Custer used laughingly to claim, in later years, that it required more skill to graduate next to the foot of the class than at the head, as to keep within one of going out and yet escape being dropped was a serious problem. He possessed great strength and was a good as well as fearless rider, taking the highest leap ever made at West Point, with a single exception, when, in 1841, Cadet U. S. Grant, mounted on "*York*," a powerfully built chestnut sorrel, cleared a bar raised six feet and five inches, the highest jump recorded in the military records of the old world or the new.* Custer was so eager for active duty that he declined the usual leave of absence and immediately reported at Washington. General Scott gave him despatches to carry to McDowell, then in command of

* This record has been surpassed in civil life both in this country and abroad. In the Madison Square Garden, New York, on November 13, 1890, a famous horse cleared a height of seven feet.

the Army of the Potomac; he was assigned to duty as lieutenant in the Fifth cavalry and participated on the very day of his arrival at the front in the first battle of Bull Run. General Kearney selected him as an aide-de-camp, and he afterwards served on the staff of General William F. Smith. In May 1862, McClellan was so impressed with the energy he displayed in crossing the Chickahominy alone, in search of a ford for the army to pass over, that he was appointed aide with the rank of captain. Custer applied for permission to attack the enemy's picket post, and at daylight he surprised them, capturing prisoners and the first flags taken by the army of the Potomac. After McClellan's retirement from command Captain Custer returned to his regiment and had served with it only a short time when General Pleasanton, in May 1863, placed him on his staff. For daring gallantry in a skirmish at Aldie and in the action at Brandy station, as well as in the closing operations of the Rappahannock, he was appointed Brigadier-general of Volunteers, dating from June 1863, and assigned to duty as commander of the Michigan brigade. At Gettysburg his cavalry, with those of Gregg and McIntosh, defeated General Stuart's efforts to turn the left flank of Meade's army. For this substantial service he was brevetted major in the regular army. At Culpeper Court House Custer was wounded and his horse killed. He took part in Sheridan's cavalry raid toward Richmond in May 1864, and was brevetted lieutenant-colonel for the battle of Yellow Tavern. In General Sheridan's second movement against Richmond the Michigan brigade made a most gallant fight at Trevellion station, but so great was their peril that the colors of the brigade were only saved from capture by Custer tearing them from the standard held by the dying sergeant and concealing them under his coat. In September 1864 he was made brevet colonel in the United States army for gallantry at the battle of

Winchester, and in October, Major-general of Volunteers, for Fisher's Hill. In September he assumed command of the Third division of cavalry, with which he was confronted by his former classmate, General Russer, whom he sent whirling through the valley for twenty-six miles, capturing all but one of his guns. At Cedar creek he fought the enemy from the first attack in the morning until the battle closed. His division recaptured, before the day was over, guns and flags that had been taken from the Federal army earlier in the fight, together with Confederate cannon and colors. After this great victory, Custer was sent to Washington with the captured flags and very strongly recommended for further promotion. In the spring of 1865, when Sheridan again moved his cavalry toward Richmond, the Third division alone fought and won the battle of Waynesboro, captur-



GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER.

ing seventeen stands of colors, eleven guns, 200 wagons and 1600 prisoners! For gallant services at Five Forks and Dinwiddie Court House, Custer was brevetted brigadier-general in the United States army in March 1865. In a general order

addressed to his division, dated Appomattox Courthouse, in April, he said : " During the past six months, although in most instances confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy in open battle 111 pieces of field artillery, sixty-five battle-flags and upwards of 10,000 prisoners of war, including seven general

officers. You have never lost a gun, never lost a color and never been defeated ; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, including those memorable battles of the Shenandoah, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy have dared to open upon you."



By Courtesy of Mrs. Custer.

CUSTER'S FIRST GRIZZLY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Custer was present at the surrender of General Lee. He is thus described by a Confederate captain who was with the troops marshalled in line for surrender: "Down that line came General Custer. By his yellow hair and boyish face he is known to all of us. Near the centre of the line he turns to his band and orders it to play 'Dixie.' As the marvellous strains of the Confederate war song float in liquid sweetness around us, we break into tumultuous cheering. General Custer waves his hat and a thousand gallant soldiers in blue dash their caps in the air. Such was General Custer in the presence of a conquered foe." In the same month, April, Custer was appointed Major-general of Volunteers. He participated in all but one of the important battles fought by the Army of the Potomac, and had eleven horses shot under him without ever being seriously wounded. After the war closed he led his famous division of cavalry for the last time on May 23, 1865, in the grand review of the two great armies of the east and the west by the president and his cabinet and General Grant, on which occasion Custer's high-spirited thoroughbred became frightened and ran away with him. On the second day that veteran army appeared, whose drums had been heard from Ohio to the sea and back again to the Potomac. What mighty cheers from a hundred thousand spectators filled the air as Sherman passed along Pennsylvania avenue at the head of those invincible veterans who had marched through eight rebellious states! With what an easy, careless, accurate swing the gaunt veterans moved forward! How weatherbeaten and bronzed, and how dingy, as if the smoke of numberless battlefields had dyed their well-worn garments and the soil of camps and battlegrounds had adhered to them! And the flags they carried! Terrible is an army with banners, if those banners are riddled and torn by the shot and shell of a hundred hotly contested fields. Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Resaca, Atlanta and Bentonville are a few of the names that were written in bullet holes on the tattered and weather-beaten banners. But no other standards, however gorgeous with new beauty, could be half so interesting to the thoughtful observer, and it is not surprising that the usually calm and impassive countenance

of Grant glowed with deep feeling as the historic colors were borne along by the men who had followed his victorious course from Cairo to Vicksburg, and from Vicksburg had marched with Sherman through the very centre of the Confederacy. Perfect harmony prevailed among the partisans of both armies of the Potomac and of the Tennessee. The country was proud of them, and their review was the most magnificent military spectacle ever witnessed on the American continent. As the quiet dispersion of a million of well-seasoned soldiers, who laid aside their swords to return to the paths of peace, it was perhaps the grandest and most significant event of the nineteenth century. Said Mr. Gladstone to the writer: "If I were an American there is no page in her history of which I should feel so proud."

After the review General Custer was sent to Texas to command a division of cavalry and remained on this duty till March 1866, when he was mustered out of the volunteer service. He then applied to the War department for permission to accept from President Juarez the place of chief of the Mexican cavalry in the struggle against Maximilian. His application was refused, and Custer joined the Seventh cavalry at Fort Riley as lieutenant-colonel, serving on the plains for three years and winning the Indian battle of Wachita. In 1871 he was sent with his regiment to Kentucky, remaining there two years. In the spring of 1873 Custer went to Dakota and accompanied an expedition to the Yellowstone, fighting two engagements with the Sioux Indians. In July 1874 he led a column into the Black Hills, which resulted in a hitherto unexplored region being opened to civilization. In May 1876 he marched against the Sioux Indians, who were discovered encamped on the Little Big Horn river. On the 25th of June, without waiting for the infantry, as he was apprehensive the enemy would escape, an attack was made by a portion of the regiment under Major Reno, which was repulsed. Still unconvinced of his mistake, Custer charged on another part of the field, fighting against overwhelming numbers of well-armed foes and momentarily expecting to be joined by Reno, who was then in retreat. At the end of a fierce but hopeless fight the heroic leader, with his 277 followers, formed a bivouac of the dead.

Not a single soldier escaped to tell the sad story.* They were interred upon the battlefield, which in 1879 was made a national cemetery. A monument recording the name and rank of all who were slain was erected by the United States government on the spot where Custer made his last stand. In accordance with his own wish the young hero was buried with military honors at West Point, where a beautiful monument marks his resting place, near those of Winfield Scott and other illustrious soldiers. The story of his career has been written by Frederick Whittaker, and it also appears in Custer's volume entitled *My Life on the Plains*, as well as in three pleasant works written by Mrs. Custer. To this brief tribute to a gallant comrade the writer may add, as applicable to him, the poet's lines :

" Sweet in manners, fair
in favor,
Mild in temper, fierce in
fight,
Warrior nobler, gentler,
braver,
Never shall behold the
light."

Among the last letters received by the author of this article from Admiral David D. Porter was one in which he said: "I like to talk and write about the chivalrous Cushing. He was one of those brave spirits developed by the Civil

War who always rose to the occasion. He was always ready to undertake any duty, no matter how desperate, and he



FROM A BUST IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. CUSTER.

generally succeeded in his enterprises, from the fact that the enemy supposed that no man would be foolhardy enough to embark in such hazardous affairs, where there seemed so little chance of success. A very interesting volume could be written on the adventures of the gallant Lieutenant Cushing, from the time he entered the navy until his death, during which short period he performed some remarkable deeds and left a reputation unparalleled for so young an officer.

- "In many respects, Cushing and Custer were alike; what one was to the navy the other was to the army—dashing, reck-

less, brave men, strangers to fear, who never thought of the consequences to themselves in any undertaking, no matter how desperate. The two men were not only similar in character, but in person; their features were bold, the expression of the eyes the same, and both possessed lithe figures which seemed proof against fatigue. Put them side by side and they would have passed for brothers. Perhaps nature fashions that kind of men alike mentally and physically. Certain it is that Cushing and Custer were two of the most fearless spirits who made their marks in the two branches of the service during the Civil War."

* "General Terry never came under accusation but he did not wholly escape a kind of subdued and qualified criticism in connection with the Custer affair in 1876. It was inevitable that blame for that terrible but magnificent blunder should rest somewhere, and naturally upon the officer in command, whose subordinates are supposed to carry out his orders. That Custer should have fallen into such a trap would naturally reflect upon his superior. The facts in the case have never been generally known. It is permitted me to speak of them today without reserve, and I do so because General Terry's conduct in the matter seems to me to be the noblest act in his life and the truest index of his character. Custer's fatal movement was in direct violation of both verbal and written orders. When his rashness and disobedience ended in the total destruction of his command General Terry withheld the fact of the disobedience of orders, and suffered an imputation hurtful to his military reputation to rest upon himself rather than subject a brave but indiscreet subordinate to a charge of disobedience."—From Funeral Sermon, by the Reverend Doctor Theodore T. Munger, of New Haven, Connecticut, December 19, 1890.



By Courtesy of Mrs. Custer.

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.



SUBMARINE BOAT BLOWING UP AN IRONCLAD.

SUBMARINE BOATS FOR COAST DEFENCE.

BY LIEUTENANT W. S. HUGHES, U. S. N.

EVERY naval power of the world is now making strenuous endeavors to produce a reliable and practical submarine boat. But, before describing the strangecraft that these efforts have evolved during recent years, it may be of interest to glance at some early attempts to solve the problem of submarine navigation.

Several partially successful attempts to build a submarine boat had been made in Europe before David Bushnell, a native of Connecticut and a captain of engineers, first turned his attention to the subject. Bushnell designed and built, in 1775, a vessel which he christened *The American Turtle*. Of this submarine craft no very reliable description is now obtainable; but it is known that it carried only one man and was propelled by a small screw worked by hand. The depth below the surface was regulated by admitting or pumping

out a certain quantity of water, and the boat contained sufficient air to permit its occupant to remain submerged for half an hour. It was designed for use in connection with a torpedo consisting simply of a copper cylinder containing 150 pounds of gunpowder. The torpedo was to be carried on the outside of the boat in which the operator was to approach an enemy's ship under water, and, passing beneath her keel, was to attach the torpedo to her bottom by means of a large screw, one end of which projected into the interior of the boat. The boat proved to be a failure, although with it a gallant soldier, Sergeant Ezra Lee, succeeded in frightening the whole British fleet out of the harbor of New York.

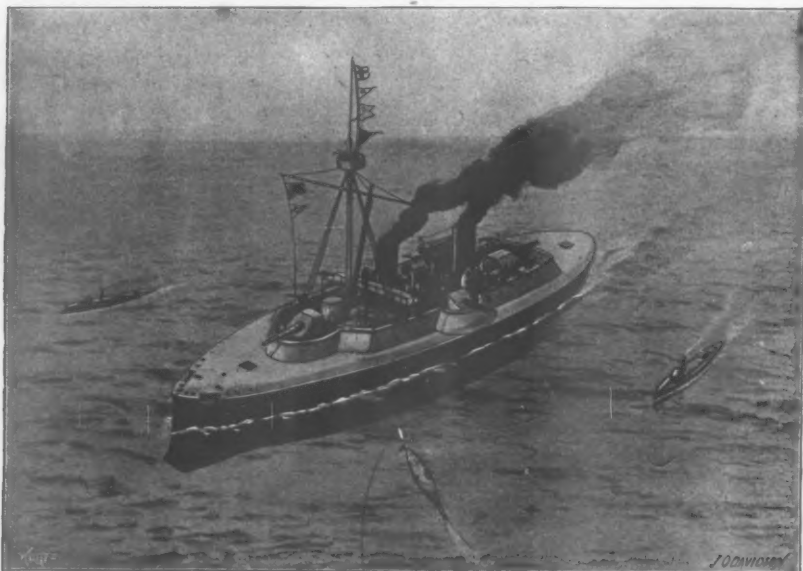
Twenty years after Bushnell's attempt the subject of submarine boats was taken up by Robert Fulton, who was destined at a later period to achieve undying fame as

the inventor of the first successful steam-boat. Fulton's experiments were carried on in France, where, under the patronage of Bonaparte, then First Consul, he built the *Nautilus*, in which, with three companions, he remained submerged in the river Seine for four hours. From all accounts this vessel, so far as its manageability when under the water is concerned, rivalled even the submarine boats of the present day. It is described by Fulton himself as a "plunging boat." It had a mast and sails, and under ordinary circumstances was to be used like other surface boats; but within two minutes the mast and sails could be removed and the boat wholly submerged. The shell of the *Nautilus* was constructed of thin sheets of copper; she had iron ribs or frames, and the general form was that of an ordinary surface boat. She was submerged, or raised to the surface, at the will of the pilot, in much the same manner as Bushnell's *Turtle*. The boat was steered by a rudder under control of the pilot, while three other men, comprising the remainder of the crew, propelled her by means of paddles projecting through her sides. With the *Nautilus* Fulton succeeded in blowing up an English brig in the harbor of Brest, by

attaching to her bottom a torpedo similar to Bushnell's, containing twenty pounds of powder. Encouraged by this success, Fulton proposed to the French government to destroy the whole British Channel squadron. But the complete failure of his first attempt upon one of the English ships-of-war so disappointed Bonaparte that he summarily withdrew his financial support. Greatly incensed by this action, Fulton left France and crossed over to England, where, under an assumed name, he offered his invention to the enemies of his former patron. But Mr. Pitt, then Prime Minister, after considerable vacillation, finally decided "not to encourage a mode of warfare which, if successful, would wrest the trident from those who claimed to bear it as a sceptre of supremacy on the ocean."

After Fulton's repulse in England the subject of submarine boats seems to have been practically dropped, although an occasional unsuccessful boat made its appearance; and it was not until our late civil war that it was again revived.

The Confederates, early in the war, built several submarine boats to which they gave the name of "Davids," probably in the hope that the Federal ships which they were designed to encounter would



IRONCLAD GUARDED BY TORPEDO BOATS. ATTACKED FROM BELOW BY A NORDENFELT SUBMARINE BOAT.



SUBMARINE BOAT RELEASING TORPEDOES BENEATH AN IRONCLAD.

prove to be Goliaths. These remarkable vessels were built in some cases of boiler iron and in others of wood. They were from thirty to forty feet in length, with a diameter of about seven feet in their midship section, and carried a crew of three to nine men. Some of them were propelled by steam; in others the screw was worked by hand. They were designed to move just below the surface of the water with only the smokestack and entering hatchway visible. From the bow a long spar, or pole, projected twenty or thirty feet in front of the boat, carrying on its extreme end a torpedo so arranged as to explode by the shock of striking the enemy's ship. They could be propelled under favorable circumstances at the rate of three or four knots per hour. The Confederates made five attacks with these novel craft during the war, only one of which—that against the *Housatonic*, in Charleston harbor—was successful.

The history of the particular "David" with which this one successful attack was made so well illustrates the heroic devotion to duty that inspired the brave men of the Confederate torpedo corps, that it will bear repeating here: The boat was built at Mobile, in 1864. During one of the first experiments with her she suddenly sank, and the whole crew of nine men

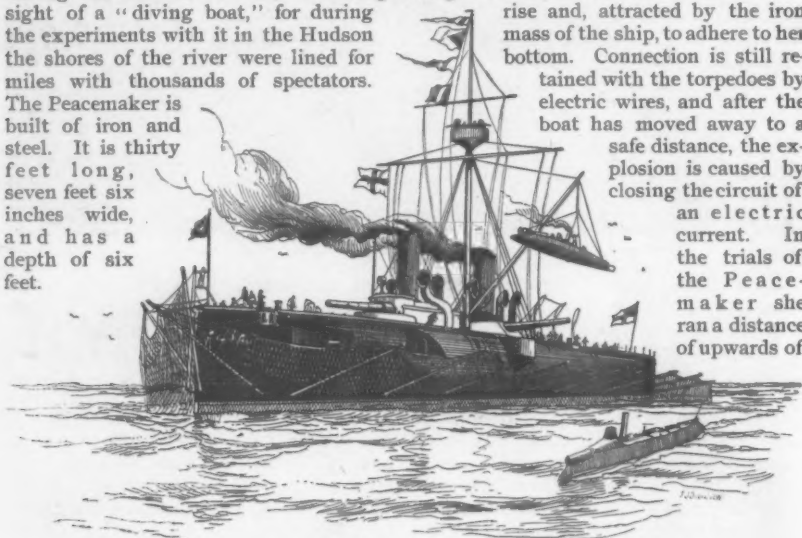
were suffocated. She was raised soon after, and Lieutenant Payne with eight men volunteered to make a night attack in her; but just before starting she was swamped by the swash of a passing steamer, and all of her crew, except Payne, were drowned. Once more she was raised and prepared for action, under the same gallant commander, only to sink again with the loss of six men, Payne and two others escaping. Twice more did she repeat her deadly record, and in each instance proved to be a coffin for every one of her crew of nine men. For the fifth time she was raised, and under Lieutenant George E. Dixon, with eight men, she sunk the *Housatonic*. The federal ship sank so suddenly after being struck by the torpedo that many of her crew failed to escape, though the water was shallow and assistance near at hand; while the little "David" that had caused the disaster went down with her huge antagonist, and closed her career by again sacrificing the lives of all her crew.

The part played by the Confederate "Davids" in the civil war attracted wide attention among naval authorities, both in this country and in Europe, and since then their development has steadily advanced, until at the present day they seem almost certain to become an important

element in future naval wars. During the past four or five years unusual interest in submarine navigation has been manifested by inventors throughout the world, and many very remarkable vessels, designed to move under the surface of the water, have made their appearance.

One of the most novel submarine boats yet built is that known as the Peacemaker, designed by Mr. J. H. L. Tuck of New York. Many persons will remember having witnessed in New York harbor, during the summer of 1886, the strange sight of a "diving boat," for during the experiments with it in the Hudson the shores of the river were lined for miles with thousands of spectators. The Peacemaker is built of iron and steel. It is thirty feet long, seven feet six inches wide, and has a depth of six feet.

along the top of the vessel from stem to stern and protects the pilot's dome from injury. The manner in which it is proposed to use the Peacemaker in actual war is peculiar. Two torpedoes are to be carried on the outside of the boat. These are connected by a short rope. It is proposed to approach the enemy's ship under water, and, in passing beneath the latter's keel, to release the torpedoes from the submerged boat. The torpedoes are embedded in cork floats, to which powerful magnets are secured, which cause them to rise and, attracted by the iron mass of the ship, to adhere to her bottom. Connection is still retained with the torpedoes by electric wires, and after the boat has moved away to a safe distance, the explosion is caused by closing the circuit of an electric current. In the trials of the Peacemaker she ran a distance of upwards of



IRONCLAD HOISTING OUT TORPEDO BOATS AND LOWERING TORPEDO NETTING.

The crew consists of two men; a pilot to guide the movements of the vessel and an engineer in charge of the engine. The former stands with his head inside a little dome which projects a foot or two above the deck, and from which plateglass windows permit him to see in every direction. Compressed air for breathing purposes is stored in large reservoirs within the boat. Four side rudders, or "diving rudders," as they are termed, are placed on the outside of the boat, two on each side, one at the bow and the other at the stern. These are under the control of the pilot, who, by varying the angle of their inclination from a horizontal plane, causes the vessel to dive or rise to the surface of the water at will. An iron fan-like guard extends

two miles without coming to the surface, attaining a speed of four or five knots per hour, and proved to be at all times under complete control of the pilot. While the Peacemaker was built wholly by private capital, the public interest which she excited and the success she attained doubtless had something to do with turning the attention of the government to the subject of submarine boats; for in November 1887, the Navy department at Washington, in order to encourage inventors, issued a circular to the public inviting designs and bids for the construction of a submarine torpedo boat. The requirements of this circular were very great: "The most desirable qualities to be possessed by a submarine vessel while approaching a hostile



THE PERAL AWAITING TRIAL.

desired qualities. One of these was for a submarine boat of the Nordenfelt type, which will be referred to later on. The second design was submitted by Mr. J. P. Holland of New York. According to its plans this vessel was to be a "diving-boat" eighty-five feet long, cigar-shaped in form, about eleven feet in diameter at its middle section and was to be built wholly of steel. The propelling power was to be steam, and the engines of the triple-expansion type, driving a single screw. Petroleum was to be used as fuel; and the submergence was to be effected when desired, and the depth below the surface maintained and regulated by means of horizontal rudders, similar in their action to those of the Peacemaker. However, neither of these designs was accepted by the government, and in February 1889, although in the meantime several additional bids had been made and plans submitted by other inventors, the department was forced temporarily to abandon the project of building a submarine vessel, owing to the insufficiency of the funds appropriated by Congress for that purpose.

In England the submarine boat that has attracted most attention is the Nordenfelt, before mentioned. The shape of this vessel is so peculiar as almost to preclude a description of it at all comprehensible to the unnautical reader. The midship part of the

boat is nearly cylindrical, but cross-sections nearer the extremities are oval, becoming more and more elongated as they approach the bow and stern. The largest boat yet built of this type is 123 feet long, with a diameter of twelve feet at the central section. The propelling power is steam. There are two small towers or domes, projecting above the deck, both of which are provided with plateglass windows affording a view all round the horizon and from either of which the movements of the vessel may be controlled. A notable feature is the manner in which the boat is caused to descend to any desired

depth. Water is admitted into certain compartments until the vessel sinks so that only the two small domes are visible. In this condition she retains a reserve buoyancy of about half a ton. The "diving-screws" are then set in motion and the boat is literally drawn down to the required depth, where she is retained by slowing the speed of the screws until their effort exactly counteracts the vessel's tendency to rise. When the screws are stopped the boat rises at once to the surface like a cork. The boat carries a tube for discharging auto-mobile torpedoes, and is armed with two rapid-fire guns.

In recent practical trials a speed of four knots was attained at a depth of four feet below the surface, the vessel being, it is claimed, at all times under excellent control.



THE PERAL PARTIALLY SUBMERGED.

A very novel submarine vessel was built in England three or four years ago, by Mr. Andrew Campbell, to which he gave the name of *Nautilus*. This boat is fusiform, or cylindrical in the centre, with conical ends, is sixty feet long, eight feet in diameter at its middle section, and is built of steel three-eighths of an inch thick. She is propelled by twin screws, the motive power being electricity derived from a series of large storage batteries, or accumulators. In order to make the boat sink or rise to the surface there have been placed in the hull of the vessel "a series of metal cylinders, into which are fitted properly constructed rams, or pistons, which can be protruded or withdrawn by a simple process governed and worked by the crew by means similar to those used in steering an ordinary ship."

The vessel is said to be easily controlled when submerged, but so far as the writer knows no very reliable reports of her practical trials have been received. She is designed to approach under water and, when within effective range, to discharge an auto-mobile, or "fish," torpedo at the enemy's ship. Under ordinary circumstances the *Nautilus* moves near the surface of the water, with the pilot's tower or dome and eight or ten inches of the deck visible. When running submerged, compressed air is stored in reservoirs within the boat, and the interior is lighted by electric incandescent lamps.

Another English submarine boat, also propelled by electricity, is that designed and built by Mr. J. F. Waddington, a member of a small ship-building firm at Seacombe, near Liverpool. While this vessel may well be regarded more as a curiosity than of any practical utility, there are a few points of interest in connection with it that may deserve a passing mention. The boat is thirty-seven feet long, with a diameter of six and a half feet at its midship section. Its shape is approximately that of a short cylinder



EXPERIMENTING WITH THE NORDENFELT BOAT.

with long, conical ends. The motive power is furnished by a set of forty-five large accumulator cells, connected in series with an electric motor capable of driving the screw propeller at the high speed of 750 revolutions per minute. On each side of the middle of the boat there is a large horizontal rudder, or "wing," with which, by changing its angle of inclination, the boat is forced downward or upward in the water as may be desired. These rudders are, of course, effective only while the vessel is under way. To cause her to rise or descend in the water when not running, vertical screw propellers are employed in a manner similar to that adopted in the Nordenfelt type of boats. Compressed air sufficient to last her crew of two men for six hours is carried in reservoirs at the ends of the vessel. She is designed to be armed with two auto-mobile torpedoes and a "submarine mine" or stationary torpedo. After having planted the mine under a hostile ship, the submerged boat moves off to a safe distance and causes the explosion by an electric current.

The Hovgaard "diving boat," designed by Lieutenant Hovgaard of the Royal Danish navy, has attracted much attention. Lieutenant Hovgaard claims to have planned his boat with the special object of satisfying as far as possible the requirements of the United States Navy department circular before mentioned. Used as a surface boat, it is to be propelled by



THE PEACEMAKER ON THE SURFACE.

steam; when submerged, an electric motor driven by storage batteries is to be employed. The vessel is to be 122 feet long, with a width of eleven feet nine inches and a depth of nine feet. It is to be built wholly of steel. The boat has a low superstructure extending the greater portion of her length. When it is desired to use her as a submarine vessel this superstructure is to be filled with water. In this condition a small amount of buoyancy is still retained, and the boat sinks only to the surface level of the water. To descend to a greater depth a small propeller is employed, which gives a thrust downward, and works in a circular "well" near the centre of the vessel.

A Spanish submarine boat known as the *Peral* underwent a series of trials in the harbor of Cadiz, in December of last year. From the accounts published in the papers of Madrid "these trials surpassed all former ones in success." But, as the success attained in previous experiments had been closely guarded as a state secret, the information thus confided to the public was not great. In *El Imparcial*, published in Madrid, the details of the trial are condensed as follows: "The *Peral* was navigated three

hours and a half, with all communication with the outer air completely shut off; more than two hours in fighting trim, only four inches of the observation turret being exposed; and forty minutes completely submerged, in which last-mentioned time about four miles were traversed. Altogether she was under way on the surface and below water seven hours and a half."

The French government has lately built a submarine boat called the *Gymnote*, which, during recent trials at Toulon, is said to have given most satisfactory results. This vessel is cigar-shaped, fifty-nine feet long by about six feet maximum diameter, and is built of thin sheets of steel. She is propelled and lighted by electricity. The especial feature of the invention, and the one wherein lies the chief secret of the boat, is the arrangement by which the commander is enabled to see in every direction above the surface of the water while his boat is submerged even to a depth as great as fifty feet. This apparatus is said to be a kind of camera obscura attached to a tube projecting upward from the boat to the surface of the water. The tube is constructed with "telescopic joints," so that its length can be regulated at pleasure; and through it the image of the surrounding view is reflected down upon a mirror in front of the helmsman. In the recent trials at Toulon the *Gymnote* was successfully directed against seven different ships in succession, then at anchor in the harbor. A report of these experiments says: "The *Gymnote* proved that she could remain under water for eight hours without inconvenience to her crew, maintaining a speed of eleven miles an hour while at a depth of forty-five feet below the surface. The trials have given most satisfactory results; the submarine torpedo boat succeeding in threading her



THE PEACEMAKER.

way amid all the mooring chains of the harbor without touching one, and repeatedly passing under vessels when desired."

It may be of interest to summarize the results that have been attained, up to the present time, in the science of submarine navigation. They may be condensed and enumerated as follows:

1. Submarine boats have been built in which a speed of eleven knots an hour has been made for a considerable distance under water; and four to five knots maintained for several miles.

2. The problem of supplying air to the crew of submarine vessels has been solved.

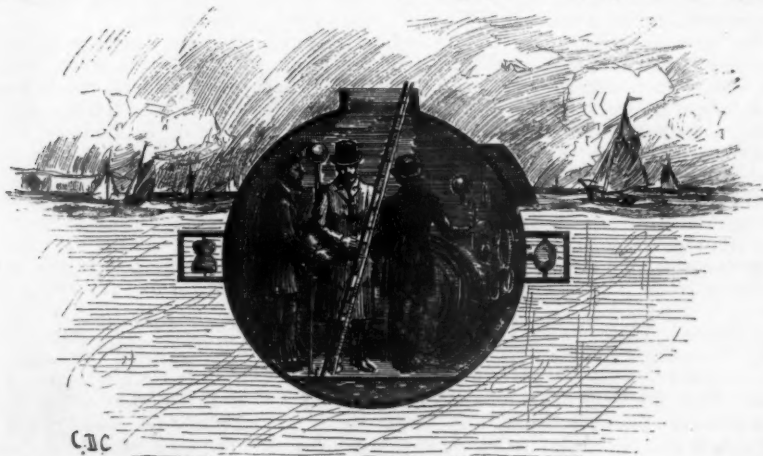
3. Submarine boats have been built which can be caused to descend or rise to the surface at pleasure, and which, when subjected to practical tests under favorable conditions, have proved to be under perfect control of the helmsman at all depths below the surface.

4. The question of lighting the interior of submarine boats, which was at one time one of the chief obstacles to be overcome, has been settled by the electric incandescent lamp.

5. Apparatus has been designed by means of which the commander or helmsman, while the boat is submerged, can see what is going on above the surface of the surrounding water.

6. Electricity has furnished an almost faultless motive power for submarine boats.

It may be asked, "Of what practical use are submarine boats?" The answer may be found in this: every nation of the world now recognizes the importance of torpedoes as an adjunct of a modern navy and of every system of coast defence. For the effective use of torpedoes a "torpedo boat" is often essential. These latter are phenomenally fast little vessels, capable of overtaking, or running away from, any war ship afloat. They are designed to carry auto-mobile torpedoes, which, upon arriving within an effective range, are to be discharged at the enemy's ship. Such attacks upon a ship of war armed with modern rapid-fire and machine guns, made in the light of day, or under the glare of an electric search light at night, would be hazardous in the extreme to the crew of a torpedo boat designed to move on the surface of the water. But this opinion by no means holds against boats that under ordinary circumstances move on the surface of the water, but can be quickly submerged when the circumstances require it. The occasions upon which a torpedo boat, even in time of war, would be called upon to make an actual attack would be rare, and the time occupied in the attack necessarily would be short. On such occasions the position of the crew of a submerged torpedo boat, notwithstanding its inherent danger, would be safe as compared with that of one engaged in making a surface attack.



SECTION, SHOWING INTERIOR OF NORDENFELT BOAT.

AT THE DAM OF SAN MARKO.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.



IT came down narrow and tree-choked from the mountains, the gorge of San Marko, shaking the stream of clear white water at its bottom downward and forward toward the sea like jingling silver. Just inward from Golden Peak and the pine-covered ridge which ran

northward it widened, then went narrower again between the mountain and the ridge and opened downward in a fine valley, which again, twelve miles to the westward, opened wide-mouthed upon the sea. Once, when California was young, only the little Mission of San Marko, with its cluster of adobe outbuildings, sat on the tilted floor of the valley, and the sea sucked the unobstructed San Marko from the mountains like a millrace.

But now the valley from end to end was lined with orchards, vineyards and gardens. The sandy slopes of the ridges that formed its sides, and even the light depressions in the tops of the ridges, were aswarm with grapevines and olive trees, and toward the heart of the valley and along the centre of its trough stretched orange orchards, dark squares of green, lit up, when seen from a little distance, with golden globes like lamps burning yellow and dim in the sunlight. All in among them, bowered in greenery and flowers, lay pleasant homes; here a tasteful cottage, there a pretentious villa, and up on the slopes a few dwellings that were palatial. Near the head of the valley where the railroad crossed it lay the little town of San Marko, and three miles above it, in the jaws of the gorge, the great dam

that stopped the San Marko in its jingling journey to the sea.

From the dam downward, until well toward the sea, the San Marko was little more than a string of tiny pools, but at last, swelled by its diverted waters from irrigating ditch and pipe, it fell into the deep with something of its old-time bulk. Inward from the dam, where the gorge widened, spread a lake of water, deep, cool, pellucid, calm, but straining its soft breast against the dam with the strength of a thousand gods. Mountains lay in it, peaks down, their tops raked by floating fleece as clouds passed across the still under-sky, and here and there great pines, left standing when the dam was built, stood waist-deep in the water, with trunks and foliage laced with silver bubbles. On either side of the dam and low down in the wall, which was eighty feet high and softly curved inward against the stream, huge iron pipes carried the sweet waters downward along the gorge and out into the open valley. There, near the mouth of the gorge, above the town, they separated, one going by the northern ridge toward the sea, the other by the southern slope, and both spilling their crystal freight, through ditch and minor pipe, among the myriad roots that netted the valley's sides and floor.

In March, when much of the outer world was bleak, with cold mire under foot, a dead heaven overhead, and rough winds between, the vale of San Marko was like a still, warm hollow in Paradise. This was what Allen Harp said to his little mother, as they stood together in the porch of their cottage above the town and looked downward toward the sea. There was a note of joy in his voice as with one whose heart rises; it seemed as if he might easily break into song. The little mother standing by his side clasped her thin hands about the young man's arm, and laid her withered cheek against him caressingly. It was a meagre, many-lined face, but as delicately cut as an intaglio, and infinitely sweet and placid of expression. The eyes behind the glasses were dimmed a little with years, and per-

haps saw the fair world lying below not very clearly, but they were as kindly as love itself. After a moment the youth stooped his head and kissed the white hair lying against his arm, and the little mother looked up. The son's face was much like the mother's, but stronger. The eyes were larger and of a deeper blue, but not more warm and kindly; about the mouth and nose and chin was the same fine chiselling, but the forehead was wider and more reflective, and all was smooth and colored delicately with the hues of youth.

"Then you like it better here than in Maine, Allen? And you feel stronger?" queried the mother, peering tenderly up into the tall boy's face.

"Oh, very, very much better, mother!" There was the same note in his voice, as if it had come singing from heart to lips and there dropped into commoner cadence. The film of pink in his thin cheeks deepened and his eyes glistened with light. "It is like heaven, little mother!" he cried, pressing her against his side. Indeed, the exclamation seemed justified, such a grateful heat was in the air, the blue of the distant sea and overhanging sky was so tender, and the valley from mouth to inner tip was sown so thick with blossoms. But a sweeter heat than sunshine, a tenderer light than ever lay on sea or sky, a finer perfume than blossoms ever exhale, were making summer in the boy; the first delight of love, exquisite, luminous, that made the world seem wonderful.

"And I am well, little mother; as strong as any man!" he cried exultantly, smiting himself lightly upon the chest. But a slight fit of coughing followed the jar, and the slenderness of his figure and the clear pallor of his flesh belied his words.

The mother peered fondly, hopefully, into his face. "You are better, Allen," she said, "but you must still be careful, dear."

"And we have been but two months here, mother," he said. "Oh, by next autumn I shall be quite strong enough to go back to college. To think, I had but one year more!" The ringing pitch of his voice fell a little and the light in his eyes receded. They stood a moment in silence looking outward. "I like it wonderfully here," he said, half reflectively. "Do you think, mother, it would be best

for me to go back after all? I like fruit-farming; I never was more happy, mother, not even when I was a child."

The dim old eyes under the glasses filled with tears, both from inward bitterness and joy. She saw the elysian slavery into which he had fallen, the bondage that elated as with wine. She divined it unerringly; another love than for herself—deep-reaching, feverish, with power to swerve him from old grooves and long-cherished intentions—had risen within him. For days past she had been half-conscious of its coming, in his quicker step, his brighter eye, his spasms of hurried work, his dreamy reveries and wanderings on the mountain, but with his last words the truth leaped clearly into her consciousness, pressing something like a thorn into her mother heart. And yet her pale, worn boy had been so transformed in mind and body by its coming, had been made so quick of step, so eager for life, her nature turned sweet to the very core with gratitude. She put her hand about his neck with a caressing, restraining movement, and her lifted face shone with a sorrowful sort of radiance.

"Wherever your health is best and wherever you are happiest, dear, I am willing you should stay," she said.

"Thank you, little mother," he cried. "Then in the fall, instead of going back to college, I shall build an addition to the cottage here on the left, we will buy the bit of gravelly ground back of the orange grove and plant it with olives, and extend the vineyard into the upper corner there. It will be heaven, mother!" and he kissed and strained her an instant against his side in sheer delight. Then he went springily down into the little orange grove to the right of the house and began digging tiny trenches and turning the irrigating waters about. His breath came short, and now and then a slight spasm of coughing shook him, but between times he sang in a high, gay key, or whistled as he worked.

The mother watched him a moment in a sad, pleased silence, then entered the cottage, her slight form bent a little more than its wont, as with an added year or two of life, her face a trifle less placid, but even sweeter than before with the touch of sorrow in its tender glow. "Please God it may make him really



"SEÑOR HARP WILL ENTER WITH ME," SHE SAID.

well!" she whispered fervently, and stood looking mistily at the open window opposite. Roses in wide bloom and buds half-blown were nodding in at the window, a bee tumbled out of one of them upon the sill and whined angrily as he untangled his yellow legs, a humming bird darted in and stood still a moment in mid air peering at her, but she did not see them. A slim, willowy figure was before her fancy, swaying its silk and lace investiture through the cool, soft light of the church below the town. The rich olive flesh of the Spanish girl looked creamy pink behind the dark laces, her arched brows had the effect of delicate blue-black pencillings, and the luminous black eyes beneath them seem suddenly to turn a limpid brown as they light upon the mantling face of her boy. "Please God it may make him wholly well," she whispered again, as the vision passed and Allen's song came in-through the open door.

Early that evening, while the upper air

was yet purple, though he walked in dusky olive, Allen went down across the shady plaza, along the fragrant streets and into the bottom of the valley. Presently he came to a huge cube of brick, which, with turrets at the corners, tall chimneys and hanging balconies, and softened by the golden dusk, looked not unlike a castle. Everywhere, up the sides of the house, over the balconies and even about some of the chimneys, ran a tangle of flowering vines. The surrounding walls were softly aflame with them, and the great winery buildings back of the residence had not gone ungarlanded. Señor Manuel Brionas, the owner, was prosperous—that was plain. He was of an old California family, Spanish, and of an Andalusian strain on his mother's side, but himself had married a Mexican lady, now some years dead. But one child, Conchita, the girl of Mrs. Harp's revery, came of this union, and she it was who welcomed Allen now. As he stood in the wide, cool entrance she came suddenly floating out

of the shadows to meet him, her hand extended, her eyes softening. To Harp she seemed borne forward upon an infinitely gentle wind, the touch of her foot was so light, the sway of her body so easy, and the air seemed so moved and sweetened by her coming. His head swam a little, poor fellow! though she only touched his hand with the tingling tips of her fingers, and bowed away from him with her eyes at his feet.

"Señor Harp will enter with me the patio; my father and Señora Gurero, with others, are there," she said.

Her voice, like the voices of many Spanish women, was an exquisitely soft bass, thick, but creamy and smooth as her skin. Her visitor bowed and thanked her—his voice seemed of a higher key than hers—and followed her inward through the wide hall. An antique lamp, an old Cordovan relic, depending from the ceiling, threw down a dim light through its rosy globe and turned them pink as they passed beneath it. The walls, wainscoted neck-high in polished English oak, glistened dully on the left, and on the right the pink flare fell through a high carved screen of Moorish spindle work upon the rich stair that mounted to the chambers above. Passing from the hall, they entered a reception room, dim, musky, well furnished, and from that the patio, an open court in the centre of the house. It was a cool and delightful place. Lamps burned softly here and there; flowers, tropic and native, brightened the inclosure everywhere, and in the midst a little fountain leaped up from the centre of a mound of blossoms and fell back into their open mouths, a shower of jewels. Above, a balcony, upon which the chambers opened, circled the court, and below upon the ground lay a broad horseshoe of polished floor, with tables, divans, seats and whatnots. At one of the tables Señora Gurero, Conchita's chaperon, and Señor Brionas, the master, with two gentlemen of Hebraic cast, were playing at cards. Upon one of the divans, in half-recumbent pose, rested a young Spaniard of great physical beauty. His eyes were round, large and of a bright black, his skin an exceedingly delicate bronze, and his small head and face more finely cut than those of many beautiful women. Somehow, to Allen, he had the

effect of one of the small, still-sailing, clean-cut hawks that used to sometimes cross close over his head as he walked when a child with his mother in the woods of Maine. Now, as then, he was startled by the keen, bold eyes that looked suddenly into his own as Conchita bade them be acquainted. "Señor Perez was not long from Mexico—the city," she murmured; "he was building a residence in the valley below them. Had not Señor Harp ever met him? No, surely, for Señor Perez had been South to bring his mother; they must be friends." As they stood facing each other, however, there was a look of recoil and trepidation in the Saxon youth's eyes, and a gleam of jealous, aggressive resentment in the Spaniard's. Harp had spent several evenings during the past month with Conchita in this enchanted spot; evenings that had gone quickly, like the passage of delicious dreams; when even the sharp-eyed Gurero had indulgently gone away for a little time, and left them to sit on the divan and sing together, the Spanish girl softly touching the accompaniment from the strings of her guitar with her creamy fingers, and visiting the bashful face of the Saxon boy now and then with a look from her passionate eyes that sent a thrill of pleasure through his blood. The tropic air of the place, the heady odor of roses, cape jasmines, pomegranates and orange blooms, the play of the fountain in the light, the fall of its waters among the golden-hearted lilies, the dreamy love-songs sung by the girl in the Spanish tongue, the sweet heat of her odorous, beautiful body when at times she leaned so near to him that the yellow locks of the one and the dusky hair of the other touched, had appealed powerfully to the boy's nature, stunted a little, perhaps, by the dry social soil of New England. Added to this was his love—fresh, and riotous with youth. But now—surely he had lighted on unwelcome ground; instinctively he felt himself within another's field, in a path where he might not pluck further flowers of happiness without being torn with thorns.

The others had risen upon the entrance of Conchita and Harp. Señora Gurero looked pleased—evidently she liked the young New Englander; but Señor Brionas, bald, heavy-eyed, heavy-bodied and

dark, looked a shade darker and a trifle heavier as he bade him welcome. The señor was not inhospitable; few were more gracious in his class—a folk admirable indeed in this regard; but something in the young man's advent certainly did not please him. The other two players in the interrupted game were wine men from San Francisco—tasters of, and bidders for, the ruddy contents of the huge tuns back of the residence; and when the salutations were done Harp begged that they would go on with their cards, a proffer accepted with seeming relief—the señora now and again throwing him a handsome smile, the señor turning a dark look by times in his direction, with the wine tasters oblivious to his presence.

Then an awkward moment fell between the three about the divan; Señor Perez retained a guitar in his hand, which he had held when Harp came in; a mandolin lay on the other end of the divan; evidently Conchita and he had been interrupted in a duet. Something sharp shot through the pale visitor's heart, but he only bowed with a little sweep of the hand toward the divan, and the girl resumed her place by Perez' side, and took up the mandolin.

"I beg the señorita and señor will not stop playing," said Harp. "I am fond of music. I have but a moment from my walk; I would be glad to listen."

The girl drew her fingers harshly across the strings and gave him a glittering flash from her dark eyes. "Ah, the white señor would run away; he would not fight for me; he has a weak heart," the contemptuous glance seemed to say. She turned a little toward Perez and swept her fingers across the strings.

"Señor Harp comes not often to hear the music; let us play," she said.

The words seemed to remove the New England youth to a colder distance; he felt put away a little on his rival's account, his intimacy with Conchita miscolored to please the handsome Spaniard; and yet in his timid heart he could not have wished the real facts known. He paled a little and sat and listened.

The music rose in perfect time, plaintive, lulling and dreamy. The repelling, distrustful gleam melted out of the Spaniard's eyes; they softened forgetfully, and he lifted them with Conchita's toward the

stars that looked down silently into the patio. A rapt expression grew in the girl's face, her eyes looked lustrous and soft. Music for the moment had made captive their tropic hearts.

Harp looked at them steadfastly for a time, these children of the noon, whose blood ran thick and passionate with centuries of sun. Ah, how beautiful and how like they were! Surely he had dreamed a fallacious, foolish dream; she could not be for him—not for him—but for this other, this bronze Apollo from the odorous South. An aching grew in his throat with the thought, a heavy loneliness in his boyish breast; he listened, but seemed to only partly hear; he looked, but saw glisteningly like one who sees through water. Suddenly, with a crescendo swell and a little crash of melody, the movement ended and Conchita dropped her eyes upon his face.

"Madre de—! The señor cries!" She said in a low voice. Then, with sudden shame for her words, a little dash of rosy blood leaped up in her cheeks, and she put out her hand toward him with a quick movement of appeal and sympathy. "Señor Harp is too fond—of—music; the piece was sad," she said.

"It was very nice," said Harp, simply.

The Spaniard looked at him oddly. "If the señorita will, we shall try a quicker piece," he said. They dashed into a fandango movement, with body, face and eye instantly mirroring the giddy spirit of the music, but to Harp somehow it rattled jarringly.

"Did it please the señor more?" asked the girl when they had finished, panting a little and rosy as if she had indeed gone through the dance.

"I thought the other pleasanter," he answered quietly. Perez looked at him with an ungracious shrug. "Ah, the white señor is sick with love; he should know himself a fool," his action said.

Instantly the girl began a plaintive Spanish song, a low, crooning, sorrowful lament, that touched them all to silence. Even the card players stopped and listened. Perez turned a hard, glittering look on her face, and Harp's chin sank on his breast and his eyes fluttered shut. "She is singing for him," glowered Perez. He looked up; the moon was swimming in among the stars in the blue space overhead; the girl's eyes were fixed upon it.

Harp moved his head from side to side when the song was ended, but said nothing. The wine tasters clapped their hands and the game began again; the girl made a movement as if throwing off the solemn spell, and said to Harp, "It was of the moon, the song, and—oh, Señora Gurero, was not the night this when the moon shall be made dark—eclipsed?" She turned suddenly toward the card players.

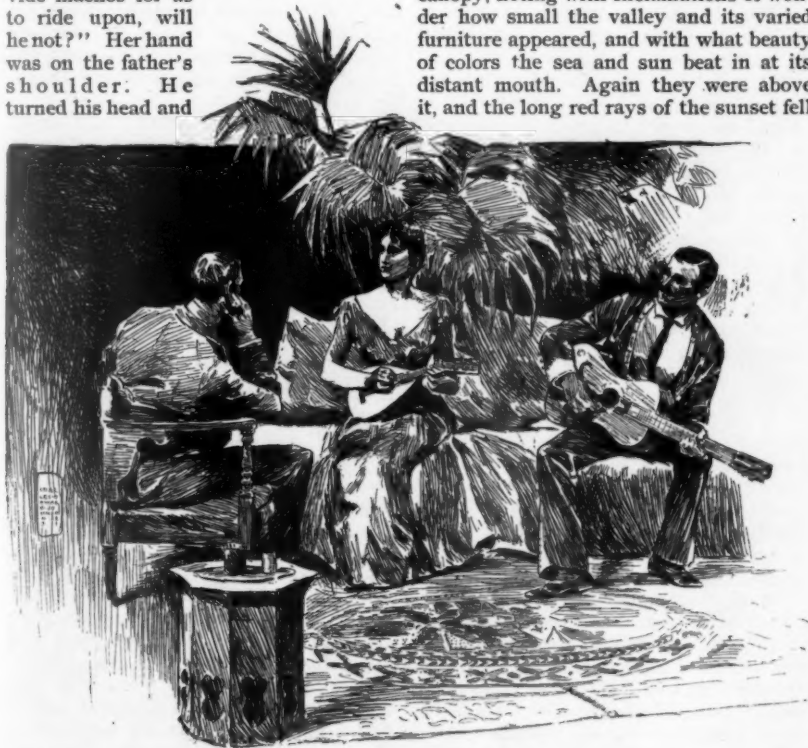
After a moment's thought Señora Gurero said that it should fall upon the morrow night.

"Ah," cried Conchita, springing up and striking her little hands together delightedly, "shall we then not see it from above the valda? The changing lights upon the sea! the coming of shadows in the valley! the cloth of black drawn over the moon's face! Ah, Señor Perez, Señor Harp, señora, shall we not see it from the mountain? My father, the señor, will provide machos for us to ride upon, will he not?" Her hand was on the father's shoulder. He turned his head and

assented with a kiss upon the little fingers.

"Ah, señors, shall you not go?" She turned toward Harp and Perez. The one expressed his pleasure in English, the other in Spanish, and Harp arose and with a pleasant "Good night" went out. Conchita accompanied him to the entrance and sent him away with a look that kept a spark of sweet fire moving in his veins through half the night.

As evening fell on the morrow, Harp, Perez, Conchita and Señora Gurero were riding along the path which wound around the waist of Golden Peak and upward to its summit. As they rose the valley dwindled and the sea widened; but presently as the sun went down a thin white mist lifted from all the visible deep and moving up the great hollow stood still and over it like a vast arch of silver. At points they could see under this fleecy canopy, noting with exclamations of wonder how small the valley and its varied furniture appeared, and with what beauty of colors the sea and sun beat in at its distant mouth. Again they were above it, and the long red rays of the sunset fell



"SEÑOR HARP IS TOO FOND—OF—MUSIC; THE PIECE WAS SAD."

along its milky roof in many shades of rose and gold.

Conchita and Harp kept much together—it seemed the girl's doing—and were gay with snatches of song and shouts of delight, while the señora and Perez rode ahead; the former troubled of look, but garrulous; the latter polite and observant, but dark and hurtful of eye. In odd moments Harp felt himself encroaching, upon what, he could scarcely have told, yet a twinge of timidity took him at times, a faint dread of trouble, of enmity, of physical and moral combat with his rival, from which he unconsciously recoiled. But the beauty of earth and heaven, the presence and infectious gayety of Conchita, her unaffected but obvious preference for himself, were like wine to his heart. He told her something of his life: he was an only child; his father, now several years dead, had been a New England minister. He had counted on entering the ministry himself after graduation; his mother wished it. But now he had determined on making her a home here; they had not very much, but he should work hard; he liked the valley so well he thought he should never care to leave it. The girl looked gratified, but fell curiously silent; perhaps his having been so near the priesthood, as she termed it, made her grave; but, whatever the cause, she presently threw it off and thereafter was doubly gay. When twilight began to gather they stopped on a level bench of ground halfway up the breast of the mountain, and ate a bit of lunch which the señora had brought in a maleta behind her saddle. They purposed staying there to witness the eclipse, but ere long a great cloud came over the ridges from the South, followed by another and another, until they looked out under leagues of billowy fleece. The white pack rested its edge against the mountain just above **their heads, turning** slowly off toward the North like an ice floe bearing around an island. After a time it grew almost motionless, and they seemed doomed to disappointment. The cloud pack was as wide as the visible heaven.

"We shall go above it," cried Conchita; "it will be most beautiful!" Señora Gurero demurred, but the wayward Conchita stamped the lichened stones with her little foot, mounted her macho and set off up the trail with a song upon her lips.

As she entered the cloud Harp was close behind her; Perez, gloomy and taciturn, lagged a little in the rear, with the señora following, but protesting shrilly to the last. In a moment they were enveloped in mist; stricken as with a gray blindness; each grew invisible to the other, and the machos seemed walking only upon a brownish, milky medium of shadow. Harp fell silent; the feat seemed foolish and full of danger, but Conchita's voice rose before and above him, singing in the mist, and the machos kept the trail unerringly. Suddenly, much as if they were rising to the surface of water from a great depth, the mist grew luminous and they burst out in moonlight on the summit.

All above was blue and clear, and swarming with stars. A faint wind was moving toward the North and the moon hung large and low in the East. Conchita stopped and Harp was at once by her side. Her mantilla had fallen about her shoulders, tiny jet sparks of moisture twinkled on her lashes and hair and she leaned toward him with glistening, laughing eyes.

"Did Señor Harp fear?" she cried, reaching her hand toward him chaffingly.

"Only for you, darling!" he stammered, with a sudden wild, overmastering thrill. "Only for you!" and he snatched the taunting hand and crushed it against his lips.

The girl's face went white as if her quick breath had been smitten with frost; she caught her hand away; Perez was standing behind them. In a moment Señora Gurero's little beast rose out of the mist, trembling and puffing under its burden. "Ah, it is wonderful! It is divine!" exclaimed the lady, forgetting her anger in admiration of the marvellous view. They rode forward to the crown of the mountain and dismounted. The scene was very beautiful. As far as the eye could reach in all directions spread a level sea of cloud. It was much as if millions upon millions of fleeces of infinitely white wool, netted with silver threads and dashed here and there with faintest rose, lay floating in an ocean of golden bronze. Far out toward the horizon the mass lay still and vaguely brown, like a dim waste of rust, while close about the mountain it ebbed slowly northward,

gently rising and falling as from an under wind. As the moon rose, slicing through a single cloud which hung high in the East, this Doréan ocean widened with the light to a vast sea of flickering pearl. Here and there along its billows ran fleet glintings, opal fires and iris tints, while the bronze hollows between the waves turned a tender orange, deepening in the outer trenches to a dead red gold. The dull mountain top, with its clumps of stunted chaparral and jagged rocks, took on a phantom look and the faces and forms of the watchers turned silvery in the reflection. At times the mountain seemed to move as they gazed steadily on the cloud sea drifting by. In one of these moments of illusion Conchita caught Harp's hand involuntarily, but dropped it and went waveringly to a rock and sat down. Harp came and stood beside her, the warm sense of her hand still sweet upon his lips, its touch still tingling in his palm. The señora, too, was dizzy and sat down, but Perez stood apart, silent, with head uncovered and a face that looked like hard white silver in the flare. All were awed into silence or but whispered exclamations, by the impressive vision, the indescribable stillness, the sense of separation from the world and of drifting on an unstable island in an unreal sea. Presently there came a change, however: the moon began to enter the earth's shadow. As the obscuration progressed the ocean of pearl changed to a wide sea of undulating amber, then to a burnt-sienna hue, and far out upon its bosom to a blackish umber. Suddenly the sea of vapor sank down a hundred feet or more, then as suddenly rose to a level with their feet. The phenomenon was indescribably startling, and as the seeming flood came up like something dreadful to engulf them, Harp threw his arm protectingly about the girl's shoulders with an involuntary cry of fear, and she flattened her face against his side with her arms about him.

The señora sprang up unconsciously and made the sign of the cross upon forehead and breast, but Perez stood like a statue, his eyes upon Conchita and Harp. In an instant they were disengaged and the girl looked up with a grating, curious laugh. Perez was standing before them.

His eyes glittered in the dim, brown air, but his face was quiet. "Señor Harp shall come a moment with me; I have that I wish him to hear," he said in a low, dry tone.

Harp paled a little but followed him. They passed to the left between some chaparral clumps and beyond a rick of boulders into a little open space. Suddenly Perez stopped and turning quickly smote the youth a light blow in the face. The boy recoiled with a smothered cry of astonishment, and putting his hand up to his cheek, peered oddly into the Spaniard's face. The dim atmosphere was



"I AM NOT SO WELL, MOTHER," HE SAID HUSKILY.

still of that strange burnt-sienna tinge; the ground, their clothing and their flesh seemed covered with rust; and all about them swayed the wide, russet, vaporous sea. The Spaniard's face looked unreal and hideous in the weird half-light; its murderous expression sent a

thrill of terror along Harp's shrinking nerves.

"What—what do you mean?" he gasped.

"You shall fight me!" hissed Perez. "Not here, not now, but tomorrow, down in the valley, at the dam of San Marko; there you shall make me satisfied!" His fingers worked nervously and his voice quivered with anger.

"I cannot fight," said Harp, with sudden disgust. "It is brutal. I never struck anyone in my life."

Perez glared at him in amazement. "Señor Harp has a white liver; he is a coward!" he cried.

Harp lifted his doubled fist, but put it down and looked at him with a flushed face. "No," he said, "I have been taught that a man who strikes another in anger is a coward and—a—brute. I believe it is true."

"Señor Harp shall not strike with his fists; he shall strike with a knife; he shall make me satisfied!"

Harp made an involuntary gesture of horror with his hands and stepped back. "God in heaven!" he said slowly, "do you think I am that sort of a man? to strike with—a—knife!"

"No, I don't think the señor is such a man; he is a coward," snarled the Spaniard.

Harp was silent an instant. "Why do you ask such a thing of me?" he said huskily. "Is it because she is my friend?"

"It is because she shall not be yours!" The Spaniard ground the words through his teeth.

"I could not fight and shed blood even for her," said Harp. "There are ways of wooing less savage than that: if not, I shall lose her."

"Señor Harp shall go everywhere a dog then; for a coward he shall be known to all men!" The words came threatening and hateful. Harp's face turned ashen in the rusty gloom; he stepped close to Perez with clinched fists, then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, turned and walked away. An odd distaste for life was at the bottom of his heart, a qualm of repugnance shook him. How animal it was, this strife for possession! He felt somehow debased in spirit and went forward with his eyes upon the ground. A figure

like a shadow fled before him around the rocks and between the chaparral clumps, but he did not see it; even the strange ocean of misty copper, breaking away from the mountain here and there, had lost its interest.

As they rode down the mountain a half-hour later Conchita kept by herself, and when they dismounted at the gate of the Brionas residence she was silent. She did not bid them enter, or even say good night, and Harp went dejectedly along the odorous streets, across the plaza, and up to his mother's cottage, while Perez went down the valley to his new house with a curse upon his lips.

The offending youth made a sorry night of it; what sleep he got was of a feverish, unrestful sort, and toward morning he had a most bitter dream: Conchita seemed standing with Perez before the altar in the church below the town, and the words that made them man and wife were being said. The room seemed empty of people, and chilly and dark, save for the priest and young couple by the altar, and a soft gray light which enveloped them. He alone was witness, sitting back in the gloom with eyes that welled over with tears of loneliness and a great self-pity, half sweet and half a stifling anguish. The feeling woke him and he sat up; his cheeks were wet.

A gray haze was filtering in through the window, and he arose and dressed himself and went out, moved by restlessness. He felt weak and bent, and paused now and then to cough, but went a little way up the slope back of the house and sat down. A thin bluish vapor lay over the bottom of the valley and along the margin of the sea; beyond that a reflected dawn, thrown over the mountains from the East, was kindling upon the waters. He looked at it a moment, then rose and went aimlessly back to the house again. When his mother came out upon the porch after a time, he was sitting on the lower step gazing vacantly at the gravel in the walk. She gave a little cry of surprise; she had thought him still asleep. The sound awakened him from his bitter reverie and he looked up. His face was so pale and unnatural of expression she came down at once to his side.

"What is it, dear?" she said, laying her arm about his neck.

He looked in her anxious, sympathetic face, and his lips quivered: "I am not so well, mother," he said huskily.

She read his features a moment silently. "Is it for—is it on her account?" she said.

He nodded his head, and scuffed the gravel with his foot in a disturbed way. The mother stood still a moment, with something like resentment brightening her dim old eyes, then suddenly laid her withered cheek down upon his bowed head, and when she lifted her face there were tears upon his short, light curls.

"We will go East again, dear, if you wish it," she said.

His body stiffened, much as if he had set his feet against a solid object beyond which some power had sought to pull him. "No, mother, I do not wish it yet; I am not ready; perhaps I shall never be." His voice grated with a touch of obstinacy, and he got up and went down and began digging among the orange trees.

When the mother had breakfast ready he went in and ate a few bites in silence, then came out and began work again. Presently one of Señor Brionas' servants came along by the garden wall. He bore an envelope in his hand which he handed over the wall to Harp. The young man took it and broke the seal and read:

"SEÑOR,—Tonight you have set to come. You need not. Señor Harp is a coward. I heard what he said upon the mountain. I wish to never see his face again.
CONCHITA."

The reader looked up; the three lines written across the paper seemed stamped everywhere in the air in quivering characters of black. There rose a soft crackling in his ears, and he leaned against the wall for support. "I wish to never—see—your—face—again!" he whispered slowly. His flesh looked pinched and colorless, and his eyes had, for the moment, the half-horrified, dazed expression of one who receives a mortal hurt. He moved away a few paces and stood looking at the ground. Suddenly he drew a deep breath, walked over to the wall, and taking a pencil from his pocket, wrote upon the back of Conchita's note:

"SEÑOR PEREZ,—I will be at the dam by noon.
ALLEN HARP."



"HE CARRIED IT TO THE LIGHT AND FELT THE EDGE OF THE BLADE."

He folded it and placed it in the broken envelope with no thought of conventions, and put it in the hand of the astonished servant. "Take it to Señor Perez," he said. "Señorita Brionas wishes him to have it; she will be best pleased and served if you take it quickly."

The man looked at it, nodded, grinned, and hurried away upon his errand. Then a profound quiet fell upon the youth; at its bottom a vague amazement that corporal pain should seem so trivial a thing, could be so indifferently invited. Prior to this moment he had never approached it, or witnessed its reflection in the faces of others, without a sense of shrinking. Now all fear of it seemed numbed in him; death itself scarcely appealed to him at all; somehow he could not feel or realize it. He took his coat from the limb of an orange tree, where he had thrown it upon going to work, and putting it on, entered the house. His eyes had a dull, steady look; his features were strangely grave. He went directly to his room, opened a trunk, and taking a Spanish dagger from it, carried it to the light and felt the edge of the blade. The knife, a fine weapon, with carbuncles set in the handle, was one

an uncle who once followed the sea had given him back in Maine. He had never cared for it; indeed, he had never taken it from its sheath without a touch of repugnance, inwardly disquieted by the cruel purpose for which it was made. Now, even when he had come to its actual use, the sight of it gave him no discomfort of mind; the delicate intuitions of his moral nature seemed suspended by the shock he had received; the constant warnings against evil which his soul had hitherto given him were hushed; the horrible tool in his hand was only a piece of sharp iron with which he should show her that he was not a boy, physically weak and mean. He did not weigh the hazard, count the consequence or consider his rival; he felt no especial anger, no goad of jealous rage; only hurt to death in his love—an unbearable wretchedness of heart—which should somehow pass away with the execution of her fearful wish. He stood a moment touching the ends of his fingers along the knife's edge, and looking with a dull, misty stare at the window. "I wish to never—see—his—face—again!" he muttered, and putting the weapon in his pocket, went out into the other room. His mother had gone down into the town and he paused and stood still an instant in the silence. The clock ticked softly on the mantel, a book his mother had been reading lay open on the table, her glasses by it. The sight cut into his heart, his eyes filled, and he fell upon his knees and laid his face in the book and kissed it. After a moment he got up, looked around the room and went out; his mad resolve was not dislodged, it seemed fixed at the bottom of his nature.

A half hour later he stood by San Marko's dam. He had walked rapidly, without being conscious of it, looking down at the middle of the road as he went, and revolving his misery and all its direct incentives in a sort of stupor. Twice, in an indistinct way, he had felt a soft thrill in the earth; had seemed to see the ground shift a little from left to right, and paused and put his hand to his brow; he thought it only dizziness, and instantly pressed forward again, intent upon his dreadful task. Now, arrived at the place of trial, he walked restlessly up and down, impatient of delay. The dam, replenished by the winter rains, was full to the lip though

the waste weir was carrying a white sheet of water to the gulf below. He walked out upon the great impeding wall and stood looking into the water. It was very clear; the sun struck deep into it, and he could see fish, touched with faint prismatic tints by the light, swimming indolently to and fro in the reflected heaven below. A hawk, mirrored from the sky above, seemed sailing among them. He looked up San Marko's gorge; for a mile or more the retarded water lay in it, deep, heavy, shining; beyond that it curved and he could not follow it. A sudden sense of the enormous weight of this fluid bulk, of its all but incalculable pressure against the wall on which he stood, sprang up in his mind. What if it should overpower the wall! A chill flew over his body with the thought. He turned and looked down the gorge, and a vision flashed through his mind that swept it clean of bitterness. He went weakly along the top of the dam to the shore and sat down. His mood for murder had fallen flat; his normal old timidity of heart was back again. He took the dagger from his pocket and looked at it. He had come here to drive this cold, sharp tongue of iron into the warm body of a human being! To feel the hot blood spurt out upon his hands as it entered! To commit murder! "My God!" he suddenly gasped, and, rising, flung the knife with all his power far out into the pond.

Over and over it turned, flashing in the sunlight as it went, and smote a little heap of gleaming spherules from the surface when it fell. The fish shot after it like limber arrows as it went to the bottom, and when it struck were instantly about it in a ring, peering at the carbuncled hilt and shining blade with yellow, vacuous eyes. But Harp did not look in the direction it had gone after it left his hand, but turned and stepped out into the road leading down toward the town, trembling with horror of himself. He felt deadly weak; the drop from his mad exaltation of purpose left him seemingly without physical strength; he began to cough, and went waveringly along the road a little way—if he met Perez he would not care.

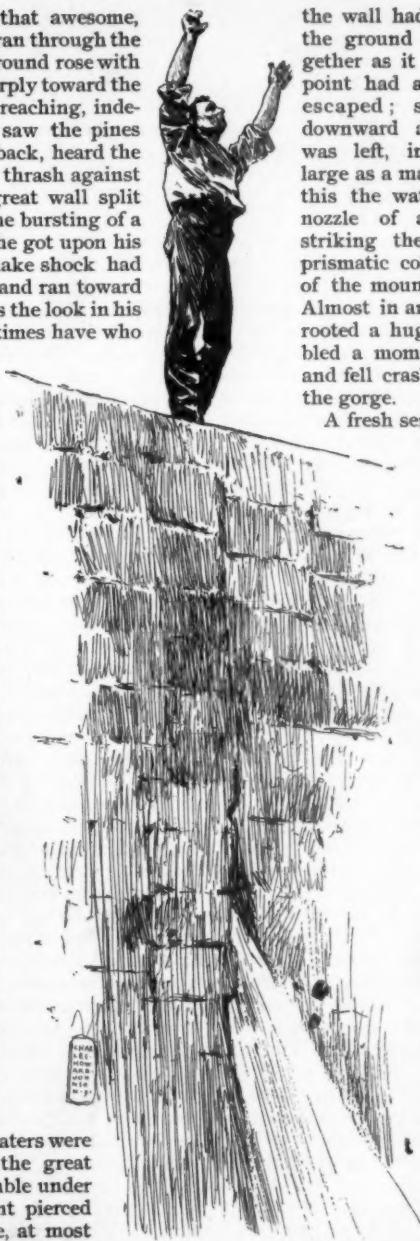
Suddenly a soft tremor of the ground ran under his feet; he saw the pines ahead of him tip slightly and oscillate; he put his hand to his brow—he was dizzy again. He steadied himself, but ere he had taken a

half-score of steps that awesome, all-pervading thrill ran through the world again; the ground rose with him and pitched sharply toward the South with a deep-reaching, indescribable jar. He saw the pines leap up and settle back, heard the waters of the dam thrash against the shore and the great wall split with a report like the bursting of a cannon. Instantly he got upon his feet, for the earthquake shock had thrown him down, and ran toward the dam. There was the look in his face the dead sometimes have who perish in the teeth of some great horror, a transfiguring expression of haste and fright.

He seemed to see as with the swift illumination of lightning the great structure topple and crash into the abyss below, the waters go over it like the levelling breath of God, the boulders hurled from their beds, the roots of the pine trees high in the air, the fall of houses in the vale below, the wreck of gear, his mother's, Conchitas and a thousand dead faces whirling on the surface of the flood, and orchard, vineyard, town and all the valley's beauteous store engulfed, uprooted and hurled outward into the unfeeling sea. In a moment he was upon the dam. Its waters were still rocking, and the great wall seemed to tremble under his feet. A thin rent pierced it from apex to base, at most points not wider than the blade of a knife. Seemingly

the wall had opened slightly as the ground rose, and shut together as it fell, and at but one point had any of the masonry escaped; some twenty feet downward an oblong aperture was left, in size wellnigh as large as a man's body. Through this the water tore as from the nozzle of a hydraulic giant, striking the point of its long prismatic column into the base of the mountain 200 feet below. Almost in an instant it had uprooted a huge pine, which trembled a moment, turned around, and fell crashing into the bed of the gorge.

A fresh sense of the water's destructive strength rushed over him with this phenomenon. The dam seemed to sway in the air like something light in the wind and he dropped upon it face down and clung to the rocks. When his dizziness had passed he crept over to the fissure and looked down; a thousand silver bubbles were racing into it, which, as they emerged on the lower side, popped like bursting cartridges; the masonry was being eaten away; soon the rent would widen, the top of the dam be torn off, and the flood roll down upon the helpless people. He ran to the shore in an ecstasy of haste, and finding a plank, brought it and laying it against the face of the dam shot it downward; but it



"A THIN RENT PIERCED IT FROM BASE TO APEX."

sprang outward, and whirling like the wing of a fan went endwise through the rent. He brought another and another with like result. He stopped a moment; his forehead was beaded with sweat and he shook from head to foot with eagerness. "God in Heaven, help me to stop it!" he cried, then turned and threw off his hat and coat; he would warn San Marko and the valley. But no, it would be too late; the waters would be upon them ere he reached them, or with his weak lungs he would fall dead by the way. He turned again to the hissing hole in the wall and stood still; a thought had gone through his mind like a flash of light, with it a train of visions, and that strange, dead quiet of mind in which he had come to the dam.

He saw Perez and Conchita, man and wife, living in their home below the town; the San Marko's lovely trough lined with bloom and greenery from year to year; the fountain, whose source lay under his feet, playing in the plaza summer in and summer out; his mother in their cottage—"Hark!" his breath stopped; he could hear the clock ticking on the mantel; his mother was bending over the open book upon the table; she was wondering at the tear spots he had left upon the page. His chin sank on his breast. "Mother," he said plaintively, as if his head were lying in her lap with her kind hand on his curls, "mother, I threw the knife away; I started home!" "Good-by," he whispered softly, and, stepping close to the edge, aimed himself carefully at the fissure, stiffened his body, closed his eyes and shot downward like a plummet. True as an arrow he went into the yielding fluid, and as he crossed the rent the water caught his body and drove it into the opening like a wedge, erect, his face up stream, the outline of his person visible. An instant of awful pain, then a faint sweet dream of lying on his mother's breast a child again, and then—oblivion; and Allen Harp was standing dead in the rent, holding back the waters above the people of San Marko's vale.

A half hour fell away in silence, then feet came along the dam, and Perez looked down and saw his enemy. His hands flew up and a cry of wondering horror escaped his lips. His face blanched; the waters were hissing through the long

crack like a thin blue sheet of flame that turned to dust of diamonds as it fell. For a moment he seemed incapable of speech or motion, then suddenly darted forward, leaped into the road, flung himself upon his horse, drove spurs into its flanks and fled wildly down the road toward the town.

In less than half a score of minutes he flashed into the streets; his spurs were dripping red, foam and blood were blowing from the horse's nostrils, and, hatless and white, he cried as he rode:

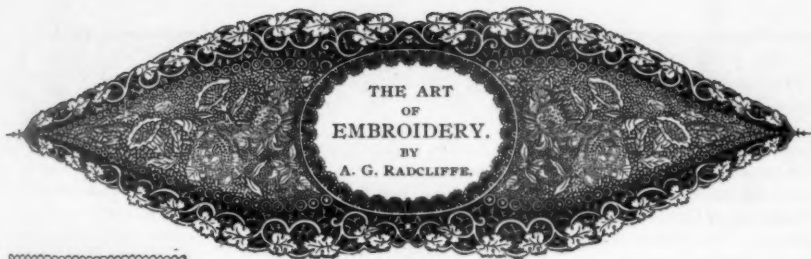
"Fly for life! the dam! the dam! Mother of Christ, the dam is split! Señor Harp is dead; he only holds the waters back!"

"The dam! the dam! 'tis split by the earthquake! Señor Harp stands dead in the break! He only holds the waters back!"

Allen's mother, standing in the doorway, heard it; Conchita, sitting in her arbor, listened as he passed; people poured out of dwelling, shop and store, the streets swarmed white with frightened faces, the air was rent with cries, but still the horseman's voice shrilled over field and vineyard as he flew:

"The dam! the dam! Mother of Christ, the dam is broke! A dead man only holds the waters back! Fly for life!" And still on and on the wild voice rang down the valley, piercing orchard, winery, garden and cottage with its awful message, and on and on, and on and on, until close upon the margin of the sea the horse fell dead, and its thrown rider lay senseless in the dust.

Helpless and quiet he lay, directly in the track of the destroyer, but the destroyer never came; the boy he had flouted and struck stood in its way. Two thousand faces from the slopes above San Marko town strained white and tearful toward the mouth of San Marko's gorge, looking for it, but it never came. A Spanish girl fell fainting among them at a little gray-haired mother's feet; she had cried for forgiveness, but the mother did not see her. Two thousand hearts above San Marko town, waiting, fearing, not one of strength enough to enter San Marko's dangerous jaws. Yes, one; a little gray-haired mother; she has gone—she is kneeling upon San Marko's dam, blessing her fearless boy.



EMBROIDERY as a fine art should date almost from the creation of Eve; for it so fitly represents the feminine element in its evolution of the beautiful

that common consent associates it with all that is fair and frail in artistic labor. But we may presently see that history tells us quite another story; that she does not take up the work of the needle as an idle amusement or æsthetic craze, but raises it to its true art level as one of the typical creations through which human nature has always sought, by some kind of handiwork, to bring its ideals into material shape. So came each of the arts and with them embroidery, not later than the rest, but made, as we may say, like woman for man, to be a helpmeet to them all.

Far back among the traditions of the rude young world's first gropings after beauty, we find that painting began with the decoration of wall surfaces, and that embroidery hung upon the same walls her curiously wrought curtains at just as ancient a date; that she draped the statues of the early gods and goddesses, clad the priests and took her full share in the architecture and the worship. Even tent life had its wealth of ornament; for under the rough skins which served as roof and protection were suspended rich and varied hangings, beautifying the interior, as may still be seen among modern Arabs of rank. Abundant illustration is likewise found in the account of the Tabernacle in the wilderness, whose veil of wondrous workmanship, with its blue and

purple and scarlet, rivalled the marvels of Egypt, where the fine arts were already blooming.

Yet Egypt herself, the mysterious mother of so much skill and splendor, sat as a disciple at the feet of Babylon. Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians and Ebers' novels uncover for us the daily life of these

singular nations, with civilization so different from ours, yet not less luxurious. In Egypt, however, the true significance of embroidery was linked, not with civilization, but with religion. Every temple displayed its festive hangings, whose careless management sometimes caused disastrous fires. The favorite idols were, at holy seasons, expensively dressed, some of them even having summer and winter suits. Then

the graveclothes gave an endless subject to the artist. Packed in heavily gilded mummy cases, lengths upon lengths of hieroglyphic swaddling bands were hourly needed and hourly forthcoming. Frail textures of flax, streaked with painted symbols and wandering color lines of thin, bright crewel—these have



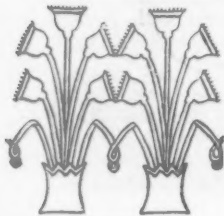
CHERUB ON WHEEL.





outlasted the royal bodies and proud tombs that bore them, and are now our sole relics of the primitive embroideries of the East. They are not "the fittest," yet they alone have survived.

For the Babylonian embroideries, gorgeous though they were, carried with them their own prophecy of decay. They were mostly executed on fine wool, upon which the moth acts as the veritable tooth of time. Yet they decked all potentates with truly regal vestments, whose patterns and emblems are preserved for us in the stonework of their monuments. As art developed, the lotus or daisy, as symbol of the sun, found conspicuous place. History has but repeated itself in our carefully worked nineteenth century sunflowers. Their exact conventional model is discoverable in Egypt and Assyria. Doubtless many an Assyrian monarch may have trodden his stately courts with a sunflower in his barbaric buttonhole.



LOTUS.

In Egyptian ornament the lotus is perpetually given, as also birds, serpents and the mysterious cross known as the Tau, or hieroglyph of the life to come.

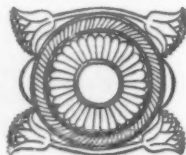
The dragon was an especial favorite in China and the lion in Persia; but the peculiar device of Persian needlework was the tree of life, still seen, in very conventionalized form, upon our own Paisley shawls.

The embroideries of India have exhibited from immemorial time their main features of today. Graceful in line and fascinating in color, they blend their particular symbols into curves of clouds and flowers and "fundata," or golden fishnet patterns, long popular through the Orient, and effectively revived in our recent American designs. A pleasing department of Hindoo industry has always been the lovely traceries of gold and silver and silk upon the light, transparent muslins, some of whose enticing names, as "evening dew," "woven air," and "flowing water," are noticed in Birdwood's Arts of India. For cotton fabrics of exquisite fineness have been for centuries a specialty of the Indian market, from the days when Esther came in to King Ahasuerus, under the blue and white and violet muslin curtains of "Shushan the Palace."

Chinese and Japanese needlework fills up the measure of eastern skill with a variety and fantasy so familiar to every



AN EMBROIDERED BEDSTEAD—ENGLISH.



ASSYRIAN DAISY.



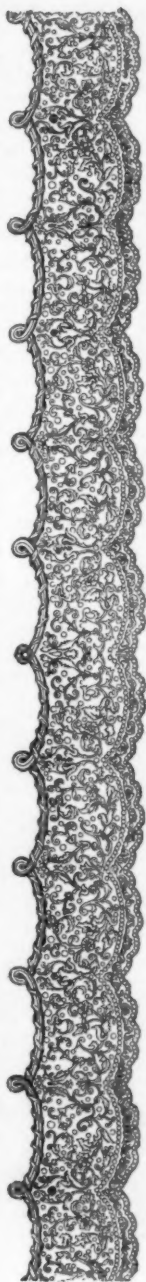
MEDALLION FROM A
MANTLE OF THE NINTH
CENTURY.

household as to need no present comment. The inestimable gift which embroidery owes to the Celestial empire is the manufacture of silk, both as underlying material and as vehicle for its subjects. The art of concealment in China so long took precedence of all other arts

that for thousands of years the silk trade continued a monopoly, under the most delightful political protection. It gradually extended, however, into Babylonia and India, and after the conquests of Alexander was introduced into Greece.

The Greeks at once appreciated the charms and possibilities of the new fabric, and began to weave it, in small quantities, before the Christian era. Homer sings of the fair women who wrought with needle and distaff upon "cloth white as alabaster" the exploits of gods and warriors, and gave to Ulysses the purple mantle of the hero. Classic temples were enriched with hangings over which the same motives were repeated. Pallas Athene herself wore the holy peplos of "safran," or sea-green color, embroidered for her use by the noblest maidens of the city, who worked under the instruction of a priestess of her temple. Minerva deigned to be the patroness of the needle. Theocritus, the Greek poet, pays his tribute to feminine skill in lines which might be imitated by our society verse:

"Behold these broideries! Finer saw
you never.
How true they stand! nay, life-like:
moving ever.
Not worked—created! Woman, thou
art clever!"



With the changes of time style grew more ornate. The wedding tent of Alexander the Great, with all its lavish magnificence, was only one example of the luxurious display of artistic kings. Rome appropriated every extravagance for her despotic emperors. Even Julius Caesar was not proof against personal vanity, and did not hesitate to walk abroad in a habit embroidered and fringed. The great Augustus imported many oriental embroideries; and Nero, who was a connoisseur, paid a sum equivalent to \$160,000 for Babylonian couch covers for his golden house. Heliogabalus rivalled Nero in sumptuous living. His feasts surpassed modern dinner parties, not only in the abundance of the roses but in the gorgeous tablecloths. These, however, were more realistic than pleasing, as they were all over embellished with representations of the various dishes of game, vegetables and fruit to be served at the banquet. Nor could even death subdue such regal pomp. It is related, among other instances, that the wife of the Emperor Honorius was buried in a gold-embroidered shroud, which was exhumed many centuries afterwards and melted down into nearly forty pounds of the precious metal.

Yet under Roman sway a most important change and direction of all the arts found place, infusing new vigor into their decaying life, and proving how readily genuine beauty can always be devoted to the highest ends. Under Constantine the Great, Emperor of the West and of the East, the church began her career as a political and artistic power. As architecture was made Christian, and painting nurtured into Christian infancy with its splendid



SAINT DUNSTAN IN ADORATION.

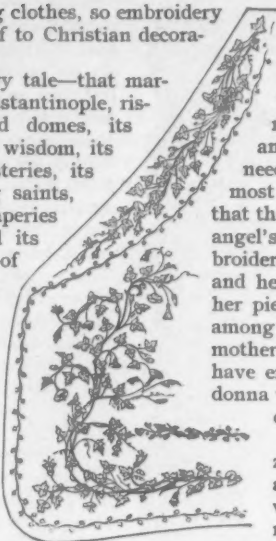
Byzantine swaddling clothes, so embroidery rapidly adapted itself to Christian decorations.

It reads like a fairy tale—that marvellous story of Constantinople, rising with its gilded domes, its church of heavenly wisdom, its basilicas and baptisteries, its shrines of glittering saints, its gold-brocaded draperies and vestments and its sudden effulgence of worship. Classical style was, it is true, frequently preserved and not even transformed. Old fœes put on friends' faces; yet amid this confusion of designs and ideas Christian symbolism was slowly brought into the order and prominence in which we see it today.

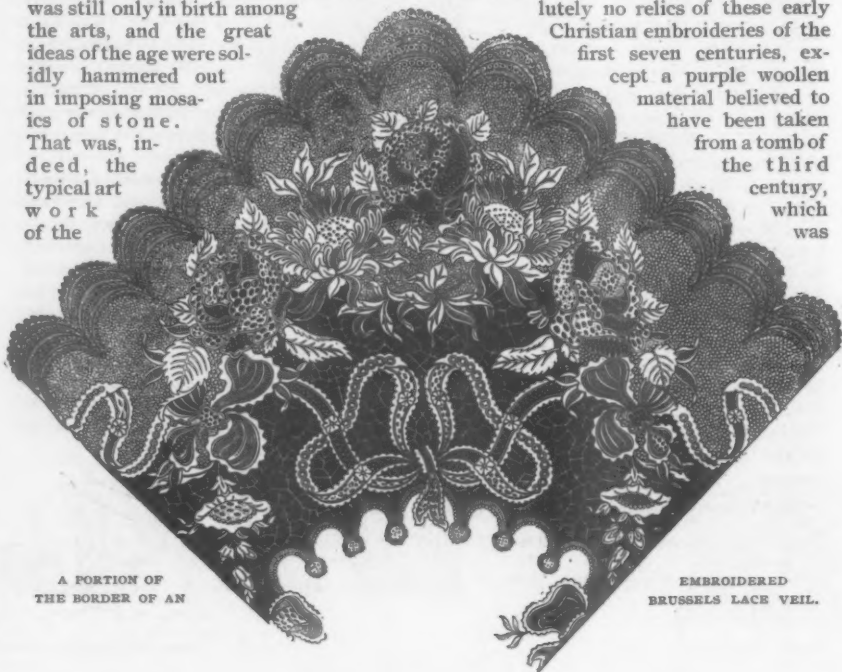
For all such symbolism embroidery offered the easiest and most comprehensive vehicle. Manuscript illumination was still only in birth among the arts, and the great ideas of the age were solidly hammered out in imposing mosaics of stone. That was, indeed, the typical art work of the

period; but there was also a lighter and more lavish fancy which could not quite uplift itself to the monumental style. Then, too, the urgent demand for materials for ritual added interest and sacredness to the work of the needle. Women were naturally foremost in devotion. There was a tradition that the Blessed Virgin, at the time of the angel's annunciation, was engaged in embroidering a veil for the Jewish temple, and her early daughters were emulous of her piety and her industry. Most ardent among all had been the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, who is reported to have embroidered an image of the Madonna which survived till the seventeenth century.

In the stately succession of Byzantine emperors the same brilliant accessories appeared and reappeared with glittering monotony. Their number and richness were increased by the establishment of native silk manufactories, a few of the worms having been brought to Justinian in the sixth century by two Greek monks from China. We have ample accounts of Byzantium's art treasures, but absolutely no relics of these early Christian embroideries of the first seven centuries, except a purple woollen material believed to have been taken from a tomb of the third century, which was



AN EMBROIDERED VEST.—BELFAST, 1850.



A PORTION OF THE BORDER OF AN

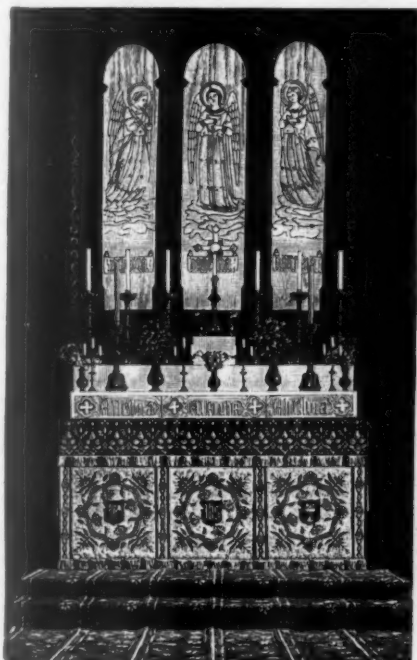
EMBROIDERED BRUSSELS LACE VEIL.

embroidered with green and yellow palms.

But in the reign of Charlemagne the eye as well as the imagination is gratified. Picturesque as is this royal hero in every incident of his career, we seem to come nearer his personality when we gaze upon his actual garments and catch some glimpses of his ordinary life. Travellers through southern Europe are shown various copes, or mantles, exhibited as remains of his kingly wardrobe. Most of these are purely traditionary as to origin, but one very interesting specimen is preserved at Rome, whose authenticity is popularly and poetically accepted. It is a dalmatic of heavy blue brocade, gigantic in proportions, said to have been worn by Charlemagne himself when he sang the gospel, vested as deacon, at his first coronation mass in the year 800. It was then presented to Leo III., and has since been known as "Dalmatica di San Leone."



PROCESSIONAL FIGURES FROM DALMATIC OF CHARLEMAGNE.



ALTAR CLOTH AND DOSSEI, FROM SISTERS OF SAINT MARGARET.

This splendid vestment has its foundation silk covered with small encircled crosses of gold. On the broad folds of its front is worked the scene of the Last Judgment, and on the back the Transfiguration. Upon the border, children are depicted, sporting among vine branches. The figures are embroidered with silks and with gold and silver thread; the faces in white, with black outlines.

As the power of the church increased, the luxuries of piety multiplied. A list of the altar cloths in the ninth century of Saint Peter's Basilica alone would really weary us with their splendors. Nor were these treasures confined to Rome; for the strange upheavals and conquests which kept all Europe in a state of change carried civilization and the arts to the most remote quarters. The Cathedral of Bamberg contains an ancient chasuble of the eleventh century, resembling in its details the coronation mantle at Ofen, from which medallions are given in an illustration accompanying this article. These are among the finest remains of early continental work still extant.

But in England embroidery was already in vigorous progress. The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, whom tradition honors as a Welsh princess, was an accomplished needlewoman. The four granddaughters of Alfred the Great and the wives of Ethelred the Un-



ready and Edward the Confessor were renowned for their beautiful handiwork. As specimens of these primitive yet elaborate efforts we can yet behold, in the Cathedral of Durham, vestments taken from the body of Saint Cuthbert, the great bishop. Some of these were worked for him by Saint Etheldreda, first abbess of the Monastery of Ely—which was particularly obliging of Etheldreda, as Saint Cuthbert had a mortal aversion to women and could not bear to look upon a female face.

In this respect Saint Cuthbert was less agreeable than Saint Dunstan, who is celebrated as a musician, painter and designer of rich embroideries. He has left us, in one of his illuminations, his own portrait from his own pencil. There is a pleasant little legend of a fair lady Ethelwynne, who so interested him in her art culture that he sat daily in her bower, superintending her sewing and that of her maidens; while he is also supposed by some authorities to have furnished the designs for the Syon cope of the South Kensington museum, between whose crimson medallions stand cherubim on wheels—a characteristic device of the "Opus Anglicanum."

Quite inferior to English

needlework, though of deep interest in connection with English history, may now be mentioned the much-praised Bayeux tapestry, usually accepted as from Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror. Its ground is a strong brown linen on which are worked with bright wools more than 1500



EMBROIDERED ALTAR

outline figures. The drawing is rude, stiff and archaic, but the conception is dramatic as a faithful chronicle of events. This has been made familiar to us by a copy exhibited in England and in New York; yet however curious and spirited in its historical aspect, as embroidery pure and simple it falls below the standard even of its own times, the jewelled baptismal robe and silken coronation mantle of the conquered Harold, or even the state palls of the London guilds, being far superior in workmanship.

For these palls throughout England, France and Belgium the heaviest and most expensive satins and velvets were chosen. Their careful and often marvellous execution cannot be too highly extolled; but the artistic ignorance of composition in hands, feet and figures produces most singular effects. The accompanying angel, with peacock-eyed wings and stiff drapery, is copied from the crimson-and-gold funeral pall of the Saddlers' company, London, early part of sixteenth century.

Not only such corporations, but the



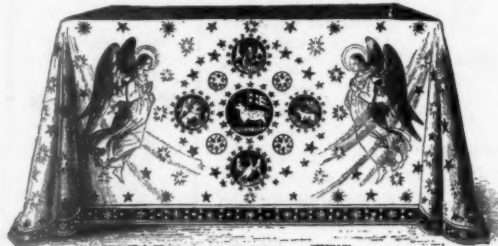
MOUNTED WARRIOR FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.



lords of the land, began to crave adornment for their baronial halls. The life of feudal times was full of romance but full of discomfort. Women were mostly condemned to an indoor existence. There were few roads, and the country was filled with maulauders and robbers. Tournaments

charming. In Flanders, also, the workers attained much perfection, copies of some of the ancient models being still discernible in the painted draperies of Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb."

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the art of embroidery, so luxuriant elsewhere, began in England to decline. Yet as a parting scintillation of chivalry came the great tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Here secular embroidery held revelry, with gayly wrought attire, banners, and all varieties of knightly trappings. The queens of Henry VIII. were as fond of the needle, though not as skilful, as their royal predecessors; with, per-



CLOTHS—ENGLISH.

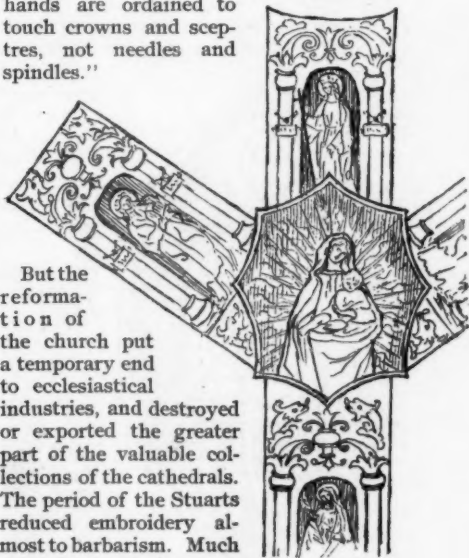
or hawking parties were almost the only recreations; for it would have been unsafe for the wife or daughter of any knight to walk abroad without at least a score of armed retainers. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the female population of England turned to home decoration with a desperation of industry that blazoned their battlements with banners and made their bare walls beautiful.

Such renown had been attained by English embroideries before the thirteenth century that foreign potentates and churches were eager to order them. They were known and highly valued as "Opus Anglicanum," and still remain in the Vatican, and at Rheims and Madrid, as well as in the stole and mitre of Thomas à Becket in the Cathedral of Sens. The distinguishing peculiarity of the "Opus Anglicanum" lay in the effect produced by its stitch direction, which so followed the lines of draperies and curves of faces as to cause a play of light and shade, increased by pressing down certain parts with a slender bulbous rod of hot iron, and thus modelling the pattern into low relief.

With the Renaissance came a liberty of treatment that enriched the form at the expense of the spirit. Yet examples of the fifteenth century are very opulent and

haps, the exception of Katharine Parr, who was so impressed by a presentiment of her position that when her mother exhorted her to diligence she would reply, "My hands are ordained to touch crowns and sceptres, not needles and spindles."

But the reformation of the church put a temporary end to ecclesiastical industries, and destroyed or exported the greater part of the valuable collections of the cathedrals. The period of the Stuarts reduced embroidery almost to barbarism. Much even of its technique was forgotten. Yet on the continent the art was

ORPHREY, FROM
SISTERS OF ST.
MARGARET.



ANGEL FROM FUNERAL PALL OF SADDLERS' COMPANY, LONDON.

prosperous. The merchant princes of Italy, the grandees of Spain and the nobles of France were its liberal patrons. The Medici had long accustomed the Italian people to magnificence. Taine regretfully says of them, "Poisoning and assassination were hereditary in this family, but then they had such beautiful mosaic tables!"

Every part of knightly or courtly dress, as well as standards, pennons, state pa-

geants and private entertainments depended more or less upon embroidery for their adornment. Velvets of Genoa and silks of Sicily and France were incrustated with gold and jewels and even with Venetian glass. Romances of chivalry were

worked as well as woven, and the sacred and profane were audaciously blended in pictorial effects.

Many memories of Versailles are stitched into the fair and faded embroideries of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and when the kingdom changed into the empire the needle was still as busy as the sword. Josephine had learned the feminine art of beguiling anxiety and grief. The silken hangings of the salon at Malmaison, embroidered with roses intertwined with her initials, were entirely her own work. Such roses do not cease to bloom, though the hand that fashioned and the eyes that followed them are dust.

Though often vulgarized to mere display and profit, the embroiderer's art in France has never lost its cunning. In Belgium the old traditions are faithfully kept alive, its schools of embroidery being as famous as its laces. In these schools and manufactories men are largely employed and much magnificent work is exported. The gold and silver conched and basket work is unsurpassed. This rich and elaborate gold embroidery is also taught at Madrid and at Munich, in the Royal institute founded by the late King Ludwig, who spared no expense to gratify his regal tastes.

In England the needlework renaissance of 1872 and 1875 was almost a literal resurrection. Most readers are acquainted with the history of the Royal School of Art Needlework then established, and have seen the Kensington embroideries, first ex-



DESIGN FROM THE STOLE OF SAINT THOMAS À BECKET.



MEDALLION FROM MANTLE OF NINTH CENTURY.



MEDALLION FROM MANTLE OF NINTH CENTURY.



hibited in America at the Centennial exposition of 1876. A few energetic Englishwomen, inspired by the collections of the South Kensington museum, resolved, if possible, to renew former glories. Their first care was naturally for the restoration and reproduction of ancient work. The very stitches had to be picked out and relearned, suitable materials to be imported and manufactured, and bygone methods to be examined and adapted.

Royal patronage and the happy caprices of fashion also popularized throughout England all the departments of embroidery known as household or decorative art. Public enlightenment and fine training schools have pioneered it through gardens of sunflowers, flocks of lame storks and trailing peacock feathers, till it now displays much of the old grace and power and offers occupation and remuneration to thousands of women. Excellent practice has been gained in outline work from designs by such masters as Crane, Morris and Burne-Jones. The stem stitch in which these are wrought is familiar to almost every child in the United Kingdom. "Opus Plumarium," "Opus Consutum," gold work, and the long darning stitch are likewise taught with most satisfactory results.

American effort has followed upon the same lines as English, though we have been without the advantages of public training schools, and have suffered severely from ornamental epidemics. Apart from secular influences, I must here call attention to the unacknowledged debt of gratitude due to the religious orders now naturalized in the United States, to whom we owe the revived practice of the most exquisite varieties of needlework. The necessities of Roman Catholic cathedrals and altars are chiefly supplied by importation, their taste inclining to the solid

bullion work of Belgium; but as one result of nearer labors may be mentioned the brilliant set of robes in white and gold valued at \$10,000, presented just before Easter, 1889, to the Fifth Avenue cathedral by the Dominican nuns of Newark.

The Anglo-Catholic sisterhoods of New York, Boston and Baltimore have created a wealth of vestments worthy of embroidery's noblest era. These are strictly works of art in every sense of the phrase, for the needle has manipulated as



Chalice-Veil, from Sisters of St Mary, New York.

delicately as the brush, and neither oils nor water colors could impart the iridescent tone and harmonious gradation of light secured by the silken colors almost as impalpable as thistledown yet radiant as the sunset. Some of the loveliest fancies of Fra Angelico, Luini, Della Robbia and other old masters have been rendered by the sisters of Saint Mary in this fascinating style. An illustration is taken for this article from a red damask chalice veil covered with a group of angels with censer, from Albani's "Nativity of the Virgin."

The order is fortunate in its association with an artist priest, whose original designs are most interesting, as in the altar cloth now in progress, of which the middle panel is here engraved. This large composition symbolizes the Church



in the façade of a vast building, on whose battlements angels walk, and under whose central arch sit the enthroned Madonna and Child, overshadowed by seraphs and

side the Annunciation, with the landscape brightening into the sunny fairness of Paradise; while below runs the legend: "This is none other than the house of God. This is the gate of Heaven."

Much of the excellent embroidery of the All-Saints' sisters will be found in Saint Paul's and Mount Calvary churches, Baltimore; while the magical needles of Saint Margaret's sisterhood have enriched not only Boston, but Quebec, New York, Providence, Chicago, St. Louis and most of the other great cities of America with many beautiful works. The magnificent altar cloth, with dossel, be longing to the Church of Saint John the Evangelist, Boston, has all the perfection of detail and opalescent quality so charming in ecclesiastical masterpieces. The same is true of the orphrey from the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, New York. The sisterhood is also celebrated for its restoration of antique embroideries and coats of arms.

But there is a direction of American enterprise in which modern embroidery has developed a new technique, proved a patroness of manufacturing industries created by its necessities, and given sudden and shining reputation to our native art. The needlework tapestries of Mrs. Wheeler of New York and the Associated Artists—more splendid than any from Arras looms—require much time and eyesight, but in their results would fittingly grace a palace. Visitors to the Loan Collection for erecting the Bartholdi statue will recall the radiant hangings by Miss Dora Wheeler in which water sprites, flower spirits, nymphs and cupids sport and float in an atmosphere which lit-



"Twilight", by Dora Wheeler.

adored by the kneeling kings. On one side are Adam and Eve, driven from Eden, with a background treatment of rocky and desert landscape; on the other



erally steeps the canvas in its gleaming hues. Two characteristic examples of these, "The Birth of Psyche" and "The Winged Moon," have been previously engraved; but no woodcuts can render their tender and luminous effects. This inadequacy makes it difficult to convey any just idea of the completed works, though the subjoined, "Twilight," from one of Miss Wheeler's later embroideries, illustrates the pure outline flow of her designs and the simple grace of their sentiment.

The same artist has also used for one of her most beautiful tapestries the subject of Penelope unravelling her web, which she had previously painted in pastel. In this exquisite piece of work a classical figure, in the soft light of a Grecian lamp, stands out against deep shadows and a dimly descried loom. The silken material lends itself so completely to the subject that the mysterious and luminous qualities of the result are heightened, and the superiority of the tapestry to the pastel emphasizes the value of the needle in art work. Both the tapestry and painting have been exhibited, but unfortunately lovers of needlework have not been able to see them together.

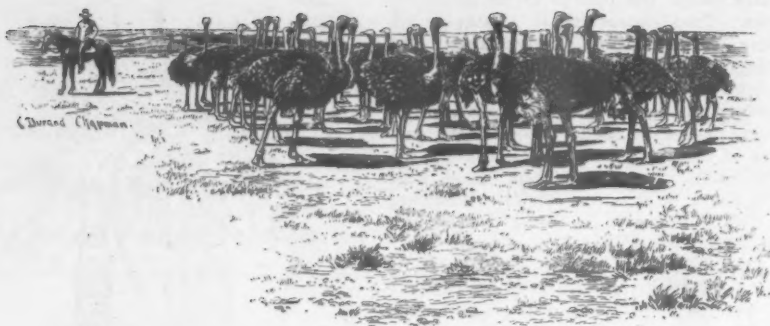
It is not, however, only in the artist's studio, nor in the public buildings and private houses which possess these tapestries, that their influence can be estimated, but in the diffusion of taste and industry which has called into existence other trained and accomplished workers, whose centre is still in large cities, but who will soon be distributed through the land. The study of art has refining and elevating powers. It never leads to the scorn of honest work, but gives dignity and interest to handicraft, and teaches man the charm of creation. We need not look upon genius as far removed from the ordinary avocations of life. Its transform-



Panel from Altar-Cloth of Sisters of St Mary.

ing touch is everywhere, and it asks only the eye to see, the heart to feel, and the manual training which enables the hand to obey the spirit. Give these, as we are now striving more intelligently to give them, and among our men will rise, not painters, architects and sculptors alone, but skilled and thoughtful workmen in wood and stone and metal; while our women will do their part with pencil or chisel or needle; and while they adorn their homes and beautify their sanctuaries, will once more restore embroidery to its ancient place among the fine arts.





OSTRICH FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

BY EMMA G. PAUL.

THE ostrich, or running bird, is considered the largest feathered creature now existing; its native home is in the hot, sandy wastes of Africa. The feathers of these birds formerly were the most valuable African product next to the diamond, and farmers guarded the ostrich so jealously that they succeeded in forcing the South African government to impose an export duty of \$500 upon each bird and \$125 on each egg. Notwithstanding the great expense, the temptation to try ostrich raising in California was so great that several birds were imported, each bird, it is said, costing its owner \$1200.

The experiment was a success from the start. In 1888 there were 360 ostriches on various farms in California, and the number has been increasing rapidly ever since. And the raising of ostrich feathers may now be said to be an important industry of California.

The first ostrich farm in America was a tract of land some 200 acres in extent, at Anaheim, a little station on a branch of the Southern Pacific railway, twenty-six miles southeast of Los Angeles. The attempt to introduce the industry began here with twenty-one

birds. The site for the enterprise was a fortunate one, being on a level stretch of fairly rich land, a few miles from the ocean. The farm is divided up into pens or inclosures of various sizes, and kept as neat as a zoological garden. If properly disposed 250 acres are sufficient for 2000 birds. One-half of the ground was planted with alfalfa, the native fodder of the country, upon which they rely principally, with various kinds of vegetables. Forty pounds of alfalfa per day is given each bird, in addition to other food, and occasionally powdered sea shells, by way of dessert.

The ranch was in charge of some Englishmen, one of whom had been engaged a few years before in the business in Africa. They were all very enthusiastic over their prospects of success in California. The farm was at first free to all,

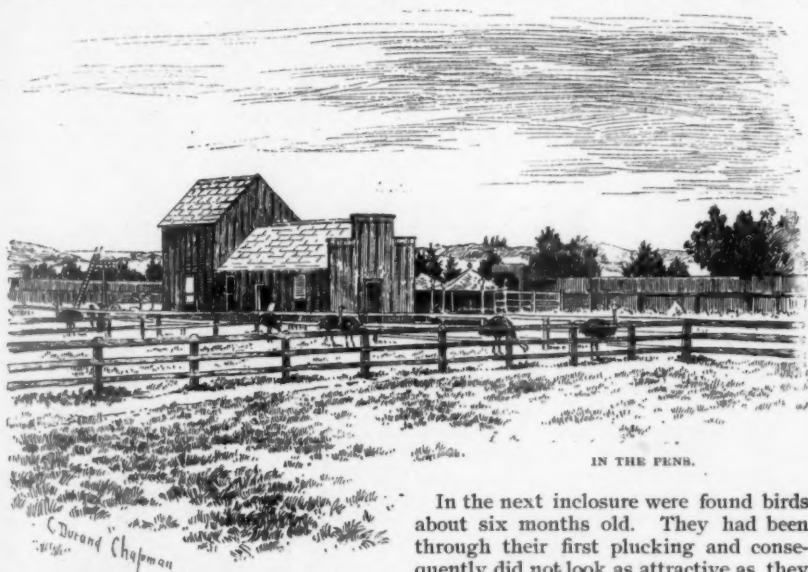


FIVE MONTHS' CHICKS.

but of late tourists have poured into California in such numbers that, during the past year or two, guides have been employed to show people about, each visitor being charged fifty cents.

After paying our fee we entered the spacious grounds and proceeded under the direction of a guide, who pointed out to us all objects of interest and explained the peculiarities of the birds. We had heard a great deal about these wonderful creatures but were hardly prepared for the sight that greeted us. As we walked into the yard we beheld an inclosure on our right which contained some of the largest and most beautiful birds, all in fine condition. Their long,

was exhibited in a peculiar way. The cock, after vainly attempting to reach our heads and trying to take off one of the young ladies' hats with his long, powerful beak, settled back upon his knees, and threw his head and neck from side to side, striking his back a powerful blow at every move and uttering a low hissing sound. As a rule the hen kept in the background, but the cock was always at the fence ready to repel intruders at a moment's notice. When it becomes necessary for the men or keepers to enter the inclosure, they take a pole nine or ten feet long, having a crotch at the end, and when the huge bird charges the crotch is fitted upon the neck, and the would-be kicker held off in this way.

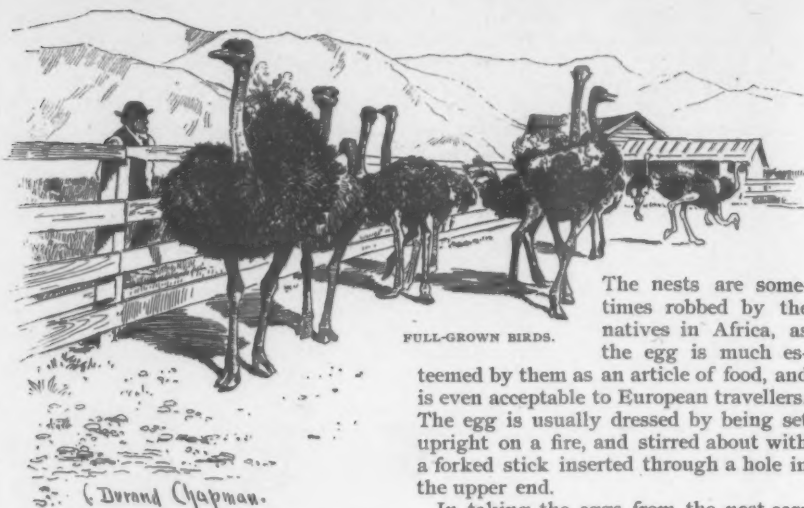


IN THE PENS.

handsome plumes, which were ready for plucking, gave them a grand appearance. They stood six and seven feet high, and weighed, we were told, from 250 to 300 pounds. They examined us over the top rail with the utmost confidence, but as they stretched up their long necks and reached over the railing we felt rather reluctant to go near them. Although they looked very gentle, we knew them to be extremely dangerous. Their method of attack is to kick forward, the powerful claw or nail cutting like a knife. As we approached one of the inclosures, rage

In the next inclosure were found birds about six months old. They had been through their first plucking and consequently did not look as attractive as they otherwise would. Indeed, at this stage they are the most comical-looking birds imaginable, with their small heads, long necks, scantily covered with a thin down through which the skin is visible, and their large eyes, with long eyelashes, giving them the appearance of good-natured caricatures. On one occasion, when the keeper vaulted the fence, the chickens trotted off, raising their feathers, as if to catch the wind, a proceeding which made them seem much larger than they really were, and absolutely ridiculous.

The inclosure on the left contained the



FULL-GROWN BIRDS.

adult and breeding birds. Here our attention was attracted to an adjoining pen, where was seen a sitting hen. The nest had been made by scooping a mere hole in the sand, about four feet wide and nearly a foot deep, containing ten or twelve eggs. The eggs are placed on end in the nest, while around the nest other eggs are sometimes found to be scattered in the sand. It has been supposed by some that these scattered eggs are intended for food for the young birds before they go in quest of other food. The birds take turns at the labor of hatching, the hen sitting during the day, the cock at night, the change being made about sundown and sunrise. Contrary to a generally received opinion the ostrich does not leave her eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The process of incubation requires forty-two days. The average number of eggs laid in the wild state is from twelve to sixteen, but if they are taken from the nest as soon as they are laid the hen will lay from twenty-five to thirty, one being deposited every other day. Three batches of eggs are laid every season by the best and healthiest birds, some producing about thirty young per year. The eggs weigh three and a half and four pounds. The poor ones are sold as curiosities, ranging in price from two dollars to two dollars and a half apiece—rather a large sum to pay for a bad egg.

The nests are sometimes robbed by the natives in Africa, as the egg is much es-

teemed by them as an article of food, and is even acceptable to European travellers. The egg is usually dressed by being set upright on a fire, and stirred about with a forked stick inserted through a hole in the upper end.

In taking the eggs from the nest care must be exercised not to touch any with the hand, but use a long stick to draw them out, that the bird may not detect the smell of the intruder, as, if she did, she would forsake the nest, whilst, otherwise, she will return and lay again.

The young birds are carefully tended by their parents for thirty or forty days, when they are placed in a corral by themselves and supplied with an abundance of green food and vegetable substances, chiefly grasses and their seeds. It is supposed by some that the wild ostrich can live upon pebbles or nothing, but they require as much food as other birds. The ostrich is very patient of thirst and is capable of subsisting for a long time without water, but it often supplies the want of water by eating the gourds and melons of the desert.

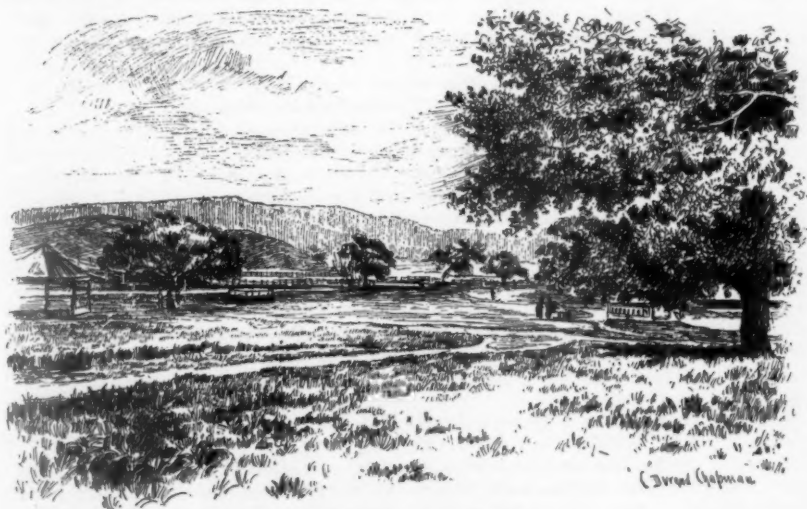
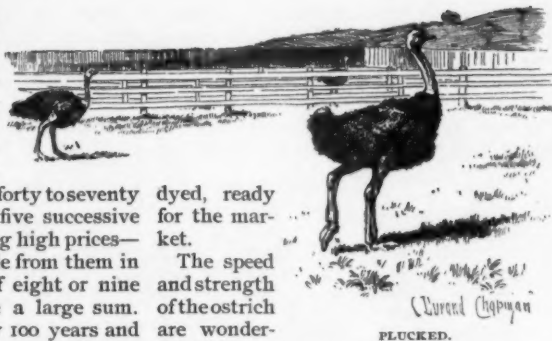
The young birds do not begin to pay until they are six months old, when they are plucked for the first time, and at intervals of seven or eight months ever after. The feathers of the first plucking are not very valuable, but when they attain the ages of two or three years each feather is valued at two and three dollars, and a year and a half later the birds are in their finest plumage. The price of feathers ranges according to quality, from a few shillings to five and ten dollars, and upwards, each. Of course, if the birds are neglected their plumage is poor, but if

they are given a large quantity of nutritious green food, the plumes are of the best. The young birds do not commence to lay until they are four years old, and are not considered prime until they have made a record of from forty to seventy chicks a year for four or five successive years; such birds then bring high prices—the amount of money made from them in plumes alone at the end of eight or nine years would realize quite a large sum. These birds live for nearly 100 years and are known to breed after they are eighty, which shows the valuable nature of the business. Each bird produces about fifty long, beautiful plumes, twenty-five on each wing, valued at four to six dollars, so that the feathers of a single ostrich alone in a year would realize from \$500 to \$560. The birds are plucked in different ways; vicious and wild birds are generally driven into a corral just wide enough to hold them, and the feathers are picked through a fence; but the tame ones, such as I saw in California, are driven one at a time into a corner of the corral by three men, two of whom blindfold them while the third plucks the feathers. The plumes are then taken to a house situated on the farm, where they are cleaned, sorted and

dyed, ready for the market.

The speed and strength of the ostrich are wonderful. It is supposed that they can "go" at a rate not less than sixty miles an hour, but they do not seem capable of keeping this up for any great length of time. Their strength is such that they can easily carry two men, and they can strike a blow with their feet that makes them too formidable for the leopard and other beasts of prey that might assail them. The cry of the bird, which we heard as we rode away from the ostrich farm, was very deep and hollow, and not easily distinguished from the roar of a lion.

The industry is yet in its infancy, but in time I expect California will be able to supply almost the entire American demand for ostrich plumes, and compete



KENILWORTH OSTRICH FARM.

with the South Africans abroad. A number of new ostrich farms have been established in different parts of Southern California, and quite recently one gentleman, formerly of Anaheim farm, took a few of the birds to Red Bluffs, in Northern California, and will make an experiment on

a large farm to ascertain whether the northern part of the state is as favorable for their raising as the southern.

In after years I am confident that this new industry in California will be one in which the entire country will take pride.



THREE MONTHS' CHICKS.

A DREAM AT PAPHOS.

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

BEAR with me, friend;
The night is very long:
Soon comes the end
Of life and love and song.

In flowery Paphos dwelt I long ago,
Close by King Eros' shrine;
There, when the wind-wooded myrtles whispered low,
I sought his altar wrought in fair design,
And, wreathing rose and violet round my brows,
I cried: "Dear Love, hear thou my prayers and vows!
Teach me thy mysteries! make thy priesthood mine!"

Ah me! Her eyes, that set my soul aflame,
Bore not to look upon Love's flashing torch;
With faltering steps she to his temple came,
But lingered trembling in the outer porch.

So fell the night, and through the darkening wood
I sought her steps to guide;
When lo! that treacherous Love against us stood:
Loud twanged his bow—the cloven ether sighed,
As o'er the maid's white breast, with burning smart,
The swift shaft glanced and quivered in my heart.
"Behold, thou hast thy prayer!" the archer cried;
And, while I watched my life-blood slowly drain,
She nursed her petty hurt and moaned its pain.

And now I know full well that I am dead;
The violets and roses round my head
Are changed into narcissus flowers instead:
Yet, being dead, her inmost heart I see,
And, seeing, know that Love dealt well with me.



COUNTRY LIFE IN HONDURAS.

BY GERTRUDE G. DE AGUIRRE.

THERE are persons who assert in all seriousness that Honduras was the Garden of Eden. Certainly it might be made as beautiful as that paradise, if skilful human hands would aid the rich endowments nature has lavished on this inter-tropical country. Never were more fertile valleys, more genial suns, softer breezes, fairer skies by day or lovelier by night, than these.

Yet the people who live amid all these glories are, for the most part, blind to the true value of their possessions. That wonderful book, the earth, which contains all things, is for them still sealed. They remind me of the giant who languished eighteen years in prison, and never once thought to look whether the window was fastened or not, consequently never knew that he could have walked out into the free air any day. Some time, perhaps, these people will awaken to the fact that they have been living in poverty, with wealth ready to spring forth at their touch.

Nothing could be more primitive than country life in Honduras, and, in most cases, nothing more melancholy.

Many families of the upper class have

country possessions to which they go for two or three months in the rainy season, which continues from May till November. These country homes are very different from those of the United States, and present few allurements to North Americans, beyond picturesque scenery and a soft, indolent climate.

The houses are adobe, with roofs of red, funnel-shaped tiles, and floors of wide, flat bricks. The rooms usually are very large and few in number. A house of four rooms is indeed a *casa grande*, splendid enough to excite envy. However large, it seldom has any comforts or conveniences. There is no cellar, there are no closets, storehouses, pantries or cupboards, so dear to the good housekeeper's heart. There are only walls, white, hard and uncompromising, with the bare rafters and red tiles visible in every room. Nor are there outbuildings, stables and other

places necessary to the comfort of country life. Neither is there a well or cistern. Water is carried from the nearest stream, which may be a quarter of a mile away. A little digging at the very door, perhaps, would be rewarded with good water, but nobody dreams of such a thing. All work is done in the oldest and hardest way. Improvement is not stamped upon the wings of time here.

There is a wide porch or corridor, as it is here called, both at the front and rear of the house, and into one of these the horses are ridden, and riders mount and dismount under its friendly shelter. Frequently other domestic animals, less agreeable than horses, have the freedom of the corridor. There is no fenced dooryard, made fair with plants and flowers. Neither is there a vegetable garden, with its suggestion of savory odors and good dinners. The house stands solitary, in an expanse of land girt in by tall mountains, and the nearest neighbor lives, perhaps, a mile or more distant.

Of furniture there is next to nothing. Residents of Honduras, of both city and country, can surely rival the Japanese in the "civilized emptiness" of their houses. Two or three plain, unvarnished tables, some rude benches, with a few chairs made by the carpenter of the nearest village, and some cruel beds, comprise the interior furnishings of some of the best country houses. The beds deserve special mention. Nothing on earth, unless it be the heart of a New York cabman, is as hard as a Central American bed. It is made by stretching an untanned cowhide, as tight as a drumhead, over an iron or wooden frame. On this couch, destitute of mattress, with a sheet below and a blanket above, one is expected to "lie down to pleasant dreams." To any but a native, a night thereon is penance enough for a lifetime.

The houses are infested with servants of both sexes, an idle, untidy and almost

wholly worthless class, who believe that work is a thing to be shunned and evaded on all occasions.

The owner and his family come to spend a month or two here, when the daily rains have made the vegetation fresh and green. It is difficult to see what they gain by it, as they entertain little, and have none of the pleasures and recreations of the people of their social condition in the United States. They simply stay at these places day after day, and week after week, leading an existence whose inactivity, monotony and loneliness would be unbearable to an energetic and society-loving northerner.

Driven by adverse financial winds, they sometimes take permanent refuge in whatever bit of land they can save from the wreck of their fortune. I have seen families

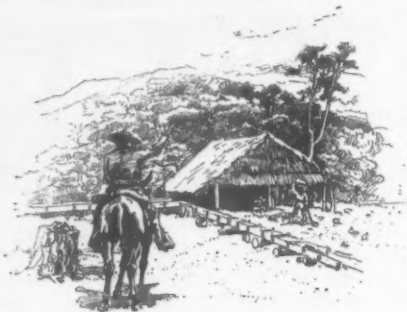
of elegant bearing, and with traditions of former splendor, living in rude little houses whose floors are the naked earth, accepting the hard conditions of their lot with a gracious patience not possible to persons of a more active and hopeful race.

When the owner of a country estate

has "cattle on a thousand hills," which he counts by hundreds, his place is properly called an "hacienda." When his possessions are more modest, it is called an "hato." A "quinta" is a country seat or country house used only as a place of rest or recreation. "Finca," which in Castilian means any real estate, is now in popular usage a plantation, but is not necessarily a place of residence.

However, the owners of haciendas, who flit to the country for a few months every year, represent only the most graceful side of country life in Honduras. They are usually persons of eminence in the cities, who trace their ancestry back to the best blood of Spain, and whose names inspire a sort of veneration in the minds of the humbler souls who dwell among the mountains from generation to generation, without progression, mental or material.

These humble souls are the true country



A MOUNTAIN HOME.



AN EARLY MORNING START.

people of Honduras. They are Indians, a docile, contented, thriftless race, whose forefathers were here when the Spaniards invaded Central America. Their blood is now much mixed with that of the poorer class of Spaniards and also with negroes. They live in the primitive, joyless condition of their ancestors of three hundred years ago.

Their houses, even those of the richest, are mud huts of one or two bleak rooms, comfortless to a degree, and deeply repellent to the stranger, unaccustomed to the hard conditions of this queer country.

Often the family consists of ten or twelve persons, and all live huddled together in the wretched hut, their necessities being little more than those of the wild animals that infest their mountains. Meat and platanos (plantains) constitute their diet, with tortillas and black beans as luxuries. And this is also almost the exclusive fare of the better class all over Honduras. Perhaps in no other country in the world do the rich and the poor sit down to tables so nearly equal. However, it is an exaggeration to speak of tables in connection with these half-civilized mountaineers. Seldom is there such a piece of furniture in their houses. They take their food in their hands, or in one of the few battered dishes the house

contains, and sit down on a bull's hide spread upon the floor, which serves as table, chairs, and bed in turn. One or two spoons might be found in the house, and perhaps a cup and saucer; but table knives and forks are unknown commodities, which would be embarrassing beyond words to every member of the family.

The clothing of a man of this class consists of a cotton shirt, trousers and straw hat the year round. With two outfits of this character, the question of wardrobe is for him definitely settled. Shoes he never wears, though sometimes, for long journeys on foot, he puts on sandals of



A GROUP OF GOLD WASHERS.



A MIDDAY HALT.

his own construction—thick leather soles, tied to his feet by stout strings. When he rides he straps spurs to his bare feet, thankful that he is not obliged to wear shoes like caballeros (gentlemen). Never having worn shoes in his life he has an idea that the experience is a horribly painful one.

A woman of this class is almost invariably clad in a low-necked, short-sleeved, loose muslin waist and calico skirt—these and these only. She, too, is shoeless, and she knows not the uses of hat or bonnet. But if her husband be prosperous, and she cares for so much splendor, when she rides into the city she will throw over her shoulders a silk pañolón (shawl) and will wear white cotton stockings and slippers with beads on them, or possibly slippers of velvet. The children, up to the age of six or seven years, wear nothing.

In these wretched mud houses one sometimes encounters surprising specimens of feminine beauty and children as lovely as cherubs. Perhaps there are two or three grown daughters, with complexions of the true olive tint, smooth as satin, with abundant hair rippling in soft, dark waves, and eyes like stars. To see them in the early morning, all together, bringing water from the river in red earthen jars of antique form, is to see a picture from the Bible spring into life. But alas! with all their endowments of face and figure these goddesses of the mountain are grossly ignorant. They know absolutely nothing of the world.

Though living in this comfortless and

uncivilized manner, these people are by no means always poor. Often they have fine herds of cattle, many horses and a plantation of platanos. The platanos and the hammock are, I believe, largely responsible for the backward condition of Honduras. The platanos grows almost without care, and furnishes food on which a native can comfortably subsist year in and year out, should he have nothing else.

With his bread thus ready-made to his hand, as it were, he sees no reason for exerting himself, particularly when his hammock invites him to repose. The hammock is in every house, and saps whatever energy the platanos has not destroyed. All Honduras gives much time to hammocks, which are here wide, long and luxurious. I heard an eminent Honduran, himself much addicted to squandering his time in the seductive hammock, say that if the people of the United States had enjoyed hammocks as do the people of this country they would never have had railroads, as the hammock undeniably is a mortal foe to progression.

It would be inaccurate to speak of the country folk here as agriculturists. Few signs of farm work are to be seen. Here and there is a field of corn. Excellent wheat is raised on the highest altitudes, and coffee and tobacco plantations are not infrequent, though it is said there is not a plough in all the republic. The natives put the seed in the ground somehow, and trust to nature to bring the crop to perfection. In fact, nature does the greater part of all kinds of work here. This fertile country, which would produce two crops a year of almost everything, is largely given over to grazing lands. The German gardener is needed, and could find exactly the kind of land he likes, which would richly repay him for a little labor. But, alas! until the railroads come he would have no market for his produce.

The lowliest country people are almost invariably polite and kindly disposed.

Outlaws and terrors to society are almost unknown. Travellers have no fear of robbery or murder in any part of the highway. They stop at whatever house they can find when night overtakes them, sure of hospitable treatment be the house large or small. When it has only one room the travellers swing their hammocks there, and the family go into the patio, or out of doors, to sleep. The wise traveller carries a supply of food, which he replenishes whenever there is an opportunity. Otherwise he will grow sadly familiar with hunger, as there is not a hotel from the capital to the coast; and however humanely disposed the mountaineer may be, he usually has no more food at hand than his family need.

It has often been said that a lady could travel alone all over Honduras with perfect safety, so far as danger from the inhabitants is concerned. Indeed, one daring young American woman has demonstrated the truth of this assertion. She rode from Tegucigalpa to the north coast, a ten or twelve days' journey through the wildest and loneliest part of the country, attended only by a mozo (boy servant). Male travellers are always well armed, as there are tigers and lions in the mountains, and it is the part of wisdom to be prepared for emergencies; but they sleep in security in dismal cabins, tenanted by persons whose appearance might be expected to inspire terror.

The lowest and most hopeless class of country people here live in a wholly barbarous manner. Their houses are four walls, made by driving sticks into the earth, with wide crevices between the sticks, and with a roof of plantain or banana leaves. The clothing of the men is a feeble concession to decency, while the children are entirely naked, or clothed in an incrustation of filth which gives them the appearance of alligators. These

creatures are a disgrace to the country, and furnish a frightful example of the contentment which fattens animals. They fish and hunt, milk the cows of their more industrious neighbors and help themselves to platanos wherever they find them. They are untroubled by ambitions or anxieties, and their ignorance is only equalled by their indolence.

Many families of a grade higher in the scale of civilization know nothing of the mysteries of reading and writing. Many good-looking, full-grown boys and girls know not a letter of the alphabet, and deeply lament their lack of learning, which was unavoidable, as there are neither schools nor teachers within twenty miles of their home. I know one woman who learned to read and write forty years ago, but from whose memory these ac-



TRAVELLERS PUTTING UP FOR THE NIGHT.

quirements had faded, in consequence of disuse. She is now struggling to recall her forgotten knowledge that she may teach her grown-up children. Only in the houses of the upper class are books and newspapers to be seen.

At intervals of twenty-five or thirty miles are aldeas or villages. Nothing more mournful in appearance can be imagined than these little towns. A dozen or more small, windowless mud-houses surround an open square. Often there are no shops or signs of business or trade whatever. Apparently there is no reason for the existence of these villages, other than the natural gregarious tendency of

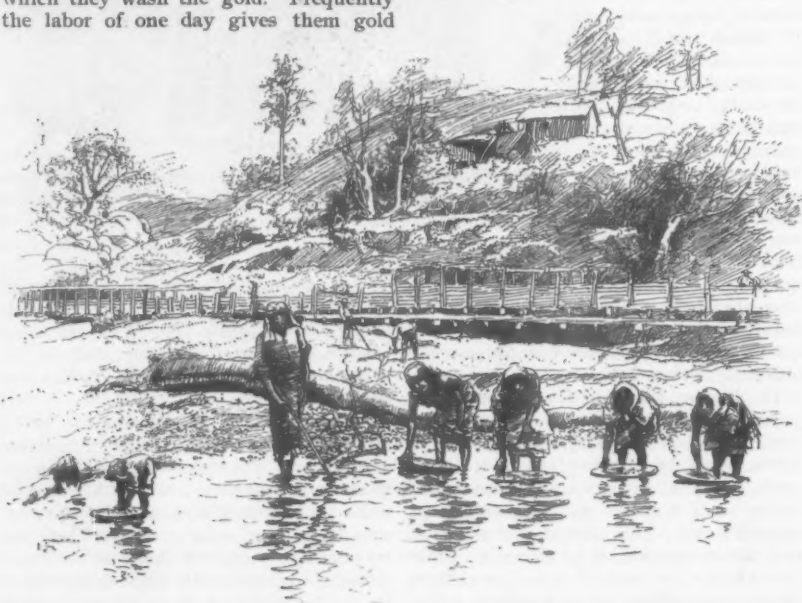
human kind. Looking at them one is more than ever sensible of the fact that the Indian never advances.

A country kitchen is one of the surprises for northern eyes. It is doubtful if the patriarchs who dwell in tents had cruder arrangements for cooking. A few poles, surrounding a clay oven, and roofed over with sticks and leaves—this frequently constitutes the kitchen of even fairly good houses. It may adjoin the house, or it may be located at a distance of several yards. Sometimes the oven, which is called a "fogon," has neither poles around it nor roof above it. As cooking stoves are not easy to transport on the backs of mules, this style of kitchen must remain in vogue until Honduras has railroads.

There is one industry in which women engage in Honduras. This is, washing gold on the shores of the rivers Guayapa and Jalau, which it is no exaggeration to say are flowing with golden sands. This is an occupation resorted to by women of the humble class when they need money. Sunday is the day usually devoted to it. They go in groups, carrying on their heads bateas (wooden trays), in which they wash the gold. Frequently the labor of one day gives them gold

enough for their household expenses for a week. This work is scorned by men; possibly because it is really difficult and laborious. The men here, from the highest to the lowest, have very stiff-necked ideas in regard to what is a fit occupation for them. They will consent to dig gold in mines; but to wash it out of the rivers after custom has degraded it to the level of "women's work"—that they will not do.

At Retiro, where Major Burke's celebrated mines are located, the mining company buys quantities of gold every week, which is washed from territory included in the company's concession. There the gold washers are a picturesque feature of a picturesque locality. The mines of Honduras are the chief points of interest, and give an appearance of animation to a country otherwise almost lifeless. They are the source of continual travel to the cities and the coast, and are, of course, the one special business to which the Americans and Englishmen here give their time and attention, and as they employ many native workmen, news from them is eagerly received everywhere.



WOMEN WASHING GOLD IN THE GUAYAPA.

THE ELIXIR OF PAIN

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

XIII.



THE stunning force of the blow which had fallen upon him paralyzed Thord's energy during the two weeks that followed. Nay, it paralyzed his very feelings and his power of thought. He shut himself up in his studio; lay on a lounge by the hour staring vacantly at the ceiling; ate at odd hours, when the whim struck him, though everything tasted flat and stale; strolled about with a dreary aimlessness on the floor, but was utterly unable to concentrate his attention upon anything. He kept the thought of Elfreda at bay, in a remote corner of his mind, and shunned it as he would a pestilence. Whatever strength was yet at his command he expended in beating back the importunate memory of the scene which had turned the future into a dread. But it pursued him, however fast he fled, stretching out relentless hands after him and meeting him unexpectedly at every fresh turn of the road. He appeared to himself like the Wandering Jew in Doré's illustration, fleeing from the awful remembrance, to whom the very trees and the clouds assume the form of the Crucified Saviour.

He had cynical moments, when life seemed hollow, like a drum, and all things fantastically unreal. He could then smile bitterly at his grief, and persuade himself that it was largely imaginary; that it was an absurdity to stake all one's happiness on one woman, particularly when there were so many of them, probably no less charming, who would be ready to give him their love for the ask-

ing. But there was scant consolation in this. For the face of Elfreda, with her pure brow and those strangely innocent child-eyes, would rise before his fancy; and she seemed so ineffably precious, in spite of her perfidy; and all other things that the world contains were tawdry and worthless in comparison. Then he would cry out against fate, and kick chairs and picture frames out of his way, as he restlessly paced the floor of the studio; but in the midst of his ravings that same blight of questioning would smite him; and a vague self-consciousness would spoil even his rage, and the pain itself that tortured him would sting him with a doubt of its own reality. And yet he suffered more from a sense of emptiness and dreary futility than from spurned affection. The elasticity of happy youth had departed both from his mind and his limbs, and he moved about the room with an aching heaviness and effort, like an old man. The pictures he had painted, into which his best vitality had flowed, affected him with a strange repulsion; and one by one he had turned them all to the wall. All familiar objects troubled and annoyed him with a sense of oppressive dreariness, and he would fain have dispensed both with sight and hearing, so as to lapse, as it were, into the primeval void which was before the world began.

A whole month passed before he became conscious of any reaction from this state of mental paralysis. It was in vain that his mother knocked at his door, bringing all sorts of tempting dishes and imploring him to partake of them. The poor, distracted woman was more troubled at his alternate fasting and irregular diet than by his mental distress. For she believed the latter would pass away, if she could only induce him to preserve his physical health. For the very reason that she sympathized keenly with him, and felt her right to share his grief, she felt abused in being shut out from his confidence. She could not understand a sorrow which could not be communicated and which seemed too sacred to be shared even with a mother.

Mrs. Ballington's persistence, however, had, in the end, its reward. One day early in June she found the studio door unlocked, and on entering discovered that her son had gone out. There was half an inch of dust on the furniture; and she seized the opportunity to air the room, remove the remnants of scrap luncheons, and put the clothes, paints, brushes, and boots that littered the floor in their proper places. The large covered canvas which stood on the easel showed by its deposits of dust that it had not been touched for a long time; and Mrs. Ballington, being anxious to know what it was, lifted first the corner of the cloth and finally pulled it away. She stood lost in admiration of her son's genius; the tears came into her eyes, and she pulled out her handkerchief to wipe them away. She was so absorbed in the contemplation of the picture that she did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps. She waked suddenly as from a dream at the touch of an arm which wound itself about her waist and a voice which said, with mournful tenderness: "Poor mother!" She was too overcome with emotion to speak, but only hid her face on the young man's breast and wept.

"You may well cry over my pictures, mother," he went on, speaking in a strange, husky voice; "I could cry over them myself, if I had any tears left to waste."

"Oh, don't speak that way," she protested tearfully; "you'll tempt God, child, to bring you some real misfortune. Your picture is grand and it is that which makes me cry. I never knew that my son was so great an artist. It has quite unnerved me; for I was thinking of you as a little baby, when you lay at my breast, pounding me with your aimless little fist—and you were so sweet then, Thorold—and I hoped and prayed to God that He would make a great man of you. But I never knew until today that He had heard my prayer."

There was something so infinitely touching to him in this confession that he, too, could scarcely keep back his tears. He stooped down and kissed his mother's forehead; and saw for the first time how wrinkled it was, what lines of care and anxiety this single year had traced about her eyes; and it dawned upon him how

dearly she loved him, and what an ungrateful son he had been.

"Poor mother!" he murmured again, stroking the hair from her brow.

He led her to the sofa, where he seated himself at her side, and told her in response to her questioning the story of the love that had inspired him to paint this Christ and of the sorrow which had now blotted out the very sun from the heavens. He spoke with great reserve at first, struggling with an almost insuperable reluctance. But the mother's sympathy was so sweet, and her tender cooings of comfort (as if he were yet a babe at her breast) so soothing to his pain, that the words came more freely; and at last it was as if all the ice within him thawed out and a warm, beneficent current diffused itself through his frame, and his torpid heart awoke and began again to beat. The nightmareish oppression which had stricken all things with a deadly blight left him, and it was as if he himself and all the world with him began again to breathe freely.

And now the picture, upon which, before the calamity, he had been ready to stake his soul's salvation! What strange thing had befallen it? what marvellous transformation had it undergone? It was the same Christ and yet not the same. It expressed no longer the sublime ideal which but a few short weeks ago had filled his soul. Though it was beautiful it was no longer complete; it failed to satisfy him. Wherein it was lacking he was unable to say; but a subtle feeling within him told him that something was lacking. For hours he sat gazing at the canvas, asking himself earnestly wherein the defect lay. It could not be possible that anyone had tampered with the picture in his absence, or even by a single touch or two transformed the divine countenance. No, as in the case of his first attempt—the Christ of Inexperience—so also now. It was himself who had changed. As he outgrew his first ideal—which was the perfection of physical manhood, so he had also outgrown the second. The Christ of Love was no more final, though He was nobler and deeper, than his youthful predecessor. Like a flash of revelation it burst upon him that the experience of sorrow was what this countenance was lacking. It was the lov-

ing Christ, who healed the sick, who raised the dead, who took the children upon His lap and blessed them; but it was not the sorrowing Christ, who wept with Mary and Martha; who prayed in Gethsemane, while drops of bloody sweat fell from His brow; who took up the cross freely, and died on Calvary. The sublime prophecy: "He shall be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" suddenly rang in his memory like a solemn bassoon across the ages; and God, who was not in the earthquake nor in the storm nor in the fire, quickened the still, small voice in Thorold's heart.

Like an audible whisper the conviction penetrated him that it was his own experience of sorrow which had wrought the change in him. The fiery ordeal of pain, which tests the substance of the soul, purges away the slags from the precious metal, if the metal can endure the flame. What a needless and wanton infliction pain would be if it left the soul as it found it! Each such fiery test of experience, that stirs the

deeper depths of our being, transforms us by scorching away superficial little foibles and vanities, and arousing into consciousness the sterner and profounder elements of character. What wonder, then, that in one short year, in which the great and vital experiences of a lifetime had been concentrated, Thorold had gained that deeper and maturer vision which comes to most of us, if it comes at all, in the later years of middle age? He had lost his youth, to be sure, if that could be said to be lost which had yielded him a noble compensation. But it would have been strange if he had been wise enough at twenty-four to accept this

compensation as adequate, while he yet moved about with a certain hushed caution for fear of waking the sorrow which slumbered so lightly. He was by no means clear as to what had really happened to him; but had a dim notion that somehow he was altered and life itself was not the same; and that all things wore a new and unfamiliar aspect. It was as if the light had changed from the bright freshness of morning to the mel-
low warmth of the afternoon.

What saved him from despair was his interest in the picture, which daily he

sat contemplating, analyzing, pondering. The resolution gradually took shape within him to utilize the four months which he had left before the duel (which was to take place on the 15th of October) in one final crowning effort to give expression to the new and loftier ideal of the Christ which was dawning upon his vision. Though he gave it no title, he distinguished it in his own mind from his two previous efforts by the name "The Christ of Sor-

row." It was not, indeed, to be merely a sorrowing Saviour; but it was to combine with the physical nobility of the first and the gentle compassion and loving-kindness of the second that radiance of sorrowful dignity, that divine insight, which knoweth the heart of man, that peace which passeth understanding. Only thus could He be something more than man. And to convey this—to give the spectator the feeling that he was standing in a presence that was both love-inspiring and awe-inspiring—that was the great problem which now suddenly invested life with a fresh interest.

The old Greeks represented in their di-



"THE ELASTICITY OF HAPPY YOUTH HAD DEPARTED."

vine ideals a combination of lofty plastic grace and a cold immobility which was sublime. The dignity of the Juno Ludovici is imposing but it is not touching. The incomparable grace of the Apollo Belvedere appeals to the mind as the most exquisite embodiment of aristocracy; but the face is implacable in its beauty, and there is not a hint of a human emotion in the stern aloofness of those marble features. But, for all that, there was a gleam of divinity in this remoteness from all human concerns, this indifference to all human woes! Thorold haunted the great museum of sculpture, the Glyptothek, early and late, while he struggled to give form to the changing conceptions that haunted him; but the more he went, the stronger grew his conviction that he was chasing a shadow.

A whole month passed thus in feverish meditation. He made sketches without number and destroyed them; he scratched bold charcoal heads and arms and legs upon the Japanese screens and the window shades for fear of losing by delay the least elusive gleam of inspiration. He carried the Bible about with him in his pocket and read the gospels with an intensity of personal interest and often with a glow of emotion which he had never before experienced. A mood of mystic exaltation took possession of him; and the world about him became unsubstantial and ghostly, while the inner vision became correspondingly more vivid. He grew hollow-cheeked and pale, and his eyes shone with a strange brilliancy. His complete absorption in the personality of Christ and his prayerful efforts to rise spiritually to the comprehension of the things which are not of this world had the effect of isolating him from all his surroundings and increasing the intensity of his soul life in a manner which he had never before thought possible.

It was one evening during the month of July, when, after the usual wrestling with high conceptions which refused to be imprisoned in lines and colors, he had flung himself on his bed in the hope of catching a few hours of sleep. But one face of Christ after the other kept invading his fancy, and up he jumped, seized charcoal and paper and strove to perpetuate it. When he had repeated this experiment half a dozen times and each time with less suc-

cess, and knowing that the attempt to sleep would now be futile, he picked up a volume of Browning which he always had within reach and opened at random on this sublime passage in Rabbi ben Ezra:

"But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb;
So passed in making up the main account,
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
amount.

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
That was I worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped."

It seemed to Thorold as if there were a direct providential answer to his anxious queries in these noble verses. He lay down once more in the hope of sleeping, and fell into a feverish doze in which a confusion of sublime fancies chased each other through his mind. Then, all of a sudden, he started up and with dilated eyes sprang toward the easel. There was a luminous ecstasy in his face, as if a radiance from within were trying to break through. With a half-groping unsteadiness he placed the large canvas upon the easel and began in hot haste to sketch the features of the Saviour. The other figures and the general composition were the same as in the two previous pictures, and had been sketched in some time ago. He worked on steadily until the morning, under the pressure of an impulse which seemed beyond his control. In the afternoon he slept a little and walked, and for five weeks he continued to labor unremittingly and without the least sensation of weariness. He knew now—and there was a deep consolation in knowing it—that the sublimest conception is necessarily the most elusive, that the loftiest thought is the hardest to "pack into one narrow act," that the highest fancies that sing in the brain like a ravishing melody will somehow break through all human attempts at expression and escape—but that did not discourage him from attempting to embody in this Christ the highest type of human and divine manhood which he was capable of holding fast and fashioning.

That which escaped God would know,
even if it were invisible to man.

"What I could never be,
What men ignored in me,
That was I worth to God."

The man who is capable of living on the pinnacles of his being, the altitudes of his soul, who has in him the elements of spiritual growth, can never be permanently crushed by any grief, however bitter. Thus his creative need to embody outwardly the ideal which haunted him became Thorold's salvation. On the highest heights there is peace, even though the storm may rage below. The sorrow that would have destroyed him became a blessing in disguise. He had not, indeed, attained that state of philosophic calm to which such an avowal would have been natural. There were yet bitter memories to be combated, hours of rebellion and keen regret, and at times an aching soreness, as if he had been pumelled and roughly handled and his dignity outraged. But these moods became rarer as his absorption in his work became completer. The summer passed rapidly and the happiness which it brought him rather outweighed the misery. For it was a time of rich activity and varied sensations. The autumn came, and the fatal month of October approached. Strange to say, all the excitement of fear and regret which the thought of the duel had formerly caused him had given way to a calm resignation. He knew it was inevitable, and he could not alter its issue by fretting. The only thing that troubled him was the slowness of his work on his picture, for he was deeply anxious to leave it behind him (in case of his demise) in as complete a state as possible. Even the fame that it was to bring him seemed of secondary consequence in comparison with its intrinsic excellence. To give to the world a nobler conception of the Saviour than it had hitherto possessed—that seemed a glorious ambition, even though his name should never be mentioned in connection with the picture. It was like a spiritual bath, a moral purification, an uplifting to higher heights of divine contemplation. Every morning, when the sunshine burst through the skylights and illuminated the face of the Christ, Thorold felt a thrill of satisfaction; and every evening, when

the twilight compelled him to lay aside his brushes, and the noble countenance faded into the dusk, he sat gazing at the canvas with a rapt fascination, until the figure seemed to detach itself and to rise before him in all its divine grandeur. It was in such a moment that Thorold for the first time in his life fancied he caught a glimpse of the deepest mystery of creation—the discipline of pain, the ministry of sorrow. A detached phrase which had strayed from somewhere into his memory became suddenly charged with a luminous meaning; it was this: "The man child is worth the birth pangs which it cost to bring him forth."

Here was his man-child, born in terror and mortal agony. But it could not otherwise have seen the light. He allowed no regret now to mar the joy of achievement.

XIV.

Thorold had heard nothing of Elfreda during the summer and had taken care to make no inquiries. Von Klenze, too, had vanished, and he took it for granted that they had both vanished in the same direction. But though the following facts never reached the discarded lover's ears, they may yet be worth recounting.

In the first week of June Rallston went with his daughter to England in order to quarrel with one of his relatives about some money matter. Having successfully accomplished this, he went to one of the Frisian islands—Amrom or Sylt—on the western coast of Schleswig, and took lodgings there for the summer. Some choice cranks, whom he knew by reputation, were to be gathered there and he could not afford to miss such an opportunity to discuss lofty themes. It was a peculiarity of Rallston that he did not remotely suspect any of his own failings. He was as unacquainted with himself at fifty as he was on the day of his birth. If anybody had accused him of being quarrelsome he would have laughed in the man's face, or knocked him down, and felt that in either case it served him right for uttering such a calumny. He was, in fact, incased in the most impregnable and adamant armor of self-satisfaction that ever delighted a mortal man.

To Elfreda it was naturally a matter of considerable anxiety to find out how Von

Klenze and her father would get on together. She hesitated for some time before asking her adorer to join them; but finding existence intolerable without him she concluded to arm him with knowledge of all her father's peculiarities and thereby prevent collisions.

Von Klenze put in an appearance promptly, after having received her letter, and was duly instructed as to what he might expect. But with all his amiable desire to accommodate himself, he did not prove an apt pupil. Rallston began (as was his custom with a new acquaintance) by attributing to him all imaginable perfections—and most of all those which he did not possess. There was something almost pathetic (in spite of its absurdity) in the way the old gentleman walked about with his ready-made human ideal in his pocket and ruthlessly fitted it to everyone who came into close contact with him. Like most conceited and self-absorbed men, he had no discernment whatever of character, but he knew very distinctly what he wanted a friend to be, and set bravely to work imputing to him all the things which he rated as admirable. It was therefore scarcely surprising that he found in Von Klenze (who sat as dumb as an oyster during his endless harangues) a great acuteness of spiritual insight, a wonderful power of sympathy and a tender and sensitive soul, capable of exquisite appreciation. These were the last qualities anybody else would have detected in him; but Rallston found these characteristics more or less developed in all men whom he consented to like; always beginning by idealizing them and ending by calling them earth-clogged worms, purblind bats, and brutes and groundlings, and threatening to kick them down stairs.

Von Klenze had not been a week at Amrom before deciding that it was merely a question of whether he should kick Rallston or Rallston kick him. He grew furiously impatient at times, when the old man began to develop his theories; and declared him candidly to be the most colossal bore he had ever encountered. He was accustomed himself to carry things with a high hand, to be deferred to, to give the tone wherever he appeared; and he felt it to be a terrible imposition to be obliged to listen with the

meekness of a lamb to "a garrulous old blockhead" who had obviously not the remotest idea of what was due to a man of his name and position. If Mr. Rallston had not been so hopelessly obtuse in regard to everyone's moods but his own, he would have perceived that his spiritualistic discourses affected Von Klenze as the waving of a red rag affects a bull. He would have guessed, too, perhaps, what those anxious looks of Elfreda meant, and how the effort to avert the explosion which she foresaw as inevitable was wearing her out, and making her lose the benefit of the sea air and bathing. But Rallston was not given to observations of this kind and he saw nothing.

One day, after having taken a plunge in the sea, Elfreda and her fiancé were walking together on the high dune, from which they had a wide view of the ocean. Mr. Rallston was standing down on the beach, inspecting a boat full of fish which some fishermen had just brought in. Catching sight of Von Klenze and his daughter he put his hands to his mouth and called in a loud voice: "Elfreda."

Elfreda answered, but as the wind was blowing in from the ocean, her voice was drowned. Her father shouted twice more with all his might, and the girl, seeing that she could not make herself heard, was on the point of running down the dune when Von Klenze seized her by the arm and said:

"Don't do it. You are walking here with me, and you have no right to run away from me in that unceremonious fashion."

"But what shall I do?"

"Remain where you are and pretend not to hear him."

"But he will be coming after me."

"Let him come; I'll receive him."

There was such a tone of authority in his words that she did not dare utter another objection.

"But you won't quarrel with him, will you?" she faltered; "you know, it is I who will have to suffer for it, if you do."

Von Klenze walked along for some minutes with a clouded brow. Then he paused, and, facing her, said severely:

"This situation is getting intolerable. What does your father take me for when he dares stand and shout at me as if I were a hotel waiter."

"But it is not you, but me, he is shouting at."

"It is the same thing, when you are in my company. He is like a spoiled child who must have instantly what it wants, no matter at whose inconvenience; and if he does not get it he yells like a savage."

Rallston was now running up the dune, red in the face and angry as a turkey cock. He held his wide-brimmed Panama hat in his hand, and his long beard was blown by the wind halfway around his neck.

"Did you not hear me call you?" he cried, panting and catching his breath; "what do you mean by such conduct to your father?"

Elfreda was about to answer, but Von Klenze motioned to her to be silent.

"Miss Rallston is in my company," he said, with admirable composure and an air of scrupulous politeness; "and you will pardon me if I add that I cannot permit any lady to be called away from my side in such unceremonious fashion."

It was almost comical to observe the expression of guileless, open-mouthed surprise with which Rallston received this cool communication. He was so utterly unprepared for anything but apologies and frightened submission that he was at a loss how to deal with calm defiance.

"But—but," he began, wiping his forehead vigorously with a red silk handkerchief, "I didn't know—it was you. I made a mistake—that's all. There was a most extraordinary fisherman down there—really a most remarkable head—with a face full of woe—a mixture of Simon Peter and the prophet Jeremiah—and I wanted Elfreda to come and sketch him. He would make a capital study for her 'Charon ferrying the Shades across the Styx.'"

Like the true bully, Rallston knuckled down ignominiously the moment he recognized his master. He ground his teeth with wrath when he began to speak; but the high-bred scorn for ill manners which lurked under Von Klenze's politeness cowed him, and in spite of himself he struck the note of embarrassed apology, from which he found relief only in description of the fisherman. To Elfreda this was an utterly novel revelation of his character; and with a vaguely filial instinct she felt something like pity for his

humiliation. She liked well enough to have her champion remain master of the situation; but somehow his victory seemed needlessly complete, and a little shade of discomfort mingled with her satisfaction. It may have been because Von Klenze was dimly conscious of a similar sentiment that he turned with an air of chivalrous deference to Elfreda and asked:

"Would you like to sketch this interesting fisherman?"

"Yes," she answered with a flurried, half-appealing look; "I should be—very glad to sketch him."

"Then let us go home and get your drawing materials, or, if you can use mine, which I carry in my pocket, they are at your disposal."

"Thanks, you are very kind."

"Then we shall be happy to accompany you, Mr. Rallston."

To the great R. there was something amazingly novel in having to treat with his daughter, as it were, through a third party, who interfered with a cool air of authority to protect her against his tyranny. He had been accustomed to ride roughshod over all her predilections and sentiments ever since she was born; and he had treated her mother the same way before her. This despotic ruthlessness had become a second nature to him; it seemed to him a paternal right, which it was sacrilege to resist. As he walked down the dune at Elfreda's side he was moody and silent. The more he pondered on his humiliation the more terrible it seemed and the higher rose his resentment. He vowed to get even with that bumptious German coxcomb, no matter at what cost; and as for Elfreda, she should feel the might of his wrath as soon as he got her away from her self-constituted lord protector.

He felt a fierce democracy stir within him. Like most men of his intellectual complexion he was a radical of the most extreme type. The millennial condition to which he was looking forward dispensed not only with kings and priests and aristocracies, but with marriage laws, and all things which have hitherto been regarded as the basis of social order. But (like so many of his stripe) he had a snobbish streak in his blood; and no man could be more flattered than he

when one of the high and mighty condescended to notice him. Von Klenze's attention to his daughter had, therefore, greatly inflated his vanity, and he had even bragged in a small way to the humble fishermen, whose acquaintance he had made, of his prospective son-in-law. But all this was now of small consequence, in view of the affront he had suffered and the wrath it had enkindled. The sense of his outraged dignity dwarfed all other

lent craving for whatever seemed good for the moment. Being the only son of a widowed mother, long since dead, who had idolized him, obeyed all his whims and gloried in sacrificing herself for his comfort, he had never experienced the discipline which lies in wholesome neglect and opposition. He had never learned the first lessons which intercourse with equals is apt to teach; for he had been educated by tutors, had shunned the so-



"HER FATHER WAS SITTING STARING AT HER WITH A SINGULARLY FIXED EXPRESSION."

considerations. To get rid of Von Klenze, to break off his engagement with Elfreda, and to make Elfreda herself give him his dismissal—that was the sacrifice which was demanded to soothe the stinging remembrance of his injury. A plan presently suggested itself which would happily accomplish this purpose. Rallston chuckled to himself, as he lingered in fancy at the picture of the high-nosed Von Klenze's discomfiture and his own triumph. There was something almost boyish in his imperious unrestraint, and vio-

ciety of boys, and being provided with a moderate fortune, sufficient for his needs, he had dispensed with all the disciplinary agencies which the world mercifully supplies to normal men. He had thus grown to be the ungovernable, ill-regulated diletante that he was, both in his conduct, his morals and his art.

XV.

Elfreda was conscious of a sultry oppressiveness in the atmosphere of the

house, during the evening, in spite of the brisk wind which was blowing outside. She had an uneasy foreboding which she could not get rid of, even when her lover appeared, as usual, after dinner. She occupied with her father a suite of rooms in the principal hotel on the island; while Von Klenze had rented a so-called "native cottage" where he could work in quiet, without being annoyed by the crowd.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening that he sent up his card and was admitted to Mr. Rallston's sitting room. It was a hideously bare and characterless hotel room, with a dozen unframed sketches and color studies nailed irregularly here and there upon the walls. Feeling always ill at ease in such surroundings he had intended to ask Elfreda to take a moonlight walk with him along the dunes. He noticed, as he entered, that her father was sitting staring at her with a singularly fixed and stern expression, and that he scarcely removed his gaze from her while he came forward to shake hands.

"I hope that apostolic fisherman turned out satisfactorily," Von Klenze remarked over his shoulder, as he made his elaborate bow, which seemed for completeness to demand a clanking sword at his side. His manner of entering and leaving a room was a piece of fine art in itself, but was distinctly military.

Elfreda, who had risen hesitatingly in response to his greeting, replied with the most freezing manner that he might judge for himself, as the sketch was nailed to the door right opposite to him. A look of sharp surprise became visible in the young man's face; and he held out his hand to her, as if to assure himself that she reciprocated his kindly feeling.

"I am not half as good a judge as you are," he ejaculated, with a pleasant laugh; "and moreover, in the case of your work I should be a wretched judge because I am too much prejudiced in its favor."

The strained look in her features gave the impression of an amazement that was too violent for words.

"I should think," she said, after a long, awkward pause, "that you would have spared me all reference to that painful topic. And I should fancy, too, that after what has passed between us you would not wish to humiliate me by your presence."

Von Klenze looked as if he did not dare trust his ears. He stood for a while staring at the young girl as if he suspected that this must be an audacious jest. But as he convinced himself that there was not a ghost of humor in her manner, his face assumed a strange rigidity, as if it were cut in stone. It seemed to him singular, indeed, that she should have attached so much importance to that encounter between him and Mr. Rallston during the morning, particularly as he had gathered from her casual remarks that she did not approve of her father's views, and did not scruple to find fault with his conduct. But then, of course, it was possible that she had worked herself into a rage about it in retrospect, and that she had resolved upon this manner of terminating the relation between them. It was all very mysterious, to be sure, but then women were mysterious creatures, whom it was useless to account for by any ordinary process of reasoning.

Having rapidly revolved these reflections in his mind, Von Klenze made one of his stateliest bows and retired toward the door.

"If my presence is displeasing to you, Fräulein," he said with ceremonious emphasis, "I will make haste to relieve you of it; good evening."

He managed to execute an extremely dignified retreat, and the invisible sabre seemed to be clanking at his side, as he shouldered his cape and backed out through the opened door.

There was an oppressive silence in the room for some minutes after his departure. Then Rallston began to walk up and down on the floor and hum to himself a capricious combination of sounds, innocent of all melody. He seemed in such capital humor that he had to give vent to it in some way. The world appeared for once completely right, in spite of all its wrongs, and he, Rallston, was a very considerable factor in it for good or for ill—a circumstance which men would do well to remember, or forget at their peril.

"That blasted coxcomb!" he exclaimed suddenly, bursting into a harsh laugh; "that high-nosed numskull of an aristocrat, that purblind bat, that grovelling groundling, now let him dare be insolent to his superiors a second time; let him fix that idiotic high-and-mighty stare of his

upon a man the latchet of whose shoe he is not worthy to unloose."

Rallston burst once more into jubilant discords and rubbed his hands in high glee.

Elfreda, who had half risen from the lounge upon which she had been sitting, stood gazing at him with an expression as if she were struggling to wake up or to throw off some malign influence. The film of dreamy vagueness in her eyes gradually cleared away as she listened to her father's exclamation, and a dawning fear became manifest in her large, dilated pupils.

"Of whom are you talking, father?" she queried anxiously.

Rallston paused abruptly in his walk and his big brown eyes fairly scintillated as he riveted them upon her.

"Whom do you suppose?" he asked, chuckling.

"I don't comprehend why you should call Mr. Ballington a high-nosed aristocrat."

"Mr. Ballington! Ha! ha! ha! No, it scarcely would occur to me to waste my temper on him."

"Why do you imagine he came here, any way? was it only to vex and trouble me or do you think he intends to fight with Mr. von Klenze here?"

Rallston's face grew suddenly grave, and the portentous scowl settled upon his brow.

"I am sure I can't say," he growled, "and what does it matter any way. One fool more or less in the world makes little difference."

With every appearance of annoyance he burst out into the hall, slamming the door behind him. It was always his habit to run away from everything vexatious and disagreeable.

No sooner was he gone than Elfreda darted toward the table. With trembling hands she picked up the card, on the receipt of which her father had announced the name of Thorold Ballington. She had only a very dim recollection of the scene with Ballington following this announcement, but she had a confused impression that he had been there and that she had said something unpleasant to him. The last distinct fact which her memory retained was the presentation of the card and the announcement of her discarded lover's

name. But, as she now held that very same card in her hand, she read the name of Conrad Leopold von Klenze, First Lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Prussian Hussars, etc.

The girl felt a dizzy sensation steal over her, and it grew black before her eyes. With a violent effort she pulled herself together and strove to think clearly. What terrible thing had happened to her, and how could she avert the calamity that hung black and threatening over her head? It was Von Klenze who had called upon her, and her father had by his dreadful art hypnotized her into the belief that it was Ballington. She had dismissed the man whom she loved in the belief that it was the one she had ceased to love. How could such awful things be? How could God, who is good, permit such disastrous powers to be given to a man who was capable of sacrificing his daughter's life and happiness to his own vengeful vanity?

Elfreda lost no time in meditation. The desperate necessity prompted a decision from which could be no recoiling. The early boat would leave the next morning at seven; and she knew that it would carry her lover forever beyond her reach, if she did not see him tonight and clear up the mystery.

With a sense of numbness and cold she fumbled about the room and managed to put on a hat; but the effort of getting into the jacket seemed too much for her. Her hand shook so that she could scarcely turn the door knob; and a paralyzing faintness made her pause repeatedly and steady herself against the wall, before she reached the outer air. Even then she was unable to shake off a certain torpor, or clear away a clammy fog that seemed to drift through her brain and wrap her thoughts in a torturing indistinctness. It was the after effect of the hypnotic state, which always left her in this dizzy, dimly groping, half-paralyzed condition, as if all the functions of body and soul were at a low ebb, and unable to gather impulse enough to resume their activity.

The wind was blowing a gale; but the sky, which was covered with fleecy clouds, showed a broad azure river across the zenith from east to west, through which the moonlight broke in fitful gleams. The tall beach grass, rising and falling in shining billows before the wind, impeded

Elfreda's progress, as she started by a short cut to reach the cottage which Von Klenze inhabited. She did not dare take the dune road, for fear of meeting her father or the other guests of the hotel, who were in the habit of taking a constitutional by the light of the moon, along that favorite promenade. Twice she stepped into holes and fell full length, turning her ankle, so that she had to lie still for some moments until the pain subsided. And the sensation came over her, as she heard the grass rustling above her head, that she was dead and (like Keats) felt the daisies growing over her. There was an exquisite peace in this close contact with the earth; it was so infinitely restful and soothing. And it was as if many strong but invisible arms stretched out and clung about her, drawing her down, down, down, into the deep, cool, comforting bosom of the great mother.

She lay long there in the grass, hearing the wind rushing away over her with strange bugle notes that whirled heavenward and were lost. She had a half-awed sense of the infinite space above her; and deep, black depths seemed to be opening under her, swallowing her up in blissful oblivion. A delicious weariness stole upon her; and she would soon have lost consciousness, if the sudden remembrance of her errand had not stung her like a twinge of pain. She started up with the bewilderment of one aroused from sleep, and reeled over the sandy hillocks until, sharply collecting her senses, she gained full control of her limbs. In five minutes she reached the little turf-thatched cottage, and through the shutterless windows saw Von Klenze sitting at a table, writing, while his valet was packing his trunk. The presence of the servant was very embarrassing to her, and she stood for some minutes waiting, in the hope that he would finish his task and depart. The light of a shaded student lamp fell full upon Von Klenze's face, and she was struck with its cold immobility. Its beauty was that of a marble god who knows no mortal weakness—no fear, no hope, no compassion. There was something hard and unimaginative in its expression which made her heart sink within her; for there was a limitation here in the man's nature which to her adoring eyes had hitherto been invisible. She

could not appeal to his pity, she could not make him feel the tragedy of her life. It seemed a hopeless task to move him from any resolution he had taken.

Summoning all her courage, she went to the door of the cottage and knocked. A middle-aged matron in the Frisian costume opened the upper half of the door and replied to her inquiry that the painter was at home. She did not offer to admit Elfreda; but carried the message to her lodger that there was a young woman outside who wished to see him. Von Klenze promptly rose from the writing table and came out; and, though he was scrupulously polite, Elfreda felt a chill in his manner which was more discouraging than frank irritation.

"May I ask to what I owe the honor of this visit?" he asked, as he walked at her side along the gravel path that led out to the highway.

"You intend to leave tomorrow?" she began, in a tremulous voice.

"Yes, with your permission, that is my intention."

"Oh, do not go! do not go!" she cried, bending upon him a gaze full of keen distress.

"But why should you object, pray? After your behavior to me this evening what else can you expect?"

"But I was not myself. I did not mean it. I—I—but how can I explain it to you? It is all so terrible."

Von Klenze made no answer to this, but walked along, staring straight out before him; and his silence seemed to her defiantly unresponsive. "Let me tell you this," he said at last, with an air of grave deliberation, "I am not a person who can be trifled with. If you have not found that out yet—it shows a fatal lack of—of—penetration on your part."

She noted an undertone of irritation in this remark; and she almost welcomed it as the first indication that he was capable of emotion.

"There is something I have wanted to tell you," she burst out rather irrelevantly; "but I—I have shrunk from it—because I hoped it might not be necessary. I have had a feeling all the time that you half despised us—even though you have always been kind to me—and I was afraid of saying anything that—that—might add to your contempt. You know my

father possesses a strange power. He can impress his thoughts upon me, so that I think what he makes me think, and act out his thought, not my own."

She turned to him with a glance which was touching in its anxious appeal. She seemed to implore him to detect the connection between this revelation and her own conduct during their recent interview and to spare her the pain of further explanation. But Von Klenze only stared back with a look of hard perplexity, as if he were trying to make up his mind whether she was really sane.

"Do you mean to say," he inquired at last, in a voice in which there was a hint of a sneer, "that you were acting out your father's dislike of me, when I called this evening?"

"No," she answered, while a quick blush of excitement sprang to her cheeks; "I did not know you. My father read out the name of Thorold Ballington when your card was handed to him; and he bent all his terrible energy upon me to make me believe that you were Mr. Ballington."

"And you thought I was Ballington, when you gave me my passport?"

He gave a short, incredulous laugh as if to say that she might tell that to the marines.

The utter hopelessness of convincing him was borne in upon her by this laugh,

and it gave her a glimpse too, as she fancied, of an immovable resolution to break with her; to shake off once for all his connection with this detested supernaturalism and occultism and all the other distasteful "isms" which she so unwillingly represented. She was too unnerved by this to answer at all; and a cold shuddering sen-



"SHE STARTED UP WITH THE BEWILDERMENT OF ONE AROUSED FROM SLEEP."

sation stole over her and the old dizziness again drifted like mist through her brain. He, too, seemed indisposed to break the silence, and they walked along for a good while, conscious only of the dismal sense of their alienation.

"Oh, you don't believe me," she cried suddenly, with a sharp note of distress; "you don't believe me!"

He was fully aware of his cruelty in making no protestation to the contrary ; but he could not honestly say that he did believe her. His feelings had undergone a marked change since the morning ; and whether it was because his disgust with her father had influenced him or because her reluctant connection with the disreputable crowd of illuminati had thrown an unpleasant side-light upon her character, he found himself listening to her words with an immobility which yesterday he would have pronounced impossible.

"Shall I accompany you to the hotel?" he asked, after another torturing pause.

"Yes," she murmured inaudibly, struggling with the faintness which threatened to overcome her.

"Take my arm," he went on ; "you walk unsteadily."

"I am not quite well."

She tried, though with slight success, to assume his own tone of polite indifference. The pain which quivered through her vitals was too intense, too wildly overwhelming. He could not rid himself of the consciousness of that white face of anguish resting upon him ; and though his tenderness for her seemed dead, a little stirring of remorse and self-disgust disturbed his serenity.

At the gate of the hotel they parted with a few dismally conventional phrases ; whereupon Elfreda, with a curious light-headedness, mounted the stairs, and having groped her way to her room fell into a deep swoon. Thus her maid found her in the morning, chilled and unconscious.

XVI.

For two weeks the spiders had been spinning their webs with a peaceful sense of possession in Thorold Ballington's studio, and their long, dusty filaments hung in gray festoons from ceiling and windows. Mrs. Ballington, noting many symptoms of ill health in her son, and being alarmed at his intense preoccupation with his picture, hunted up an accommodating physician who accepted twenty dollars for enforcing with his authority the advice which she had herself dinned into his ears gratis for three months. Thorold yielded in the end and took a vacation, chiefly because he feared that his strength would give out before he had

finished the picture. It cost him a great effort to tear himself away from it ; and the two weeks which he spent with his mother in the Tyrolean Alps brought him no experience which was at all valuable. The figure of the Christ haunted him, and shut out the external world from his vision. The majestic mountains, with the pretty chalets perched on their slopes, and the long vista of white peaks shading into blue in the ethereal distance, seemed a fantastic panorama to him, and he could only half believe in its reality. The intensity of the inner light that filled his soul made all outward things, by comparison, pale and unsubstantial.

It was a great relief to him when, about the beginning of October, he was permitted to return to Munich and resume his work. And no sooner had he established himself contentedly in the midst of his cobwebs, than life reasserted its claim upon him in an unmistakable fashion.

He was seated in front of his easel (it was two days after his return), trying to tune himself up into that exalted mood which Goethe calls creative rapture, when a thrice-repeated knocking at his door put a stop to his meditations. With a face full of undisguised annoyance he opened the door, and found himself confronted with a small and dainty figure in deep mourning. He stared for a moment, and his blank gaze changed into one of startled recognition. "Miss Shattuck!" he exclaimed, the prompt second thought checking the cordiality of his welcome.

"I should like to see you for a few moments, Mr. Ballington," the lady observed with a stiffness which seemed all out of keeping with her vivacious personality.

"I am at your service," he answered, much subdued, while all sorts of agitating possibilities chased each other through his brain ; "and will you permit me," he added, with a glance of respectful sympathy at her mourning, "to condole with you in your sad bereavement?"

She made no answer to this ; but, flinging her long veil back over her shoulder, moved with a mournful stateliness into the room. She seated herself at his invitation on the lounge, and he could see how her breast heaved while she made a vain attempt to speak. The pallor of her dainty, small-featured face, which seemed

charged with more seriousness than it could carry, made him naturally assume an expression of sad expectancy; but when two full minutes had passed without a word being uttered regarding her object in coming, he ventured tentatively to remark:

"If I can be of any service to you, Miss Shattuck, please do not hesitate to let me know."

She fidgeted nervously with her hands, flung her veil over the other shoulder, and then, in a tone which was like a subdued wail of reproach, broke forth:

"Oh, how could you—how could you—how could you?"

Thorold's face expressed an amazement so candid that a vague reflection of it presently penetrated the young lady's consciousness:

"How could I," he repeated wonderingly, "how could I—what?"

"Oh, don't pretend that you don't understand," she ejaculated sharply; "hypocrisy is not necessary between you and me."

"I am sorry; but, honestly, I have not the remotest idea of what you are referring to."

"Thorold Ballington," cried the small damsel, with the voice of a passionate canary bird, "I had not believed that of you."

He got up, merely to relieve in motion his intolerable perplexity, and walked over to the window.

"There is some misunderstanding here," he said, facing about, and addressing himself almost aggressively to his fair accuser. "You must please explain; there is no use in our standing here and firing riddles at each other."

Miss Shattuck seemed to be somewhat impressed with this view of the matter, and after some reflection she observed, in a tone of milder, and as it were impersonal, reproach:

"I trusted you, Mr. Ballington. In my distress about Elfreda I turned to you because I believed you to be a good and honorable man. And this is what has come of it."

"Yes, this is what has come of it," Thorold muttered, with an intensity of bitterness that fairly shocked his visitor.

"You have broken her heart," Miss Shattuck continued in quivering accusa-

tory accents, "and I—I—am to blame for it; for if it had not been for my meddling, nothing of all this would have happened."

Thorold gave a galvanic start, as if someone had struck him. "Whose heart did you say I had broken?" he asked sardonically.

"Elfreda's—what do I care about the other hearts you may have trifled with. But it was a cruel wrong you did there, Mr. Ballington. And I, who told you how miserably joyless her life had been—how she had been abused and trampled upon, and had never had any youth—any girlhood."

He took a turn on the floor once more, walking with his head bent, a vivid pain distorting his features.

"You have come to the wrong address, Miss Shattuck," he said, pausing in front of her with a deep flush of excitement and a kindling indignation in his eyes. "You want to go to Lieutenant Conrad von Klenze, No. — Maximilian strasse."

"What do you mean?"

She gasped forth the query with a flash of fright in her eyes and a startled, forward motion, as if she were on the point of springing up.

"I mean what I say. Why do you pretend not to know it?"

"I know nothing—except that I returned here yesterday and found Elfreda very ill. She wrote to me that she was engaged to you, and that she was very happy. And now she lies still and listless and stares at the ceiling, and will neither eat nor speak. What can that mean except that you have deserted her?"

"It might mean that she had deserted me."

An acute sense of embarrassment seemed to overcome Elfreda's cousin at this announcement, and she sat with a pale, still face, looking down on her hands, which trembled although she clutched them tightly about the handle of her parasol. "This is a very mysterious affair," she muttered with an air of extreme discouragement, and as he volunteered no comment, she lifted a pathetically helpless gaze upon him and added meekly:

"Won't you please tell me what you know, Mr. Ballington?"

He stood for a while, gloomily pondering, resting his sombre eyes upon her.

"No, no," he broke out, as if wrestling with a shuddering memory, "don't ask that of me."

He began again his restless march upon the floor, and she sat struggling with a sense of numbness and cold, and perhaps also a vague awkwardness which made her reluctant to stir or speak.

At last she got up drearily, bestowed a few perfunctory pats upon her draperies and moved toward the door.

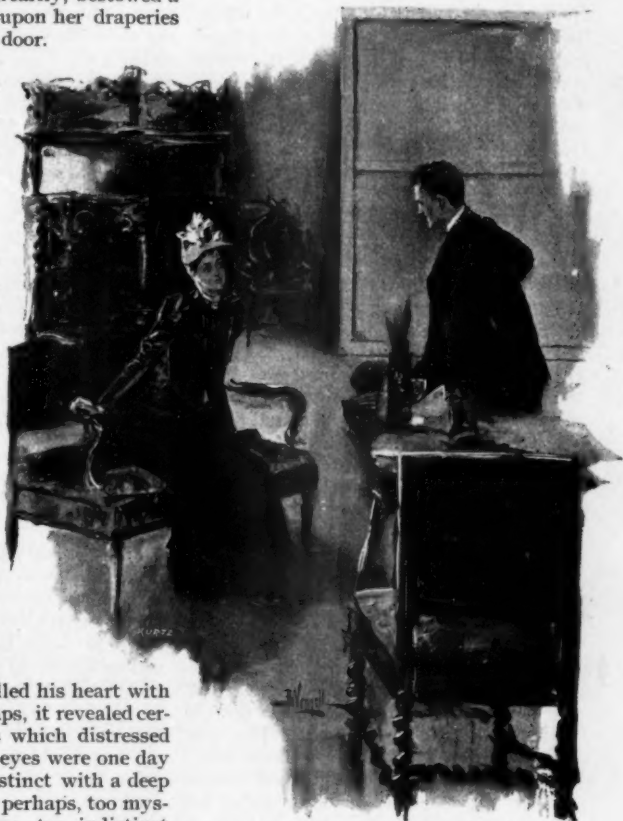
"Please pardon — this intrusion," she managed to stammer, as he bowed her out; "I was only so very miserable."

XVII.

The 15th of October came at least a week too early, for the picture seemed to require more "finishing touches" the longer he occupied himself with it. He had lived with it and in it so long, that it appeared to be part of himself, and to change its aspect as he himself changed. It looked so different in one mood from what it did in another; one day the face of the Christ possessed a noble strength and vividness which filled his heart with joy, and the next, perhaps, it revealed certain points of triteness which distressed him. Particularly, the eyes were one day radiant with life and instinct with a deep vitality; and the next, perhaps, too mysterious, too introspective, too indistinct in their outward gaze. What he had striven, above all, to accomplish was to represent the Saviour as definitely personal and convincingly real; not as a vaguely sublime type, but as a man to be believed in—a man exalted above men, but yet clearly and luminously individualized, appealing to the earthly sense and to the heavenly aspiration. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"—these were the words that shone perpetually like a

writing of flame in his mind while he worked, and furnished the vital spark to his creation.

It was with a heavy heart that he tore himself away from the picture on the evening of the 14th, and when he arose at day-break on the fatal day, he managed to add a few touches which were like an in-



"SHE SEATED HERSELF AT HIS INVITATION UPON A LOUNGE."

spiration. A human face—a deeply human face—interpenetrated and illumined by a divine spirit, looked out upon him from the canvas, and a thrill of joyous buoyancy shot through him at the thought that, whatever became of him, he left this to speak for him and show what he had been. This was his legacy to mankind; and though it was yet in a sense unfin-

ished, he felt that it was a noble legacy. Not that he was content to leave this world because of it, but it alleviated his regret, it robbed his fate of half its bitterness, it saved him from despair.

He lingered at the canvas with palette and brushes in his hands, until the last moment, when the two gentlemen who had consented to act as his seconds arrived. He gave to one of them a letter which he had written to his mother, and some legal documents, and then descended the stairs and drove to the railroad station, where they were joined by a German surgeon. A twenty minutes' ride brought them to Grosshesselohe, whence they walked the short distance to a forest of chestnut and oak in the shadow of Schwaneck castle, which was the appointed place for the duel. It was about seven o'clock in the morning; the sun had barely risen, and shone with an autumnal sleepiness through the dull red and orange mists that hovered along the horizon. The dead leaves rustled under their feet as they walked, and the chestnuts dropped from the trees about them with a thump which split the bur and made the glossy brown fruit bound out of its covering. There was a damp, earthy smell in the air, and big wet drops on the grass from the melted hoarfrost.

They halted at an open glade in the forest, just as Von Klenze and his party emerged from the shrubbery on the opposite side. The seconds approached, exchanged salutations and held a hurried consultation, while the principals sauntered up and down with a conscious air and tried not to look at each other. Twenty paces were measured off, and each took his position with the studied sang-froid which the occasion required. The only sensation that Thorold could locate was a queer somnambulist feeling, as if he were a trifle stunned, and in doubt as to his own identity. He was uneasy, and strange little shivers tingled through him, but he was not exactly afraid, nor did he acutely realize what fate might be in store for him. He saw the woods, the sky and the persons that moved about him as through a veil, and nothing that they could have done would have surprised him. He clutched the pistol which was thrust into his hand, examined the lock, without knowing exactly why he did it, heard one of the seconds call "Ready," and saw his antag-

onist raise his right arm. "One—two—three—fire!" some one called out in loud accents of command, and two shots, the one following the other by a full second, rang out with a keen, reverberating sharpness upon the frosty air. Two little whiffs of smoke lingered for a moment in the sunlight, curled upward and vanished. Von Klenze with military abruptness lowered his weapon, Thorold, in attempting to do the same, turned upon his heel, reeled a few steps and fell to the ground. The surgeon hastened to his side, stooped over him, listened to his heart-beat, and, rapidly opening his case of instruments, spread out upon a square piece of leather the cruel implements of his craft. Von Klenze presently approached him and, with as near an approach to sympathy as his placid features could display, inquired if Mr. Ballington was seriously hurt.

"It is very singular," the surgeon replied; "I can scarcely detect any heart-beat. But the wound is not serious. The bullet has probably lodged under the shoulder blade."

"Hm! You don't mean to say that he has died from fright. He looked to me quite cool."

"I don't know."

"His shot disappointed me. It was as bad as possible. I took him to be a crack marksman."

The surgeon seemed indisposed to continue the conversation, as his patient demanded his undivided attention. He cut off the right sleeve of his coat, but chose not to probe for the bullet before having restored him to consciousness. At the end of twenty minutes his efforts proved successful; Thorold opened his eyes and blinked feebly at the daylight.

"I verily believe you had made up your mind to die," said the surgeon, with his finger on the pulse of the bared arm, "and you came very near accomplishing it."

"Yes, I was prepared for it," Thorold murmured faintly; "when I felt the pain, I was sure it was death."

"Well, disabuse yourself of that fancy as quick as possible; you will soon be on your pegs again," observed the German roughly.

A cab was now brought from the neighboring village; the party were driven to the railroad station and reached Munich before nine o'clock.

XVIII.

I am aware that, according to all rules and traditions of romantic fiction, Thorold ought to have been killed in his duel with Von Klenze, if for no other reason, in order that his foreboding might have been verified. But many instances have come within my observation in which forebodings of this kind have proved deceptive; and most conspicuous among these is that of Thorold Ballington. But, strangely enough, after he had recovered both from the shock and the physical hurt, an oppressive apathy took possession of him and he found himself utterly unable to work. It was as if his nerves, in the relaxation which followed the intense strain, could only convey dull and commonplace notes, but not the high seraphic notes of inspiration. His unfinished picture, as he sat and stared at it, hour by hour and day by day, filled him with despair, for he felt the hopelessness of ever again mounting to the heights upon which he had then moved with ease and felicity. The wholesome elixir of pain had acted as a mental tonic, stimulating him to great and noble work; and now that its supply was exhausted he could no more reach the altitudes of achievement. If the perception of the quality of his best work—the three types of Christ—had deserted him, he might have contented himself (like the great herd of those who call themselves artists) with mediocre attainments—the humdrum results of humdrum, painstaking toil; but the torturing memory of his past greatness was like the faint echo of an ecstatic melody which haunted him in fleeting snatches, but vanished in a musical mist when he tried to catch and retain it. In the uneventful calm which followed the two great experiences of his life no grand thoughts seemed to germinate and no flashes of rare insight set his nerves a-tinging. No ecstasy of vision broke his slumber in the watches of the night. Nothing remained to him but a pitiless ingenuity of criticism which measured his present mediocrity by the standard of his past achievement, and ruthlessly condemned each paltry performance.

One day, while he roamed about the city in this state of apathy and dejection, he met Miss Shattuck. His first impulse

was to pass her by; but there was something in the sweet seriousness of her greeting which affected him almost as a pang, and he turned about and joined her. For half an hour he walked along at her side, talking of indifferent things, with a careful avoidance of dangerous topics. The only item of intelligence which he gleaned from her conversation was that Mr. Rallston had gone to India to study esoteric Buddhism—to learn how to manipulate his astral body, as she expressed it—and Miss Bertha's mother had taken the flat in Maximilian strasse and established herself there for the winter. He lacked courage to ask the question which sprang to his lips; but it tortured him for three days, and he surprised himself by finding some very live embers amid the ashes of his dead emotions. Had Mr. Rallston (as he threatened) taken Elfreda with him to the land of the Buddhists? Thorold's imagination became very busy in picturing her, pale and grave, in the council of the dusky sages; floating over the housetops in her astral body, and doing a lot of uncanny things which would remove her still further from the fate of normal womanhood, for which she pathetically yearned. Many of her quaint phrases—in themselves indicative of her isolation from her kind—would recur to his memory, and he grew ingenious in discovering extenuating circumstances tending to exculpate her. Who could know how far her conduct was due to her own initiative or to the baneful influence of her father? She was like wax in his hands, and her mind was swayed by his will, as the flame of a candle is blown hither and thither by the least breath. Might not her apparent faithlessness be an equally irresponsible impulse, due to Rallston's dislike of him and admiration for the stately and aristocratic Von Klenze?

He lay in wait for Bertha Shattuck during the next three days, and finally intercepted her one afternoon, as she was starting out for a promenade, accompanied by her maid. The latter fell behind, as soon as Thorold had assured himself that his company was agreeable; and he now lost no time in obtaining the desired information. Elfreda's illness, it appeared, had delivered her from the danger of becoming an esoteric Buddhist; and Rallston,

who was burning with eagerness to explore the alluring mysteries, had finally lost all patience with her and departed alone. The poor girl had improved rapidly since her father left, and was now almost fully restored to health.

These accidental meetings between Bertha Shattuck and Thorold became very frequent during the next weeks, and though there was no spoken agreement, there was, perhaps, a tacit understanding that they were to continue as long as they were a source of pleasure to both. Bertha rested such kind, compassionate eyes upon him whenever he made her the least little confession; and he came to luxuriate in her sympathy, which was so discreet and tactfully tempered. It made him feel a trifle cheap, too, at times, if not false; for he was conscious that she idealized him, in a friendly way, as most good women do, when they honor a man with their friendship—and this involuntary falsification was, after all, such a delicate affair that an attempt to set it right would only make it worse. For she ascribed motives to him, whatever he said and did, which were nobler than those that really actuated him.

"Is it not queer," she said to him one day, as they were strolling together under the leafless trees of the English garden, "what a sympathetic little busybody I am? Most people, whether they like me or not, end by telling me their love affairs. I believe I am the repository of more tender secrets than any woman of my size on the European continent."

"Why don't you retaliate by telling them your own?" he suggested, laughing.

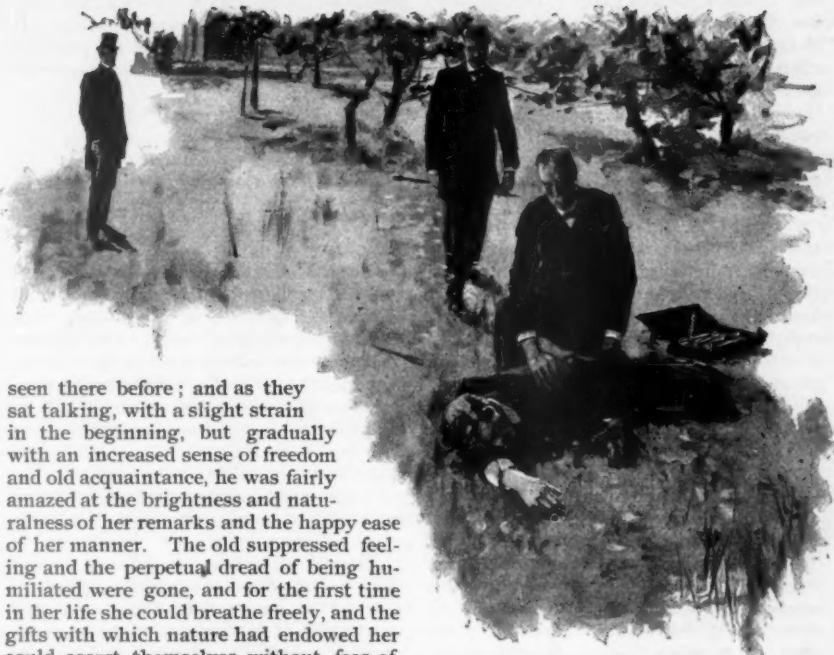
"My own? That is just what is so funny, that I have none of my own. I have so much to do in straightening out the tangled love affairs of my friends that I positively find no time to cultivate any tender sentiment on my own account. I seem to live in the lives of others and incidentally forget that I have any claims of my own."

There was something almost touching to Thorold in this confession, so lightly uttered; for he detected in it an evidence of deeper feeling than seemed likely to have found lodgment in such a dainty and doll-like little person. And it presently occurred to him that, if Miss Shattuck was an expert in straightening out snarled affairs

de cœur, why, very likely that was what she was doing now—in which case Elfreda could scarcely be ignorant of her benevolent intentions. This reflection instantly set his brain in a whirl; and he almost pitied his own innocence in not having suspected it before. When he parted from Bertha, half an hour later, he begged to be kindly remembered to Miss Rallston; and the next day he sent her a message, asking for permission to call. This permission was duly granted; and one afternoon early in December he found himself standing face to face with Elfreda in the well-remembered drawing room, with Rallston's pink Spirits of Dawn and Eve, and what-not, staring down upon them. She was paler and slimmer than before, and she held her head bent, showing the great golden coils of her hair, which seemed almost too heavy for her slight frame. There was a sweet, hushed air about her—something still and submissive—which, even more than her beauty, accelerated the beating of his heart and awakened a host of precious memories. Could it be quite an accident that she wore that curious æsthetic dress with the bluish and greenish serpentine shimmers, which she had worn at their first meeting? And the same chatelaine with the beaten silver chain of quaint mediæval workmanship depended from her waist. It was as if she wished to recall that first occasion, when they had seen and felt drawn to each other, and to blot out the intervening time with its alienation and sorrow. The only thing that troubled him, as he stood before her holding her hands in his, all the old tenderness beaming from his honest eyes, was the thought of how much Bertha Shattuck had had to do in bringing about Elfreda's present frame of mind. He hated to be indebted for her to anybody. He hated to reflect what a series of apparently blind accidents had brought her again within the reach of his arms.

"I was very sorry to hear that you have been ill, Miss Rallston," he began, with a vague awkwardness.

"I am quite well now, thank you," she answered, a trifle abruptly, lifting that strangely solemn and pathetic gaze upon him. It struck him instantly that there was less vagueness and more distinctness of individuality in this glance than he had



seen there before; and as they sat talking, with a slight strain in the beginning, but gradually with an increased sense of freedom and old acquaintance, he was fairly amazed at the brightness and naturalness of her remarks and the happy ease of her manner. The old suppressed feeling and the perpetual dread of being humiliated were gone, and for the first time in her life she could breathe freely, and the gifts with which nature had endowed her could assert themselves without fear of tyrannical compulsion or rebuke.

At their next meeting, which occurred a few days later, he was still further impressed with a certain newness in her personality which was like a revelation. It seemed scarcely to be the same Elfreda whom he had known of old. As soon as the awkwardness of the situation (which had not been wholly absent during his first call) had vanished and the ghost that sat between them had been definitely laid, she bloomed out into a charming young woman, with quite a different kind of charm from that which had originally attracted him. It had been his chivalrous compassion for her unhappy condition which had first enlisted his sympathy and then his love; but he had always been conscious of something exotic about her, something uncomfortably remote and ethereal, as if she did not really belong to the same species as he. It was as if it were a blessed spirit whom he loved, and not a mortal woman. But now they met on an entirely different ground. They did not take up their old acquaintance, but they began a new one. The removal of

"THE SURGEON HASTENED TO HIS SIDE."

that terribly oppressive influence which had warped and dwarfed her development, left her free, for the first time in her life, to raise her head without fear, and all the delightful qualities of her mind, which had lain wilted and crushed, like flowers under a stone, blossomed forth shyly and filled the air about her with their delicate aroma. What surprised and pleased him most was a kind of hushed drollery and a quick appreciation of humor. It appeared to him, as he sat talking with her of art and literature and social problems, that it was a happier, cleverer and more beautiful sister of his lost Elfreda whom he was falling in love with; and it seemed an augury of much happiness in their united life that their tastes were kindred and their intellectual sympathies not far apart. And thus, in sweet converse and steady intercourse for many months, their relation grew warmer and more intimate, until one day it culminated quite naturally in a declaration of love on his part and acceptance on hers. There was a beautiful spontaneity about it, like the unfold-

ing, at its appointed time, of the bud into the flower. No reference was made to their past engagement, no apology was offered or demanded, no bitterness or regret was wasted upon that which was inevitable. Only on one occasion previous to the wedding, which was not long delayed, did Elfreda allude to her father and the baneful power he had exercised over her.

"I will take the responsibility of being married without waiting for my father's consent," she said, in response to his question; "and my aunt advises me to confront him with an accomplished fact, when he returns, and afford him no chance to exercise his power over me. It is not a matter of caprice. It is a matter of life and death."

"I am glad you have arrived at that decision," he answered, struck with the vague dread in her eyes the moment her father's name was mentioned.

"I cannot think of that time without a shudder," she went on. "I moved about heavily as if loaded with invisible chains. I was but half awake, and sometimes not even half. I dragged myself about with a sense of nightmareish oppression. I was conscious of but one passionate wish and that was to escape from my horribly exceptional lot into the common fate of common womanhood. How often I envied the poor girls who met their lovers, at night, on the street corners, and the beggar women who sat nursing their babes on the church steps. It had all the sweetness to me of the unattainable. It was like a glimpse of the paradise from which I was excluded."

The marriage, which was celebrated at the English Protestant church, was followed by a brief wedding journey into the Tyrolean Alps. After the return of Mr. and Mrs. Ballington to Munich, Thorold hoped that the long-lost inspiration which would enable him to put the finishing touches to his great picture would not be wanting. But, strangely enough, though he sat daily like the expectant pythoness upon her tripod, no divine message moved his lips. The placid happiness, the contented sense of possession, leaves unstirred the deepest depths of our nature, from which rise the profounder oracles. In the pleasant path which he had chosen bloomed many modest and pretty flowers, whose sweet perfume filled the atmosphere of his daily life; but, though he made re-

peated desperate efforts, he could not scale again the Mount of Transfiguration. It was in vain that he pondered the problem and murmured to himself the noble verse of Browning:

"Then welcome each rebuff
Which turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain,
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the thro'!"

The rebuffs, in this case, refused to come, and earth remained stubbornly smooth and pleasant. The elixir of pain, which once he had drained to the dregs, is wholesome and beneficent only to him whose nature it deepens, strengthens, clarifies and stimulates to high achievement. But though its effects are never lost, its stimulating virtue will, in time, become exhausted. And Thorold, regretting that he could not remain the great painter that once he had been, felt yet a profound consolation in the sweet presence at his side, which was in his heart of hearts more precious to him than the lofty fame which might have been his. From the great R Elfreda received two letters, of twenty-five to thirty pages each, in which he described his impressions of India and alluded to his initiation into the mysteries of Esoteric Buddhism. He had not, as yet, liberated himself entirely from the galling chains of the flesh; but it appeared that he was in a fair way to accomplish his emancipation. Though he had not arrived at the degree of spirituality required to pass through closed doors, and transfer his astral body to any desired spot, regardless of material obstacles (and Elfreda was profoundly grateful for his failure), he hoped, by the time his letter reached her, to have made himself complete master of matter, and she might look for an unannounced visit from him at any moment.

It was at Elfreda's advice that Thorold decided to put away—to hide forever—the three pictures which paralyzed his energy and mocked his present endeavors. The Christ of Inexperience, the Christ of Love and the Christ of Sorrow were splendidly set in deep, simple frames which brought out beautifully the noble central figure. During a long summer night Thorold and Elfreda sat together gazing at them before they could make up their minds to hide

them in the boxes which had been prepared for them and which were not to be opened until after Thorold's death. For if he exhibited them now and reaped the fame which unquestionably they would bring him, how could he possibly continue his activity upon the lower plane where he now dwelt? Each performance of his would be judged by a standard of excellence which he had set himself, but which he was now no more capable of reaching. His life would then be one perpetual disappointment, both to himself and the public. It was in vain that Elfreda tried to persuade him that, having once achieved something of transcendent worth, the public and the critics would fail to discover any deterioration, but would impute to all his subsequent works the greatness which his acquired fame would bestow upon them. But to this he replied that, if he found contentment in such a deception, then he would, indeed, despair of himself and would deserve infamy instead of fame.

It was a pathetic scene which these two enacted together before they could make up their minds to screw on the lid of the last and the greatest of the pictures—the Christ of Sorrow. Elfreda then suddenly repented of her advice and implored her husband to exhibit the picture and reap the glory to which he was entitled. She hungered to have the world know his real greatness. With kisses and coaxing

persuasions she implored him to break the lid, to fling it away; but, as one who buries a beloved child, he fixed one last, loving glance upon the divine countenance, then put the great lid in place and screwed it on.

"I have bidden farewell to greatness in this life," he said; "I would not have the world say: Thorold Ballington had once the stuff for a great painter in him, but he has degenerated into a commonplace bungler. Far rather would I be accounted a mediocre artist in my lifetime; but on the day of my death you, dearest, or whoever shall survive me, will open a public exhibition of these three pictures; and then the name and fame of Thorold Ballington will be secure as long as Christ shall remain the loftiest ideal of humanity."

Thorold is yet alive, and so is Elfreda; and accordingly the three Christs are yet hidden from public view. The Ballingtons live alternately in Florence and in Munich, and have many warm friends in the American colony of both cities. Thorold is a popular and agreeable man; and his pictures find their way to all the great exhibitions in the capitals of Europe. He is accounted a clever and accomplished artist; and until the day of his death (which for Elfreda's sake I hope is remote) no one will dream that here is a man who will one day be named in the company of Raphael and Michael Angelo.





FALCONS AND FALCONRY.

BY CAPTAIN T. S. BLACKWELL.



LURE.

"Whatever sceptic could inquire for, For every why, he had a wherefore."

SAYS Hudibras, but it would be very hard to give the "wherefore" to the question: "Why has the fine old sport of falconry died out?"

Gone are the days of errantry—of gallant on richly caparisoned and ladies fair on palfreys and all the paraphernalia of this sport; but why so fascinating an amusement should be allowed to become a memory of the past seems unaccountable. An expensive sport, as compared with fox-hunting or shooting and fishing, when moors, manors or rivers have to be rented—a sport in which the fair sex can easily take part and one which is devoid of anything approaching cruelty—it is hard to understand why falconry has lost caste with our modern sportsmen. In England,

knight-knights steeds, ambling



of late years, spasmodic attempts to revive falconry have been made, but with poor success. One difficulty may be the procuring of the proper species of hawks and another the training of the

birds; but these are obstacles which would soon be overcome if falconry could be once resuscitated. The peregrine falcon has always taken the premier place in the estimation of the falconer. A handsome, shapely bird, with courage, speed and endurance, the peregrine was used for flying at large game. Like nearly all of the raptorial order, the female bird is much larger and more powerful than the male. This hawk is found in nearly every country, and from this circumstance, and the long flights it has been known to take, it no doubt acquired the title

of Falco Peregrinus. The length of the female bird is about eighteen inches, and that of the male bird three or four inches less.

The gerfalcon is



LEASH AND BELLS.



FALCON WITH BRAIL.

con measures about six inches more than the peregrine.

The hobby and the merlin are small but beautiful birds, with great powers of flight and a big share of pluck. They often have been known to fly at and strike birds much larger than themselves. These hawks—the latter especially—were the ladies' favorites in former times when falconry was in its glory.

The kestrel is very common, and has a beautiful and powerful flight, but from its timid nature it is useless for sporting purposes. The short-winged hawks are not true falcons but some of them can be used for the sport. The sparrow hawk and the goshawk are the best adapted, but the buzzard, hen harrier and kite can always be made subservient to the falconer's art. Like that celebrated receipt for hare soup, the primal move in falconry is to get the chief agent in the sport—the falcons.

The merlin or the sparrow hawk can be easily procured, and perhaps the goshawk; but the gerfalcon and the particularly, can obtained with difficulty. But, like every-else, let the demand once

the largest of the falcon tribe, and was considered to take rank with the female peregrine in flying at large game in the olden days. The gerfal-

spring up, and the supply would soon appear. Hawks are obtained by trapping in nets or are taken from the nest. Those taken in the first way are known as haggards, and are by far the boldest and best birds if they can be trained, but there is a great deal in that little

"if." Those taken from the nest are known as branchers and eyases.

The brancher is a bird that is just able to fly, and the eyas is the young bird taken from the nest and reared by hand.

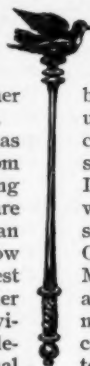
Haggards must, of course, be young birds, for it would be useless to attempt to reclaim an old bird. I suppose His Grace the Duke of Saint Albans, who holds the fine fat sinecure of Hereditary Grand Falconer to Her Majesty of Great Britain, ought to be able to give us hints in the management and reclaiming (to use the technical term) of hawks, but we shall have to do as best we can without him. The rearing of the eyas requires the greatest care. The food must consist of lean beef or mutton cut up small, and fed to it twice a day—morning and evening.

The falconer should always use the same cry to call his young birds to their feed as he will use in training them to come to the lure.

The feeding of hawks in a captive state exacts great attention. A certain amount of feathers or fur mixed with their food seems to be necessary to insure the proper action of the stomach; and if this is not given the birds soon mope and die. As with all the raptorial, the fur and feathers are ejected in a hard ball, and are known as the castings. The first stage in training a young hawk is to accustom it to the hood—a leather headpiece which is constantly worn except when the bird is flown at its quarry. There are different methods of bringing a refractory "haggard" to subjection, but, leaving them to more experienced hands, we will confine ourselves to the more amenable



FALCON WITH BRAIL AND HOOD.



FALCONER WITH CAGE.

Charles Chapman



MUFFER HOOD.

eyas. When familiarized to the hood, the bird must next be accustomed to the bells, jesses and leash. The first mentioned are always kept on the hawk, the bells being attached by slips of leather to the legs; the jesses are light little leather straps with a ring at the end of each. These are fastened to the legs, and a light swivel on the end of the leash can be hooked in the rings. The leash is a thin strap, terminating with a silk cord a few feet in length.



PEREGRINE FALCON.

Accustoming the hawk to the jesses is one of the first lessons to be taught. By petting, and the bestowal of choice tidbits, the bird will in time come to look on the master's fist as a favorite perch. When calling the hawk to the fist the same cry or whistle must always be given. After a time the bird should be allowed to fly the length of its leash and cord, and be brought back to the fist at will.

Of course it must be trained to do this without its hood. The hawk has also to be broken to come at once to the lure, which is usually a bunch of showy feathers of some sort, with a piece of raw meat in the centre and a short cord at-



LURE.

tached. By feeding the hawk on flesh tied to the lure, it will very soon learn to fly to it at once when it is waved in the air. This will be lesson No. 1 in

flying. The hawk will be taken out hungry by the master, and an assistant at a short distance will swing the lure about. The falconer will allow his pupil to see the lure well, when he will cast the bird off and the probability is that it will strike at the lure, when it should be allowed to feed on the flesh.

The first few lessons, of course, must be given with the leash attached, but when perfectly assured of the pupil's tractability, this and the jesses may be removed. The first flight at live quarry must be at a pigeon or other bird confined by a long, light cord.

By degrees the hawk can at last be safely flown at wild game, when the trainer will be amply rewarded for all the time and care he has bestowed on his feathered pupil's tuition.

Another important part of the training of hawks is teaching them to "wait on." This is training them to follow their master when they are on the wing. To accomplish this, the falcon is let loose in some open space, such as common, heath or down, when she will circle round the falconer looking for the lure. A favorable opportunity must be watched for and a pigeon flown so that she can easily catch it. Having been put through this process two or three times, on being released the falcon will immediately rise above the



HOOD. C.B.C.



KESTREL.



MERLINS.

falconer and circle round him looking for quarry. This is waiting on. A well-trained bird on being cast off will rise to some height above her master and wait on him from field to field, watching for him to flush the quarry for her.

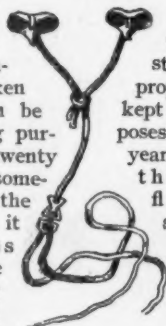
In falconry, the heron has always been looked on as the royal quarry, and it is still common enough in most parts of the temperate zone, if we only can procure the proper hawks for the purpose, viz.: the female peregrine or the rare gerfalcon. A pair of hawks were always flown at a heron, and the scene then might be likened to an aerial coursing match. The stoops made by the hawk are avoided with a sudden turn by the heron, much resembling the turns by greyhounds and hare in coursing. The various varieties of duck, rooks, pigeons, partridge, and other birds are flown at by the different species of hawks, according to size and speed. Very good sport can be had with the pretty little

merlin flown at a lark, sparrow or other small bird.

To the true enjoyment of this fascinating sport it is essential that the falcon should be in perfect health. And this means, beyond everything else, plenty of exercise. In their wild state, hawks spend hours daily upon the wing, and never should a fine day pass during their captivity when their natural desire for flight is not indulged. They are restless, active birds, as everyone knows whose knowledge of them is not derived from the ill-kept, cooped-up specimens in zoological gardens. They should be kept as much as possible in open air. They love the sun—especially the morning sun. And they must be given plenty of clean, fresh water

for bathing otherwise your hawk will fly to some day water in- stead of to its proper care of, kept serviceable poses for from fifteen to twenty years.

There is something very graceful in the flight of a hawk as it sails away on motionless pinions, in those wide circles into the blue, until at last it secures the quarry, swoops like a flash and bears the stricken prey to the earth. Anyone who has watched this exciting pursuit has some appreciation of what a falconer must experience, as with thrilling interest he views the gyral flight of his favorites.



COLLAR.



LURING THE FALCON.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

LABOR organizations have selected the 1st of May for the demonstration of their extent and uniform, universal purpose of establishing a world-wide law that eight hours shall constitute a day's work, and they have succeeded this year in agitating the nations in a greater degree than ever before. This continent seems to have been less disturbed than Europe, and the reason for the difference is found in the superior strength and enlightenment of organized labor in this country, and the greater freedom it enjoys from the excitement of direct contention with the government. Why should the people be revolutionists, who have but to put forth their hands to grasp official power? It is a subject upon which citizens of intelligence and impartiality differ, whether the warfare of strikes may be the better avoided by increasing and perfecting unions, and massing in them more and more the multitudes who have the work of cunning hands and brawny muscles to do. The disorder that is most destructive arises from lack of discipline, the absence of authority and of the sense of responsibility. Labor needs, that there may be justice done and that peace shall prevail, as good brains for guidance, as cool heads in negotiation and as clear sight in executive action, as capital employs. It has been unfortunate that in Europe there were, during the May festivals of labor, several scenes of turbulence and a few incidents of bloodshed. Those elemental forces that are in the masses of men seeking emancipation from monarchical institutions, and the oppressive restraint of standing armies, naturally use the organizations of labor because they are expressive of popular rights, and friction follows. When there is violence we may trace it to the anxiety of the anarchists to involve the industrial classes in their schemes to annihilate the proudest monuments and grandest results of industry, and to the solicitude of the people of privilege, in which they confess inherent weakness, to employ the machinery of force. There is much convincing testimony that the European conditions promise augmentation of popular

movements, and that the divinity of the rule by the will of the few and the military machine may be rudely and successfully challenged; and the anarchists would have us believe that the republican forms of government, as well as others, must be overthrown in the progress that they prophesy; but we do not see what their desperate remedies have to do with a country that is without hereditary rulers or standing army. When it becomes the rule for the people to govern themselves, there will no doubt be the gravest and most delicate problems to solve, and the solution yielding the greatest good to the greatest number must come through orderly revolution, the application of the higher education of men in practical politics to the promotion of the general welfare.

* * *

CURRENT history continually reminds us of the marvellous growth of our country, and of the increase of the intimacy and the influence of our relations with the other nations of the earth. The oceans are no longer barriers. With the exception of the Pacific they are crossed by cables, and the news of the day through the journals, in association and competition, becomes the common property of mankind. The money centres of the world are in constant communication and daily and hourly affect each other. The shock that the Barings could not withstand was the result of losses in South America, and the money that could not be raised on Argentine securities was found in the sale of stocks of the United States held in London. Again, the persecution of the Jews in Russia, during her efforts to readjust her finances in preparing for the contingencies of war, causes the Rothschilds to decline a loan on the ground that it was inopportune, while the resentment of Russia appears in her calls for gold due her Imperial bank, from the banks of Amsterdam, Berlin, Paris and London. And American gold is shipped to sustain western Europe. Whether there is trouble in Buenos Ayres or Saint Petersburg, we, as well as England, par-

ticipate in it. Our interests are without geographical limitation, and the great globe that is our scene of labor, is with startling rapidity, developing not so much the pride of the great peoples and the vanity of the conquering races, but the tendency to unity and teaching that, after all, we are of one blood and one destiny. The laws that we form for the advantage of our own people concern those who dwell on the Danube, the Elbe and the Seine, and the treaties we make with Brazil and Spain are debated by the cabinets of Great Britain and of Germany and France. One of our lynching mobs storms a prison and there is a slaughter of natives of Sicily, and his majesty the King of Italy challenges our attention and demands an indemnity. There is a civil war on the south Pacific and, in the efforts to guard our obligations to a friendly government, a ship of war cleared for action is driven at full speed into the waters of South America, and where we thought all was peace there is a flash like lightning that reveals the conditions of warfare.

The world is so compassed by the forces of the period, and the weight of our nation is so mighty in the largest affairs, that we must consent to the possession of power and wield it for mankind. It is not confined to our own hemisphere, and its exercise in wisdom is the debt we owe beyond the seas for the blood that on our soil and under our skies has been so fruitful that in a century we have been endowed with the strength, if we measure by the historic precedents, of a thousand years.

* * *

THREE events in Germany have attracted the attention of all students of current history—the election of Bismarck to the German parliament, the death of Moltke, and the Dusseldorf declaration of the emperor that he alone is master and will be intolerant of all others. After the age at which American generals are retired, Moltke's plans of campaign were worked out successfully by armies in Austria and France, and in both wars success was gained by the extreme alacrity and energy with which the troops were rushed into the field and heavy blows delivered upon those comparatively unprepared. It seems to be the judgment of Europe that a new system of warfare has been developed, and that in it Moltke furnishes the

great examples of mastery. The basis of it is in organizing the nation so that all able-bodied men shall be trained soldiers, and providing that when the signal is given every man shall know where he belongs and what he has to do, and the telegraphs and railroads shall be used instantly and thoroughly in massing and hurling forward the troops, for whom ample equipment is in store. The Moltke machine, put in motion at a touch, is a marvel—a nation in arms—and its imitation by France has been a necessity. Only Russia and the United States, by numerical strength and inaccessibility, are exempt. There is a popular opinion that Moltke had prepared for the campaigns of the future in all directions under almost all possible circumstances, so that he has left stored wisdom that will win victories in the coming years. The truth is not co-extensive with the theory. Schemes of strategy may be elaborated looking to the aggressive or defensive in combat with France, Austria or Russia, but to be of use in actual service they must be general in character. We may be sure that the enemies of Germany in combats hereafter will not be taken by surprise, as Austria and France were; that there will be blows to receive as well as to give. No people can surpass the Germans in preparation, and when the emperor stamps his feet the glittering legions will arise; but when they are mustered there must be living intelligence to direct, and generals on horseback as well as in studios.

It is believed the influence of Moltke has been strongly for peace, and that with his departure a conservative atmosphere of the highest importance has been removed. Germany is not as firm in her supremacy as she was two years ago. Ill-conceived efforts to placate France have been mischievous failures. The subordination of Italy to German influence is no longer reliable. The attitude of Austria is equivocal, and the exertions through a commercial treaty to regain her confidence and make sure of her coöperation have disturbed the southern Germans, whose identification with Prussia is difficult. The czar does not propose perpetual submission to the intrigues that make of the kingdoms Russia conquered from the Turks barricades against the advance of her eastern policy, which looks, of course,

now, as for a century, to the ultimate occupation of Constantinople.

* * *

The statesmanship of Bismarck in the lifetime of the old emperor appeared in his consummate care to consolidate the empire by the flattery as well as through the fears of each of the minor kingdoms, to give Russia the greatest consideration consistent with the complacency of Austria—and that is where the forces are weighed in fine balances—all the while cultivating the alliance of the Italian and Austrian governments, to interfere with close relations between the Russians and French. This was to provide that central Europe should be solid against the extremities. Manifestly the preservation of the peace between the great military powers depends upon the continuance substantially of this system. The situation has changed unfavorably already, and the young emperor, in asserting himself as the one master of all, as a warning to the old chancellor, has gone far beyond his constitutional authority and treated with contempt the Versailles convention of the German states that is at the foundation of the imperial structure. Not merely is Germany comparatively isolated; her internal harmony is disturbed. Bavaria, Baden, Saxony, Mecklenburg, Wurtemberg, are dissatisfied with the arrogance of the German emperor, and it is evident that another year's drift as things are going would find German unity seriously shaken. These events warrant the finding by the world of immense significance in Bismarck's reappearance in public life as a representative of the people. It is perhaps not true that the adjournment of the Reichstag was hurried by his election, but it is evident his character has lost none of its force. He is the one living representative of the great victories and constructive days of Germany, united and glorious, and the eccentric activity of the young emperor, joined with his surprising estimation of himself, dispose the people to take the deepest concern in what the Iron Colossus may have to say of a popular sort. His words will have greater weight with the masses of men than in greater times. Once he used the executive to save and aggrandize the state. The task before him is to employ parliament to limit the overbearing suf-

ficiency of the crowned head of the empire he created. The last task is not less patriotic and essential than the first; and if the Prince of blood and iron succeeds, the service will be the fitting close of a career the most uncommon and influential of this generation.

* * *

THE last public service that Samuel J. Tilden performed was in writing a letter urging the importance of providing for the national defence. His sagacity was clear that our heedless exposure of enormously rich cities to the armed nations invited insult and suggested spoliation. At the close of the southern war the people were all weary. They had given the world an impressive example of their potentiality in arms, and it was their deepest desire to learn war no more. They wanted a deep, long sleep without war's alarms. The drum and fife, the steel and brass, had ceased to charm. The universal feeling was that we didn't want to fight anyone and that no one would care to assail us. It became the general passion to perfect peace at home and reduce the public debt. We might have spent, in competition with European shipbuilders and gunmakers, thousands of millions, but it would have been necessary to cut the pensions and go on with the debt as it was when we emerged from the conflict in which it was accumulated. The nation has had its period of repose, and Mr. Tilden gave his influence in good time to call to the public attention a critical condition. Recently, the stinging sense that we were subjected to indignity because not prepared for war, has been felt by the general public. If our harbors on the Pacific coast were defended by modern artillery and we could afford to send all our war ships to that ocean, the Canadian fleet, fitted out to complete the destruction of our seal fishery, while Salisbury superciliously presses an evasive arbitration, would make themselves as scarce in our waters as in those of Russia. The advantage that Russia has is not so much in the superiority of her navy over ours, as in the fact that her ports are well fortified. Great Britain menaces us with her ships at Vancouver, and her fleets at or within easy reach of Halifax and Bermuda, if we dare to enforce for ourselves the terms of the convention for a

close season, to which she once agreed in principle; and Italy, in the consciousness of her big ships and guns, poses impatient and irritable over the New Orleans incident, because our Secretary of State recites the law of the form of government under which we live. This affords an object lesson that must not be lost. The fear of the reproach of extravagance will not intimidate American congressmen hereafter when they are called upon to vote liberal appropriations for the manufacture of magazine rifles, far-reaching artillery and mortars, torpedoes and ironclads. Two things have combined to shape appearances against us, and perhaps exaggerate our immediate incapacity of self-defence. One is the fact that the Atlantic is not a week wide for first-class steamers, and the other that years are required to construct an armored ocean-going ship of war. Several of the famous flyers that are best known to New York have been built with a view to war purposes, notably the Teutonic and Majestic, and their officers are familiar with our waters. We could not, for some years, compete with England in fighting vessels on the open ocean, but we could in a few weeks make our great city impregnable to assault by sea. The ponderous ships, of which we stand too much in awe, must have deep water, and the removal of the ordinary channel marks would stop them all outside of Sandy Hook. If there was danger from second-class vessels, half a dozen ferry boats and Hudson river steamers loaded with iron or stone could be sunk in a row, and convenient to them an array of fixed torpedoes would be regarded with respect, and we could send out an effective squadron of torpedo boats and rams. The strongest shore fortifications are readily prepared. The modern system is not to erect stately structures, but to hide the guns below the surface. The forts that guard Strasburg appear to the traveller in the summer time as low green mounds. The inventive genius of our countrymen has appeared in the production, at a low rate of expense compared with the proficiencies of Europe, of guns that for range, force and endurance are equal to the best of England, whose mistake has been in wasting her millions in manufacturing monsters.

The most formidable ironclads would

treat half a dozen of our new guns, mounted behind a sandhill, with the most distinguished consideration. We have a still more terrible weapon in mortars arranged in groups, and ready to shower bombs of smashing weight, filled with high explosives, upon the decks of the ships that, covered with ten or twenty inches of armor, are unguarded against tremendous missiles dropping from the sky. These batteries are so far prepared that they could be made ready in a few days. Whatever may be the fact as to the Italians, the English have many ironclads that can cross the Atlantic, and they have coal stations and docks in convenient positions; but there is no reason to fear that they could find and maintain themselves in a place to seriously bombard Brooklyn or New York. Their huge guns are slow and uncertain and rapidly deteriorate in action. It is misleading to state the number of miles shot may be thrown, for it is hard to give the guns on ships extreme long-range elevations, and a few bolts striking a city do little damage. If the Egyptians at Alexandria had possessed some of our best guns and one of our mortar batteries, they would have beaten off the British fleet, whose work there was surprisingly awkward and inefficient. The most vulnerable place on our coast, as naval warfare would be carried on, is between the capes of Virginia, and the first stroke by a British fleet would not be aimed at New York, but Norfolk, to establish a base of operations and a sally port for destructive expeditions. The Italian demonstration will prove useful in securing the serious regard of Congress for the safety of our shores on two oceans and the great lakes, and the American Mediterranean, and ample provision for the building of ships, ready to "thunderstrike the walls of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake."

* * *

THE journey of President Harrison began auspiciously in the southern states and was continued without a break in the general interest or the attendant incidents of happy fortunes, along the line of our possessions on the Pacific ocean, returning through the silver mountains and over the vast central plains to the land of the cornstalk and the river of Washington—10,000 miles by special train, all the

way on the time announced. Never before did the head of a great nation perform such a pilgrimage, placing himself in the hands of the people of all sections and persuasions, speaking to them with the inspiration of their sympathy and the eloquence of an informed enthusiasm. The president could not have performed a more handsome public service or one of greater magnitude. His admirable addresses have improved and adorned the occasion. There are few citizens who have not felt that it is only honest and fair to express satisfaction and pride that the chief magistrate sustains so superbly the dignity and fame of his great office. The spirit of his speeches has been worthy his lofty position. His patriotism was above partisanship. He invoked the exalted sentiments of nationality and appealed to the sense of justice that is historical and universal. He found the same people in all the states from the Potomac to the Rio Grande and the Pacific, on the mountains and the plains, in the Mississippi valley and on the Atlantic slope, and he has preached to them the gospel of unity, law and progress, doing something marked, distinct and palpable for the American public opinion that vitalizes the constitution and adores the flag, and instructing the people in behalf of the policy that is broad as the land and enlightened as the age; that would improve generously rivers and harbors and extend commerce that our civilization may grasp all the American opportunities of empire. That the president has been profoundly impressed by the people he has met, and will come to tasks before him with an enlarged horizon and clearer and brighter atmosphere, we believe: and that he has imparted, as he has received, good influences, gained in the general respect and improved in the public confidence, is the common understanding of the country.

* * *

An interest that reflects credit upon the intelligence and public spirit of the people of New York has been taken in the preservation of the Adirondack forest, that the last great tract of native wilderness in

the state may not be destroyed, the headwaters of the Hudson maintained as living streams, and all the wholesome influences of the pines perpetuated for the pleasure and health of the generations to come. After zealous and long-continued efforts by citizens of influence in ordinary affairs, to secure legislation effective for the protection of the trees and the springs, that one splendid touch of nature may be forever the property of the people and the crowning ornament of the state, the conclusion seems to be reached that the public sentiment that is so effusive for the park lacks the executive quality and nothing can be done. Meantime the irretrievable mischief goes on, the trees are massacred and each year the raids upon the forest are more expensive and disastrous. The latest destroyer projected is a railroad, and all the agencies of devastation will go with it. The elementary difficulty is that even in New York the American passion for cutting, splitting, and sawing timber is insatiable. We have Arbor Days, and the children plant young trees, but the rude and ruling public opinion looks upon this as sentimentalism, and complacently counts the logs as they go to market. We therefore witness the widening areas of treeless country, the silvery rivulets perishing, ravines that are dry or torrents sweeping away the richness of the soil, preparing for the deserts that are the cancers of the continents. There is a growth of enlightenment on this subject, but it is painfully slow, and when there is a sense of its importance realized, the signs of the times are that the Adirondacks will be shorn of their attraction, and the noble Hudson reduced and more and more poisoned by the drainage of cities. There is still time to fight in defence of the last of the New York forests, and hope, in the fact that the forest fires which have wasted New Jersey and Michigan and spread a red haze across the skies of Cuba, have not largely wasted the park we would preserve. The vigilance that has prevented incendiarism has in it great promise. New York should begin a campaign of education by sending a commission to study forest culture in Germany.



Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



A CENTURY OF PEACE.

IT is more than a year since this department of the *Cosmopolitan* called the attention of its readers to the possibility of the establishment of a permanent American tribunal which should "exist," and be ready to adjudicate in any questions which might be submitted to it.

The great Pan-American congress took some steps in this direction. It did not create such a tribunal, as some of its members would have been glad to do, but it did make the strongest possible recommendation that all disputes arising between American states should be submitted to arbitration.

The next stage would be the establishment of a permanent board of arbitration as an advance on the difficult and complicated method of appointing a separate board for each case. In such a step forward we shall take exactly the course which all civilized nations have taken, in providing permanent courts instead of leaving each matter to a new and separate board of arbiters.

The suggestion thus made is the most important suggestion in this direction which has been made since the Supreme court of the United States was established 100 years ago. In the establishment of that court a "permanent tribunal" was made which has since decided all questions in dispute between the various states which make up this nation. At that time there were thirteen such states. There are now more than forty. Every question which has arisen between them, except those involved in the great Civil

War, has been determined by the permanent and supreme tribunal which was then established. The questions of the Civil War were intentionally left out, by the timidity of the men who made the Constitution, from the possibility of adjudication by that tribunal. Those questions are now adjudicated, and the Supreme court of the United States makes of those states the greatest peace society which the world has ever looked upon.

* * *

BEFORE that time the best effort in this direction was that made by Henry IV., the greatest king of France, called by him "The Great Design." During all the successful years of his reign Henry held in view, in his wars and statesmanship, "The Great Design."

He secured for it the respect of Elizabeth and her ministers, as of his other allies. It was a proposal, simply, to make a union of the fifteen most important powers of Europe. They were to have but one army and one navy. This provision was made for operations against the Mussulmans, or such savages as the Russians then were. Eleven monarchies and four republics were to be united in this league; and at the moment when Henry was killed he had obtained the assent of twelve of the fifteen states to the plan of union.

A senate, to be in regular and constant session, "a permanent tribunal," was to determine the regulations of commerce and other mutual interests. It was proposed that for affairs not continental, but

more local in their character, a part of these senators might meet, separately from the others. The executive, who was to carry out the plans of the senate, was to be, not Henry himself, as the cynical reader supposes, but the Emperor of Germany.

In proposing a plan so large Henry and Elizabeth both disclaimed any desire to increase their own territories and power. And, practically, all Europe, excepting Austria, controlling Spain, was in accord, and, which is more, was in arms to compel the assent of Spain to it. It was then that the assassin Ravaillac, acting probably as the tool of persons more important, struck a knife into Henry's heart. He died on the moment, and the Great Design died with him. There has been no moment so fortunate as the present in which such a plan could be well renewed.

This plan had the weakness which has been the ruin of most such devices. It was a scheme which was suggested from above, and was compulsory on those below. France, under Henry, was the strongest power in Europe, or he thought it was. He thought, therefore, that a plan of disarmament, of which all would have the benefit, would be popular among them all. But the weaker powers are apt to regard such plans of disarming as the passengers in a Texan stagecoach regard the proposals of the robbers who bid them all give up their pistols. As late as the year 1787, when our own constitutional convention met, the small states felt such a jealousy of Massachusetts and Virginia, which were then the large states. They feared that some time might come when a state as large as New York now is might dictate the candidate for the presidency and always insist on the election of one of her own sons.

Still, as I said, twelve of fifteen nations had assented to Henry's plan. The assent of Switzerland, the thirteenth, was certain. Had Austria been defeated in the pending campaign, it seems certain that the plan would have been tried under the oversight of the prince whose ministers, with his eager assent, had wrought it out.

The German emperor, who was to be the executive, was chosen by eight of the powers of central Europe.

Our fathers would virtually have repeat-

ed Henry's plan had they arranged that a council of envoys from the older states should choose the governor of one of the states president of the nation. Such a president, having transferred the seat of the national government to his own state, would assume the command of the national army, by which to hold them in control and keep them from fighting with each other. Such an assumption of power on the part of one state, though yielded by the mutual consent of all, would hardly differ from the conquest of the weakest by the strongest. There is no wonder that all interest in such a scheme died out with the murder of its great projector. But in that murder, as I said, Europe lost the only chance she had for peaceful confederation in 250 years. And it cannot be said that this chance was a good one.

When one brings forward again the plan of a permanent tribunal the extra wise people shake their heads and say: "Folly and fanaticism." They say: "You know the civilized world never has lived in peace; and you know, therefore, that it never will."

They say this, as they say most things, because in their extra wisdom they are very ignorant.

* * *

THE truth is that the world owes a great deal of its present civilization to that long period of peace under Hadrian, Trajan and the Antonines which made the end of the first century and the whole of the second so fortunate and prosperous that Gibbon calls it the most happy period of history. War was simply the defence of the civilized world against savages. Within the world of civilization there was "no war nor battle sound."

Gibbon's description is too long to copy here. But it is well worth the while of any reader to recur to it, particularly if he be of the Gradgrind persuasion. And it is not only interesting, it has that other great recommendation and advantage, that it is true. Thus he says:

"The obedient provinces were united by laws and adorned by arts. They might occasionally suffer from the partial abuse of delegated authority, but the general principle of government was wise, simple and beneficent. They enjoyed the religion of their ancestors, while in civil honors and advantages they were exalted, by just

degrees, to an equality with their conquerors.

"Domestic peace and union were the natural consequences of [this] moderate and comprehensive policy. The obedience of the Roman world was uniform, voluntary and permanent. The legions were destined to secure property against the public enemy and the civil magistrate seldom required the aid of military force. In this state of general security, the leisure as well as opulence both of the prince and people were devoted to improve and adorn the Roman empire.

"They united the most distant provinces by easy and familiar intercourse, and the communication by sea was no less free and open than by land. The productions of happier climates and the industry of more civilized nations were gradually introduced into western Europe. Almost all the flowers, herbs and fruits of our European gardens are of foreign extraction. Flax, for instance, was transplanted from Egypt to the extreme west of Europe; peaches, apples and pears came from Asia by similar transfer.

"The tranquil and prosperous state of the empire was warmly felt and honestly confessed everywhere. The true principles of social life, laws, agriculture and science, first invented by the wisdom of Athens, were firmly established by the power of Rome, under whose auspicious influences the present barbarians were united by an equal government and a common language. The human race visibly multiplied with the improvement of arts. Men celebrated the increasing splendor of cities, the beautiful face of the country, cultivated and adorned like an immense garden, and the long festival of peace in which so many nations forgot their ancient animosities, and were deterred from the apprehensions of future danger."

* * *

WE are attempting, in this department, to prepare those readers of the *Cosmopolitan* who will live in the twentieth century for some of the surprises of that century. If those readers do their duty there is every reason why they and their children should live through a century as free from the horrors of war as this celebrated century of the Antonines.

If one chooses to go another step in such considerations, the direction for those steps

is indicated again in our own Constitution. That Constitution forbids standing armies in any state. Only the nation may have a standing army. The states must rely on a militia: that is, on a force of armed citizens, not an army, for any military purposes, such as the suppression of riots or sedition. It is clear enough to see that if a plan of international arbitration could be accompanied by an agreement by the states who are parties to it, to unite in a disarmament, the success of the plan would be far more probable.

If, for instance, in agreeing to a central tribunal, they would agree that their standing armies at home should be only one-fifth of what they are now, then the plan of arbitration would have five times the chances which it would have otherwise. When I saw the Hungarian parliament in session in 1873, I was very much interested to see how largely this notion of disarmament occupied their leaders. I had more than one opportunity of conversing with some of those gentlemen. I ought to say, in passing, that they knew quite as much of our American methods and our system as you would expect a well-educated American to know. The two things they most wanted to talk with me about were the system which makes the church a voluntary establishment, and the kindred system of armament or defence which makes the military strength of our country consist in a militia of its citizens and not in a standing army. Mr. Evarts has said wisely and wittily that the peasant of Europe, in doing his work, has to carry a soldier on his back. This is perfectly true. And I have known no men who deplored its truth more eagerly than those Hungarian statesmen who saw their own people oppressed by the weight and cost of a standing army.

We must remember that in Henry's time and Elizabeth's the terrible machine we know as the standing army was hardly known. When the Great Design compelled every state in Europe to give up the charge of its own army, it proposed only what they all expected to do as soon as peace came. The Great Design proposed that to keep the peace they should keep for a European army 21,000 men from each state. Even the smaller states of Europe, today, keep, in peace, armies as large as Henry proposed for the whole.

CONCERNING THREE AMERICAN NOVELS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

"A TRULY good book," said Thoreau, "is something as natural and as unexpectedly and unaccountably fair and perfect as a wild flower discovered on the prairies of the West or in the jungles of the East." Is this so? Is it not rather one of the paradoxes which are not true? Taken at the letter of the word Thoreau seems to me to demand that literary art shall be as unconscious and as inevitable as a process of nature. Now, the art which is wholly unconscious of the means whereby it attains its ends will succeed in attaining those ends only now and again, once in a way, intermittently, not to say spasmodically. Savant, learned, is an adjective of high praise in the mouths of French critics; and even in Pope's time it was declared that "those move easiest who have learned to dance."

Nowadays I doubt if poetry even is more self-conscious than prose fiction, more sophisticated, more keenly aware of its own methods, more deliberate in its experiments. The novelists of today are forever writing criticisms of other novelists that they may declare the code by which they wish to be judged themselves; unwittingly, they often lay down the law to their own undoing. If M. Zola, for example, were judged by the strict letter of the law as set forth in his volume of critical essays on the Roman Experimental, there is not one of his vigorous and brutal tales which would escape the hand of the hangman. M. Jules Lemaitre found it easy to prove that when M. Zola asserted that the novel of the future should be naturalistic or nothing, he decreed the annihilation of his own stories, which are not compounded according to the naturalistic prescription of their author. Probably, however, this example would not move Thoreau, for it is at least open to doubt whether he would accept any one of M. Zola's novels as "a truly good book."

Although there is now in the fiction of our language no towering personality like that of Thackeray, of Hawthorne or of George Eliot, there has never been a time when the novel was more abundantly and

successfully cultivated. Nor has there ever been a time when the average novel achieved so high a level. And of personalities, if not towering, at least rising above the ordinary stature of man, there are not a few. In Great Britain there is Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, brightest and briskest of story tellers—but who so bold as to suggest that any phrase of his might be unconscious? There is Mr. George Meredith, in the dark aphorisms of whose *Pilgrim's Scrip* many profess to find a keen delight. There is Mr. Thomas Hardy—and perhaps his are the tales our grandchildren will cherish most of any of our time. There are others of a wider popularity, it may be, but popular favor comes and goes in the twinkling of an eye; and he who makes the public wink today may put them to sleep tomorrow. Where Sir Walter Scott slew his thousands, Mr. Rider Haggard has slain his ten thousands; but there was once an author of *Guy Livingstone*, apostle of muscular paganism, and where is he now? There are others who have the red of a penny writer, and where will they be in a week or a fortnight? That profound student of humanity, Mr. "Bill Nye," recently referred to the late Charles Dickens as "The Rudyard Kipling of his time"—and there is a whole volume of criticism in this chance phrase.

* * *

In the United States there are novelists, a plenty and it would be easy to name three that one might match against the champions of England. It is not for me, now and here, to discuss the gifts and the methods of Mr. Howells, of Mr. James and of Mr. Cable; but in any triple combat between them and Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, the American who did not back his own colors would be a craven, of course, and also would be deficient in the critical faculty and in an understanding of the principles of fiction. From an artistic point of view we Americans have one overwhelming advantage over our British brethren; we are freed from the slavery of the three-volume form—a Procrustean bed whereon many an

Englishman has groaned out his life. An American writes his story at what length he must, or long or short; and never need he think of the number of pages it has to fill. An Englishman only too often writes his story to extend through exactly twenty-six instalments in the Illustrated London News and then to be republished in the orthodox three volumes of the circulating library. It is, perhaps, not fair to see in the tolerance of the three-volume form a chief reason for the present inferiority of fiction of Great Britain to the fiction of France and of the United States; but no doubt it has been a potent factor in bringing about this result.

Like their British brethren, American novelists are bound to respect the innocent ignorance of the maidens who read the magazines; and so only a half, or two-thirds, or at the very utmost three-quarters of life gets into literature. That in Great Britain and in the United States fiction is read chiefly by women, a very large proportion of whom are unmarried, must operate as a restraint upon the novelist. The evil is bearable, perhaps, so long as it results only in the omitting from the picture of colors and lights and shadows which ought to be there if life is to be portrayed adequately; but it becomes intolerable when the novelist, not content with leaving out what he is afraid will offend these readers, feminine and juvenile, is moved to put in what he hopes will please the same immature taste. The novelist's art, like the dyer's hand, becomes subdued to what it works in. No one has set forth this condition of things more trenchantly than Walter Bagehot, from whose essay on the *Waverley Novels* I cannot refrain from making this quotation:

"By a very terrible example of the way in which in this world great interests are postponed to little ones, the genius of authors is habitually sacrificed to the tastes of readers. In this age the great readers of fiction are young people; the addiction of these is to romance; and accordingly a kind of novel has become so familiar to us as almost to engross the name, which deals solely with the passion of love; and if it uses other parts of human life for the occasions of its art, it does so only cursorily and occasionally, and with a view of throwing into a stronger or more delicate light those sentimental parts

of earthly affairs which are the special objects of delineation. All prolonged delineation of other parts of human life is considered 'dry,' stupid, and distracts the mind of the youthful generation from the 'fantasies' which peculiarly charm it."

Perhaps I am unduly swayed by the patriotic bias, but I am inclined to think that the pseudo-romantic fiction made to move immature minds is commoner in England than in America, and that here our best novelists have a more wholesome regard for the reality of things. Mr. Howells and Mr. James and Mr. Cable do not solely concern themselves with the idle loves of young men and maidens.

* * *

If evidence were wanted that calf-love is not the staple of American fiction it may be found in the new and virile novel which Mr. H. H. Boyesen has recently published. There are two heroes in the *Mammon of Unrighteousness*—if either of them can fairly be called a hero, as to which the court reserves its opinion; and of these two heroes one gets married at the 276th page of the tale and the other on the 312th page, and the novel has 386 pages in all. There is no echo of wedding bells lingering deceptively on the ears of the readers of this story, and falsely suggesting that life is rounded by marriage, and that what is best worth showing in fiction is that part of man's career which precedes his "establishing" himself. Calf-love is not the main motive of the *Mammon of Unrighteousness*, as it is not the chief end of man. It may be, therefore, that Mr. Boyesen's novel will not, in Bagehot's words, "afford to some young gentlemen and some young ladies either the peculiar stimulus or the peculiar solace which they desire." But it will please all those who are for the frank presentation of the impression made on the author by a consideration of certain of the elementary facts of American life and of American character.

For the *Mammon of Unrighteousness* is intensely American, wholly and absolutely American. It is only in a chance word that the native can detect the foreigner to whom our language is not his mother tongue; and it is only now and again, at long intervals, that a false note jars on our ears. Just as Mr. Henry James, in the *Tragic Muse* (which is in some ways

his strongest and subtlest story), has resolutely refrained from introducing a single American, confining himself wholly to British characters and to those whom the British would call "foreigners," so Mr. Boyesen has denied himself the privilege of presenting any of those naturalized Scandinavians or Germans he has before portrayed with such perfect understanding and appreciation. This foregoing of natural advantages is perhaps not the choice of wisdom, but in the present instance it is justified by the result. The Mammon of Unrighteousness is American through and through—American in its characters, in its action, in its scenery—American at times in a certain rawness of atmosphere—American especially in the central figure of the story.

The Honorable Obed Larkin, founder of the Larkin university at Torryville, in the lake region of the state of New York, is one of the most lifelike figures in recent fiction. He is aggressively alive; he is vitally true; he is American beyond all peradventure, being a product of our institutions and absolutely impossible elsewhere; and in a measure he is indisputably typical. He is a narrow-minded money maker, who has a vague, ill-defined desire to help on his fellow man. He likes making money for the enjoyment he gets out of the operation. He tells one of his nephews that "the fun that's to be had out of money is in getting it, not in spending it"—a very American sentiment. "A million is a hard taskmaster," he adds. "I mean to leave you your own master. I began as a poor boy myself, with two empty hands; and I never should have been the man I am if I had started at the top. I believe it is a calamity to a man of your ability to commence his career with his pockets full of money." Obed Larkin, having made his fortune, gives the most of it to found a university. "I was a poor boy," he says, "and had no chance for book learning. I always thought I should have amounted to something in the world if I had had it. I don't want any poor boy or girl to suffer as I did, for want of a chance to learn, and then feel, as I do, what he might have been. That is the reason that university stands there on the hilltop."

What is most admirable in Mr. Boyesen's book is the unswerving fidelity

with which this figure is set before us; he is never sentimentalized and never caricatured; he is treated with the most equable fairness. His self-willed benevolence is shown; his force of character, his strength of will, his hardness of purpose, his rugged kindliness—all these are revealed in action, one after another. Especially praiseworthy is the skill with which the author has let us see the relation of the founder to his own university, his complete ignorance as to what a university really is, and his insistent domination over the one he had founded and over all who were connected with it. At first sight a reader may doubt the necessity of the chapter in which the students play a trick on the old man and put him to dragging the Nile in the belief that one of his nephews has been murdered; the joke is not in the best taste, certainly, but perhaps it serves its purpose in showing the attitude of the undergraduates toward their intractable benefactor.

The story of Obed Larkin's first marriage is possibly a little forced; certainly it is not typical or characteristic of a man like him that he should have adopted his own daughter by a divorced wife, his second wife being in ignorance of the first wife's existence. But even here there is no time wasted in mystery-mongering of the old romantic school; and there is fine skill in the way in which the reader is left to discover for himself that the waywardness and the petulant wilfulness of Gertrude are perhaps the daughter's sole inheritance from the mother. The opium-eating first wife is excellently drawn, and the meeting of mother and daughter is splendidly free from the sentimentality which the pathetic situation invited. It is direct and true, like the interview of father and son in the *Fils Naturel* of the younger Dumas. Excellent also is the dumb struggle of an undemonstrative nature like the father's, to indicate the real love he has for his daughter. This daughter, Gertrude, is not a pleasant person, for all her beauty, but she is most unpleasantly true. In her way, Gertrude is as significant as Marcia in *A Modern Instance*; she is as impulsive and as ill-balanced, as childlike and as charming to those who loved her; as irrational, and as much the result of American circumstance. Marcia and Gertrude are figures which

everyone who considers the condition of American life today cannot afford to neglect. The two heroes (if again we may fairly call them heroes), the nephews of Obed Larkin, are very modern and very American variants of the Idle and the Industrious Apprentice—and each is rewarded according to his deserts. The industrious apprentice is left a professor in the Larkin University. The idle apprentice is left United States minister to Russia. The latter makes shipwreck of his hopes; he is not unlike the *Struggle-for-life* in M. Daudet's play, *La Lutte pour La Vie*; but Mr. Boyesen punishes him quite as effectively and far less melodramatically.

* * *

In the *Mammon of Unrighteousness* we can see the influence of Tolstoi and of Mr. Howells, the former revealing itself in a certain largeness of canvas and the latter in a certain persistence in minor detail. In another American novel, *Jerry*, by Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott, there is no mistaking the influence of Victor Hugo. To say this is to say that *Jerry* is a romance; and such it is, for the most part; but the pressure of the sweeping currents of contemporary realism was too much for the authoress, and the early part of the book, although romantic in its motive, is realistic in its treatment.

Perhaps this is why the early part of the story strikes me as immensely superior to the later portions. And the early part is most promising—the flight of *Jerry* from his wretched father and Minervy Ann Salter, his pathetic adventures by flood and field, his insistent pressing forward toward the "Golding Gates," his rescue by Joe and his meeting with the doctor, who first awakens his ambition and who first opens his eyes—all these things are told us most effectively, because truthfully and almost simply. But as the story goes on the realism is overmastered by the romance, and even *Jerry* himself is less distinct. The topography of Durden's, with its abandoned mine, its waterfall, its straggling houses, is imperfectly realized by the authoress, or at least imperfectly presented to the reader. Nor has Miss Elliott any assured hold on the nature of stock speculation and the machinery of finance; and this uncertainty involves the latter half of the story in a shifting shadow, intensified by the femi-

nine (not to say fantastic) political economy which inflates the speeches and the dreams of the hero.

Except for an occasional lapse into the highflown and the vaguely visionary, *Jerry* is a genuine character, true to himself and vigorously conceived. But the doctor and Paul are neither of them the result of observation. Especially is Paul beyond the confines of reality; he is hopelessly un-American; he is a refugee from British fiction; he is a pseudo-aristocrat such as used to flourish in the rank and lush literature of the Southland; he is false and feeble. And the mystery as to the doctor's sorrow and secret sin, and the mystery as to Joe's work and as to the source of his gains—these are all tiresome devices and outworn legacies from cheap romanticism; unworthy, any of them, of appearing in a book as powerful and as pathetic as *Jerry* often is.

Nor is the style of the story free from reproach; there are far too many sentences struggling for life without a verb to help them; there are rhetorical rhapsodies now and then which fail to carry us off our feet; there are passages of bravura word painting which jar on a quiet taste. Fortunately, Miss Elliott has not striven to rival the spectacular descriptions of Miss Murfree, by which the latter made the Tennessee mountains the storm centres of literature. There is more than once a dead set at the pathetic, almost in accordance with the Dickens formula, which is best abandoned to British novelists.

But, in spite of what it is not unfair to call the supersaturated sentimentality of its later atmosphere, *Jerry* is a strong story. Its fundamental motive, the struggle of an absolutely ignorant boy through darkness to light, is poetic and powerful, and many of the minor figures are sketched with a firm and skilful hand. Joe, for example, is a genuine human being, and we accept him as an actual product of his environment. And the widow of 'Lije Milton is excellent in every way, womanly, individual and independent. It is in these two characters that the authoress reveals most promise; and from the hand that drew them it is reasonable to expect in the future a picture of humanity in more sober tones and, therefore, of greater value.

* * *

In the old days when our annual crop of

fiction was scanty and doubtful, there was frequent discussion as to the date of the future great American novel and as to its probable character. Had Jerry appeared then, when the glamour of Victor Hugo was most potent over our eyes, perhaps it might have been hailed as the great American novel. Now that we have novelists a plenty and not inferior to those of other countries, we have ceased to look for the great American novel, and it is disappearing from our minds as the great American desert is disappearing from our maps. It may be doubted whether at any time so humorous and so simple a character sketch as Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel Carter of Cartersville would ever have been able to make good its title as a great American novel. The humorist must always be ready to bear with the undervaluation of his art; when the reader laughs heartily he is inclined to feel himself somehow superior and his attitude is patronizing toward the book which evoked his smiles.

Yet Colonel Carter is a figure most artistically presented. He is drawn for us with the utmost nicety of touch. He may seem to stand on the very brink of caricature, but his footing is firm and he never falls into the abyss. There is exaggeration, no doubt, for that is the privi-

lege of the humorist; but it never oversteps the bounds of artistic propriety. As the Horace Larkin of Mr. Boyesen's *Mammon of Unrighteousness* suggested the Paul Astier of M. Alphonse Daudet's *Lutte pour La Vie*, so Mr. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel Carter of Cartersville recalls remotely M. Daudet's *Tartarin de Tarascon*; there is the same mellow humor and the same delight in the hero's glorious self-deception; there is something of the same richness of invention; and there is not a little of the same sympathetic blending of fun and pathos, adroitly commingled. Mr. Hopkinson Smith's story is not only a delightful picture of southern character, but it has a sociological value almost as high as its artistic. It helps to explain the luxuriant literature of the South as it ran riot once and blossomed into the effulgent magnificence of Miss Wilson's marvellous and transcendent tales. A people given to hyperbole, as was Colonel Carter, and as easily imaginative, would be satisfied by no fiction less abnormally romantic than *Vashti* and *Beulah* and by no verse less sonorous than *Maryland, my Maryland*. It is well that the new South has now come; and in literature, as in life, it has taken its stand squarely on the solid realities.



A FRIEND.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

WHO is thy Friend? Not she who meekly bears
 Thy burden, uncomplaining, with her own.
 But she who unto thee oft-times has shown
 How to subdue, make helpmates of thy cares;
 Thy days of anguish in the desert shares,
 Takes from thy faltering hand the flinty stone,
 Gives it back, bread; nor gives thee that alone,
 But adds the Word of Life—nay, even dares
 Cut deep with surgeon's knife, if but to save
 Thy soul from deadlier wound; heals with a word,
 Restores shield, helmet, flight-discarded sword,
 And bids thee battle bravely to the end,
 That end, the eternal God—no earthly grave.
 Can such be? Ay, I know. I have a Friend.



Amélie Rives